

POEMS  
ON  
SEVERAL OCCASIONS,  
BY  
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

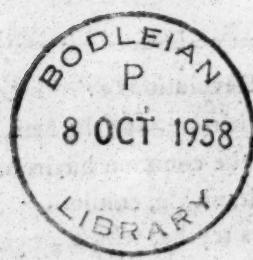
---

Earth teems with Revolutions ev'ry hour;  
And rarely for the better;—or the best,  
More mortal than the common births of fate.  
Each moment has its sickle, emulous  
Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep  
Strikes Empires from the root;—each moment plays  
His little weapon in the narrower sphere  
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down  
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.    YOUNG.

---

EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED BY JOHN MOIR, PATERSON'S COURT,  
FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.



TO  
JOHN HATHORN, ESQ.  
OF CASTLEWIGG,  
AND TO THE  
OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN  
WHO COMPOSE  
THE HONOURABLE AND PATRIOTIC BAND,  
THE WIGTONSHIRE VOLUNTEERS

SIR AND GENTLEMEN,

THE following Poem, entitled, Earl William and Willie Hill, I dedicate to you, from a deep sense of your brave and Patriotic conduct on the present occasion, in standing forth in defence of your dear Native Country, and that Sterling genuine Liberty, which has been the boast of ages, and which men (to say no worse of them,) influenced by some strange political frenzy, would destroy.— Your Loyalty, on the present occasion, will not soon be forgotten: Your renown will be fresh and flourishing, when all the discontented and disloyal will be had in utter execration.—That you, Sir, and all of you, Gentlemen, (if ever such a thing happen as an invasion of your Country,) may be crowned with those laurels you so richly merit, is the sincere wish of

DEAR SIR, AND GENTLEMEN,

*Your sincere Well-wisher,  
and Brother in the same Cause.*

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

THE Author takes the liberty of reminding his Subscribers, that in the Proposals it was mentioned 300 pages nearly would contain the Poems; but as they have taken no less than 350 pages, and as every one knows the great expence of publishing at this time, it is hoped that no Subscriber will grudge an additional Sixpence, for the additional 50 pages in the work, as the Author wished to give all in the work mentioned in the Proposals.

---

## THE PREFACE.

---

THE following poems, the production of an obscure individual, are offered to public view, not from a hope of gaining popular applause, for the Author's political opinions forbid him to hope for this;—nor does he wish for the applause of Libertines and Sceptics:—All that the Author can hope, is, that the unprejudiced reader will allow, that in his humble station he has thrown in his mite towards the support of that beautiful fabrick, the British Constitution, which disappointed and dissaffected men would make totter and fall, that they, amongst the ruins of the long and justly admired edifice, might bury all and every thing that tended to thwart their ambitious designs.

Infidelity, which, like a huge and insatiable monster, would swallow up all that is dear to men and Christians, I know will be my complete enemy:—Be it so, the honest approbation of one well meaning man, who can draw consolation from the sacred volume, will do more than repay me for all the hatred, the scoffings and sneerings of ten thousand Infidels;—beings who would unhinge the whole moral world, and, by their *doubting* of every thing, would set men loose to act the most enormous outrages.

The first poem, viz. Earl William and Willie Hill, is meant to point out to the great a path which, trode in, would ensure them the love of those whom Providence has seen proper to place in inferior stations: nor is this possible, while they employ as their factors, &c. hard hearted and unfeeling wretches who take pleasure in distressing all over whom their post or employment has given them ascendancy.

The second poem, John Tomson's Sons, is meant to point out the fatal effects of Sceptical and Libertarian principles, not only to individuals, but States. What a dreadful explosion has a neighbouring nation

undergone, from no other reason, but her great mens-  
dissipation. No man, however exalted a station in  
life he may occupy, can expect that men, however  
poor or depressed in their circumstances, will al-  
ways tamely submit to be made the dupes of his o-  
verbearing insolence.—These two poems, contrast-  
ed, will show to every reader that the Author is no  
partisan,—no : for if the first shows the blessings we  
enjoy as a nation, the latter shows that men, howe-  
ver poor, while they have the spirit of men, will not  
lay their necks below the feet of an insolent villain,  
however rich, without murmuring; or, perhaps, should  
the insult be about to be repeated, without taking  
such a revenge as desperation may dictate. The les-  
son given by the elder Tamson's reverend friend,  
is meant to show what good effects has arisen, and  
I hope ever will arise, from the well timed counsels  
and discourses of that respectable body of men, the  
Ministers of the Gospel of Christ.

The rest of the poems will speak for themselves :  
they are of a more private nature, though perhaps  
some of the opinions contained in these, as well as  
the foregoing, may not please every one who may  
read them ; yet this I hope, I shall ever be open  
to conviction ; but to the blustering Bigot, either  
in Religion or Politics, or the pedantic dictator, or  
the demure hypocritical grumbler, who would have  
me to be of such and such an opinion, for no other  
reason but because it is their opinion, I answer, with  
four lines taken from the first poem :

Be my opinion right or wrang,  
I've plainly tauld my mind,  
Nor dread o' man shall gar me gang,  
Or to retract or wind.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

---

---

## SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

---

---

### A

David Anderson of St. Germains, Esq;	Mark Angus
Shephen Addison	Andrew Anderson
Robert Agnew	Miss Nelly Aitken
John Agnew	John Anderson
Thomas Arrol	Peter Andrew
Alexander Adam	John Archibald
David Andrew	James Arthur
William Affle&	John Alexander
Nathaniel Agnew	Hugh Anthony
	Henry Allan

### B

John Buchan	Alexander Broadfoot
David Buchan	Gavin Brooks
William Broadfoot, Isle	James Beaton
Francis Broadfoot	(copies
William Broadfoot, Palmallet, 6	Patrick Bruce
John Broadfoot	Gilbert Barry
Peter Black	William Baker
Charles Broadfoot	Andrew Baxter
Robert Bryce, 12 copies	James Begg
John Broadfoot	Thomas Bowman
John Black, N. D.	William Burton
	William Bailly

### C

David Chalmers	William Colman
Charles Conning	Peter Conning
John Campbell	William Calder
Robert Conning	Peter Christian
Anthony Coltron	Thomas Cranston
Robert Conning	David Cramond
John Cochran	William Cullen
Kenneth Currie	Samuel Crawford
James Cramond	William Crawford
William Cramond	Alexander Crierie

### D

Right Honourable Lord Doune	Alexander Donnan
Miss Drew	William Duns
John Dalrymple, 7 copies	Alexander Donnan
Alexander Dalrymple	Peter Donald, 2 copies
Rev. Dr Isaac Davidson	John Dennon
William Douglas	Andrew Duns

Thomas Duns  
 Alexander Duns, Stanack  
 John Duns  
 George Duns  
 David Dixon  
 Andrew Douglas  
 Alexander Douglas  
 John Duns  
 Richard Davidson

Robert Duncan  
 John Donaldson  
 James Dawson  
 Thomas Drynan  
 William Derman  
 Nathaniel Dallas  
 Michael Dunson  
 Morton Draper

## E

Right Honourable Thomas Elder, of Forneth, Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh,  
 7 copies  
 James Ewan  
 Thomas Ewan  
 Joseph Edwards

Thomas Ewan  
 William Eaten  
 David Elliot  
 Hugh Earl  
 James Earl  
 William Emby  
 Donald Everton

## F

John Fleming, 7 copies  
 Miss Agnes Fullay  
 Stewart Fraser  
 John Fraser  
 William Forsyth  
 John Forsyth  
 David Francis  
 Hugh Fleming  
 Hugh Ferguson

Hugh Farquhar  
 Thomas Franklin  
 Donald Fleming  
 David Farmer  
 Archibald Farquhar  
 Andrew Fisher  
 Thomas Fergus  
 Robert Ferguson  
 William Foreman

## G

Francis Grant of Kilgraston, Esq; Robert Gilchrist  
 George Gordon  
 Thomas Gifford, 2 copies  
 Peter Gill  
 Alexander Gibb  
 James Gilchrist  
 John Graham, 12 copies  
 Richard Gall  
 William Galloway  
 Samuel Gray  
 John Gore  
 Alexander Gray

John George  
 Frederick Gordon  
 Francis Gray  
 Ralph Gilchrist  
 Andrew Gray  
 Ralph Goodman  
 Robert Gordon  
 Ronald Gray  
 David Goodall  
 David Gardner  
 David Galston  
 Robert German  
 Hugh Galloway

## H

John Hathorn, Esq; of Castle- wig, 6 copies	John Hunter, junior, Queen Street, No. 26
Robert Hathorn Stewart, Esq; of Physgill, 2 copies	John Hathorn
Robert Hannah, Esq; of Shanan- ton, 20 copies	Andrew Hannah
Miss Margaret Hannah	Hugh Hannah
Roger Hathorn, 2 copies	Archihald Hume
John Hannah	Simon Halliday
John Hird	Thomas Haire
Alexander Hannah	Thomas Hewis
John Hannah, Knock	John Hamilton
Alexander Hannah	James Hutchison
Samuel Halliday, 2 copies	Joseph Henry
Alexander Hannah	William Harvey
Henry Hannah, Supervisor, In- verness, 2 copies	Andrew Halliday
	Anthony Hardie
	Mark Halden

## I

James Innis	Mathew Iman
Gilbert Innis	Samuel Irvine
Robert Innis	William Irvine
James Ibert	Henry Innis
John Ingram	

## J

John Jorrie	John Jack
Charles Jorrie	Alexander Jamieson
James Jolly	David Johnson
James Johns	Donald Jordan
William Johnston	Donnan Jeffry
Ninnian Johns	James Jefferson
William Jamieson	Hugh Jackson
Gilbert Johnson	

## K

Miss Georgina Kelly	Andrew Kevan
Mrs Keirlie	Thomas Kellie
Alexander Keirlie	Thomas Kerr
Alexander Kukhan	Robert Kierlie
John Kelly	Robert Kelton
William Kerr	James Kemp
Thomas Keeys	John Kersal
Thomas Kerr, 2 copies	William Knowles
Robert Kierlie	

## L

Miss Mary Love  
 Miss Nanny Love  
 William Leyburn  
 John Lockart  
 John Lawrie  
 George Learmonth  
 Alexander Leitch  
 Andrew Love  
 Robert Love

William Lambton  
 Hugh Lawson  
 James Lewis  
 Andrew Learmonth  
 William Leggat  
 Robert Leeshman  
 Daniel Lonie  
 David Linton

## M

John M' Taggart, 7 copies  
 David M' Taggart, 7 copies  
 Peter M' Taggart, 6 copies  
 Peter Mithensh  
 John M' Credie  
 John Mackie  
 Alexander M' Credie  
 William M' Credie  
 Alexander M' Culloch  
 William M' Clellan  
 Andrew Milligan  
 Alexander M' Lellan  
 Alexander Maxwell  
 John M' Taggart, 2 copies  
 Robert Michael  
 Miss Sally M' Taggart  
 John M' Lure  
 Ensign M' Guffy, 3 copies  
 Thomas M' Guffy, 2 copies  
 John M' Guffy  
 William M' Keachie  
 John M' Oskrie  
 John M' Onnachie, 2 copies  
 John M' Dowal, Edinburgh  
 Thomas M' Dowal  
 Alexander Morrison  
 Archibald M' Neil  
 Peter Milroy  
 John Milligan  
 William M' Clellan  
 Miss Peggy M' Master  
 Miss Grizy M' Guffy  
 Donald M' Farlane  
 Alexander M' Keenzie  
 Leander Millar  
 George M' Clellan  
 John Milroy, writer, Whithorn,  
 2 copies

Alexander M' Kie, writer, Stran-  
 raer  
 John M' Whirter, ditto  
 Robert M' Lawrin, ditto  
 Peter M' Morland, ditto  
 John Moir of Longside  
 William Moir, writer, Edin.  
 John Moir, Edinburgh, 5 copies  
 H. M' Donald Buchanan  
 John M' Crackan, Glenluce  
 William Milligan  
 James M' Taldroch  
 James M' Clellan  
 Thomas M' Master  
 Patrick M' Master  
 John M' Almond  
 John M' Dowal  
 Robert M' Master  
 John Murchie  
 Thomas Murchie  
 Thomas M' Keachie  
 Samuel Mathews  
 M' Mowbray  
 William Mafen, 7 copies  
 Alexander Muir  
 Archibald Muir  
 John Mark  
 Angus M' Leod  
 David Martin  
 Henry M' Quirk  
 Bartholomew Mathews  
 John M' William  
 Simon Maxwell  
 Andrew Morton  
 Bernard Mathews  
 Charles Mathison  
 Charles Maxwell  
 Ephraim Monyman  
 Charles Mowbray

## N

John Nish, 2 copies  
 Daniel Nicol, 2 copies  
 George Newton  
 Daniel Nimmo  
 Mark Newlands  
 David Newton

George Nairn  
 George Newlands  
 Hugh Napier  
 Kenneth Noble  
 Leonard Norman  
 Maxwell Norton

## O

James Ogilve  
 Peter Ogilvie  
 Nathaniel Oliphant  
 William Ogilvie  
 Philip Orton

James Orburn  
 Peter Oliphant  
 Roger Osburn  
 Samuel Osburn

## P

Miss Sally Park  
 John Pringle  
 Kenneth Paton  
 James Pattison  
 Robert Paterson  
 William Peters

Thomas Perkins  
 William Paton  
 Walter Purdie  
 William Paul  
 Walter Pirie

## R

Alexander Riggs  
 James Ross  
 John Ross  
 David Roy  
 John Ramage  
 William Ramage  
 Mrs Robertson  
 Mr Ronaldson  
 Archibald Roy  
 Peter Robb

William Robb  
 Henry Ramage  
 John Roberts  
 Andrew Robson  
 Archibald Robb  
 Alexander Robertson  
 Anthony Ramage  
 Arthur Ronaldson  
 Allan Ross  
 Arthur Ross

## S

Sir John Sinclair, Bart. M. P.  
 Sir James Stirling, Bart.  
 Hugh Stewart, Esq; of Tonder-  
 ghe, 2 copies  
 Miss Esther Stewart  
 Miss Fanny Stewart  
 James Shearer  
 John Scott  
 William Stewart  
 John Stewart  
 William Skimming  
 John Sloan  
 James Stewart  
 Andrew Stewart

Alexander Stewart, Whithorn,  
 2 copies (pies)  
 Alexander Stewart, Culze, 2 co-  
 Anthony Sloan, 2 copies  
 Anthony Skimming  
 John Stewart  
 John Syme  
 John Sloan, Glenluce  
 John Selden  
 Andrew Simons  
 John Simpson  
 Charles Sanderson  
 David Smeiton  
 Gabriel Simpson  
 Henry Snodgras

## T

John Turner, 2 copies  
 Anthony Thomson  
 Donald Tough  
 Nathaniel Thomson  
 Hug'n Torrence

Kenneth Thomson  
 Hugh Thorburn  
 Henry Thomson  
 James Turner

## U

Oliver Urquhart  
 Andrew Ushart

James Ullen

## V

Mifs Nancy Valiant  
 Peter Vernon

Alexander Vernon  
 John Vernon

## W

Luke Watt  
 James Whay  
 John White  
 Andrew White  
 Oliver Windham

James Williamson  
 James Wilkins  
 John Wifhart  
 William Wallace

## Y

Mr Young  
 Miss Peggy Young

James Young

---

EARL WILLIAM

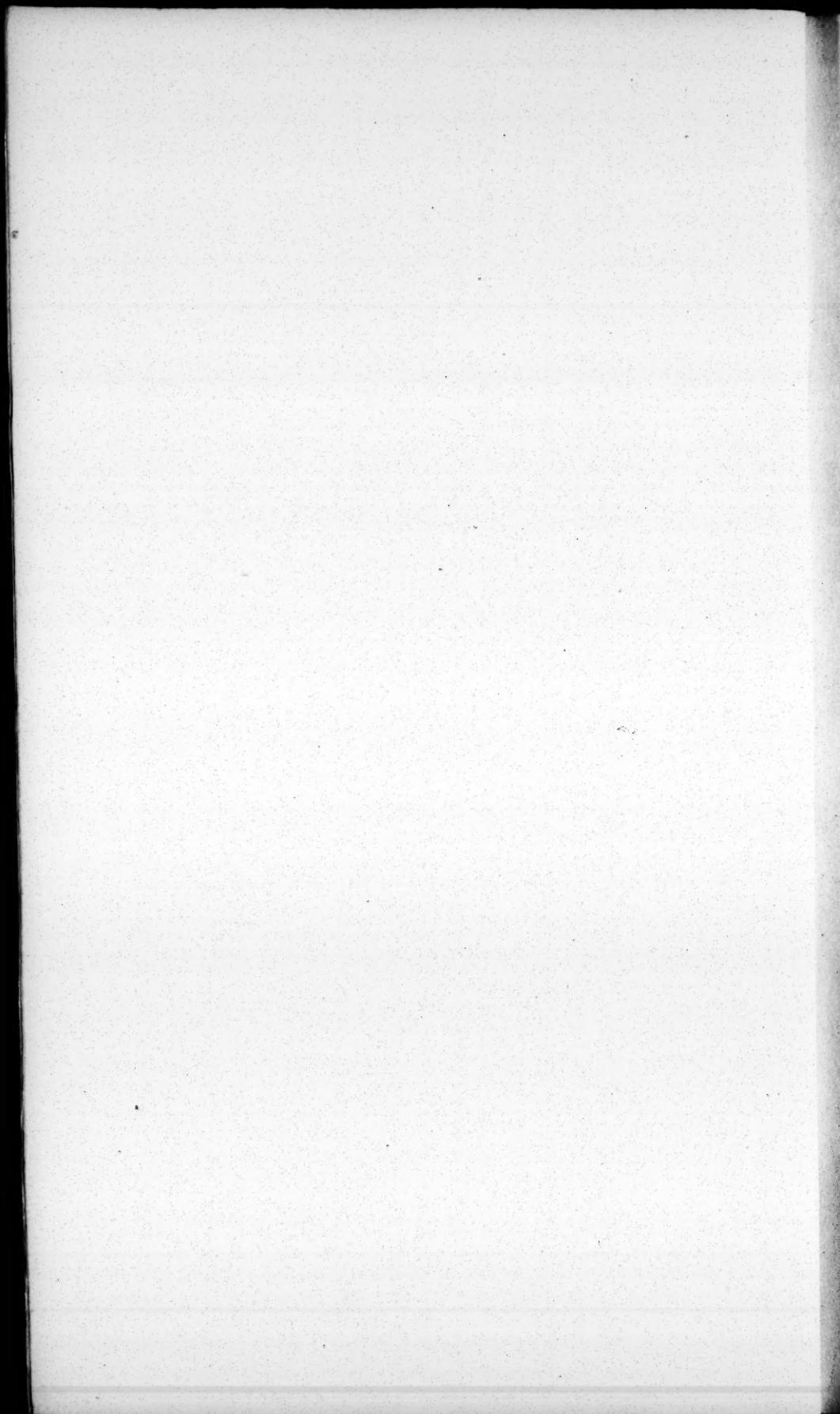
AND

WILLIE HILL:

A TRUE TALE.

*IN FIVE CANTOS.*

---



---

## THE PREFACE.

---

PREFACES as necessary

Hae been thought this monie a day,

Nor do I intend to vary

Frae an auld an' beaten way.

Courteous reader, I intend, then,

In a sort of Shandean way,

Twa three facts, see ye attend, then,

To my thro'ther Shandean lay.

Tho' my story's interlarded

I hae doon it wi' design,

'Gainst what's false alone I've guarded,

Sic as ca'in' Britons f—e.

Shame upo' the appellation,

An' upo' its author baith !

Wantonly a mighty nation

Wi' curs'd epithets to skaith !

Nor was nickname e'er invented

Hurt a nation's feelings mair :

Britons thus misrepresented

To surrounding states ! how sair !

Now, guid reader, my intention

I' the following pages a'

Is, an' free frae a' invention,

The quite contrary to shaw.

That is, I intend, wi' purest

Best intention, for to prove

uir fouk are the copy surest,

B—e, of those plac'd them above.

If their rulers, to their kenning,  
Follow practices undue,  
Then, as sure as I am penning,  
So will their dependents, too.  
I ha'e chosen to demonstrate  
Fairly what I here do say ;  
An' if any do remonstrate  
Mine is too confin'd a way,—  
Too confin'd, since ane o' station,  
Or ae Lordship, great or sma'  
Can't delineate a nation,  
As conclusions just to draw :  
But I say they can, or sages,  
Wha ha'e said mankin's the same,  
In a' nations, kintras, ages,  
Hae been vera much to blame.  
And that reasons self's supplied,  
From comparison, is plain,  
Nor was ever yet denied,  
But by thee an' graceless Paine.  
Earl William's bright example  
Wad his equals imitate,  
Soon the meanest Briton trample,  
Paine, wad on thy cursed prate.  
Graceless, wretched, cruel railer,  
Thro' the nobles o' our lan'  
Yet an everlasting failure  
Thou wilt fin' t' thy ilk a plan.  
He the rudder o' our nation  
Steers, I mean the glorious Pitt,  
Has brought in a bill (vexation  
Be his lot that gainsays it.)

Yes a bill, Paine, for relieving,  
And I hope effectually,  
Those hard fortune's been aggrieving,—  
Honest worth then cease to sigh.  
True, the sacred text informs us,  
(But a bible Paine denies,  
Yea, he terms it an enormous  
Mass of diabolic lies !  
O my reader, may th' All Gracious  
Ever save baith you an' me  
Frae vile deism,—and precious  
To us let our bibles be !)  
I was just about observing,  
Reader, that our bible says,  
I' the lan', ill or deserving,  
Puir fouk shall be found always.  
Yet it is all rulers duty  
To alleviate their woe,  
That ours do, 'yont a dispute, I  
I' the following work shall show.  
Now, guid reader, my design ye  
I' the following story see,  
Whar the tale braks aff, still min' ye  
To that brak maist notice gi'e..  
For the verses hae disjointed  
A' my story here an' there,  
Are the only anes appointed  
For your reading I declare.  
True a story is enticing,  
Let it sense or nonesense be,  
This struck Sterne, the notion seizing,  
Corp'ral Trim melts ilka e'e.

Doona think I'm here pretending  
In the least to equal Sterne,  
While I'm only humbly bending,  
O' his winning ways to learn.  
An' o' this I am assured,  
Tristram Shandy gave a spread  
To Trim's sermon, that allured  
Mony a ane the same to read.  
Yea, and mony a ane wha never  
Read a sermon o'er before,  
By his Shandean method clever,  
Read it a' an' wish'd for more.



## LOYAL POEMS.

---

EARL WILLIAM & WILLIE HILL.

---

### CANTO I.

#### *A LANDSCAPE.*

I' THE airth, where the zephyrs  
Flaff the breezes wi' their wings,  
Sparklan like a hoard o' sapphires,  
Out a bubblan fountain springs.  
Down a suthart course is rinnan  
Pirlan, glitt'ran its wee stream  
Down a headlang craig syne spinnan,  
Whar' it dings itsel' in feam.  
A wee bit frae this wee burnie,  
A wee bit frae this wee spring,  
Norrat as ye gang a turnie,  
Apen a lovely landscape fling.  
For as soon's ye turn the corner,  
Leuk ye down a sklentan brae,  
And ye'll see a scene forlorner  
Than the ane ye now did lea'.

There ye'll see the silent mansion  
Whar Earl William lodged lang ;  
O leuk at it wi' attention,  
Down the brae ye needna gang.  
Rev'ren' risan and o'ertappan,  
Mony an auld decent tree,  
Mang the which are pyats happen,  
There the hoary castle see.  
Craws and corbys 'mang the spires,  
Craikan, rairan, canna gree,  
Chimla taps nae reek transpires  
But the keas out ever flee.  
Yon wee clump o' firs that's growan,  
Yon'er to the south, a haun.  
Did them plant, that no a gowan  
Wantonly wad up hae drawn.  
Saughs and alders i' the bogie,  
At the bottom o' the pon'  
Yon wee hedge aff the kill-logie  
Planted he—sooth'd mony a moan.  
Hear ye murm'ran yon wee burnie,  
To the pon' rins wimplan clear,  
Ilka buſſ on ilka turnie,  
Planted he—dried mony a tear.  
Grave and grey and silent towers,  
Auld surroundan antient trees,  
Genius inspiran bowers,  
How ye soothe and solemnize !  
See how sober and sedately,  
Yon'er to the eastward stauns  
Yon auld ashen tree, how stately  
The attention he comman's :

Earl William, ae May morning,  
Planted him whan yet a boy,  
Thrive, wee plant, the scene adorning—  
“ Lang” quo’ he “ thy spot enjoy.”  
Auld John Stewart tauld me a story  
’Bout the planting o’ this tree,  
Bonnier than the scene before ye,  
Giff a bonnier can be.  
But John Stewart’s pretty storie,  
Britons I wad lea’ a wee,  
To lay somewhat down before ye,  
Mair concerns baith you an’ me.  
An’ ’tis hoped this digression  
Will unto us, ane an’ a’  
Be an unco usefu’ lesson,  
Listen then, baith great an’ sma’

---

---

## LOYAL POEMS.

---

---

EARL WILLIAM & WILLIE HILL.

CANTO II.

A NECESSARY DIGRESSION,—WITH JOHN STEWART'S  
HISTORY OF EARL WILLIAM'S ASHEN TREE.

ON a bonie summer mornin'  
I gaed wan'rin' out my lane,  
Phoebus sonsie face adornin'  
Wi' his slantin' rays the scene :  
Modest handmaid, bashfu' Luna,  
Having waited on a wee,  
Courtsi'd back, (how far I knew na)  
Unobserv'd, sae sweetly flee.  
Bit and bit syne up the aerial  
The chearfu' lark did sweetly sing,  
Till a mote i' the ætherial,  
Puir wee hartsome praisin' thing.  
Monie a wee wing gaed fluttrin'  
Out frae mang the whinnie knows :  
Hummin' bees to wark fell muttrin'  
'Mang the bloomin' heather cou.  
Round about the ewes were feedin',  
Round the knows the lambs did play,  
Wha, wee things, my presence dreadin',  
Left their sports, ran—mmae, mmae, mmae :

Mmae, mmae, mmae, the ewes rebleated,  
Gazin' at me a' aroun'—  
Harmless race ! I soon retreated  
Out o' sight the brae adown.  
Anes I looked o'er my shouther,  
Eager, eager, ilka lamb  
Wagg'd its tail, and suck'd the uther  
O' its harmless leukin' dam.  
Grazin' sonfie i' the hollow  
Were the kye, step stepping ay ;  
Skimmin' by their nose the swallow,  
Frisky caufs wad tak' the fley.  
Snortin', lordly, o'er the valley,  
Swift the wanton fillies scour,  
Stap sae proud, half dancin', gayly  
Snort, and toss their head, an' glowr.  
Thousands, thousands pretty daisies,  
Like a show'r o' sweets around ;  
Thousands, too, o' warblin' praises  
Out frae mang the bushes sound.  
Strange, while Nature's representin'  
A' aroun' sic scenes divine,  
Wi' sic riches complimentin'  
Men shou'd grumble an' repine !  
Britons say, (a loving brother  
Asks the question) Britons say,  
What means a' this mighty pother,  
On this bonnie morn o' May ?  
Heavens ! what means yon wild, outragious  
Scene o' tumult I behold ?  
Why, it seems to be contagious,  
Still encreasing thousand fold.

See ! their aspect how menacin' !  
 Hear their strange, new-fangl'd tauk\* !  
 Something there they seem canvassin',  
 Bard, a little nearer wauk.  
 Needless was my drawin' nearer—  
 A' is tumult and uproar ;  
 Waves articulate words clearer  
 In a storm on rocky shore.  
 Pauses, murmurings, shoutings, ravings,  
 Furious looks, rejoicings wild !  
 Bard, awa'. sic law-outbravings  
 Ha'e thy lays o'er lang defil'd.  
 But say, Muse, wha is he yon'er,  
 Boon the croud exalted high,  
 Wha they a' applauding honour  
 In acclaims that that rend the sky ?  
Quo' the Muse : " Ye min' o' hearin'  
 Ane Prometheus, by a knack,  
 Made a man, nae doubt a queer ane :  
 Faith, quo' I, he was nae slack.  
 Now, Bard, the same stories tell us,  
 Ane ca'd Circe had a wine  
 Cou'd transform the prettiest fellows,  
 His descendants §, into s—e.  
 Ye'll mind, too, o' ane Pandora,  
 Open'd a vile unlucky pack,  
 Whilk, lang syne, men did deplore a'  
 As the source o' wae an' wrack.  
 Now, o' late, twa men believin'  
 Fouk are thus descended a',

\* Organization, Fraternization, Equalization, &c. &c.  
 § I. e. The Descendents of Prometheus's creature.

Ha'e been aimin' at revivin'  
 A' said o' the tither twa.  
 An' his pack it maun be owned,  
 Wha Pandora personates,\*  
 Has, wi' wond'rous success crown'd,  
 Been o' late in neighb'rin' states.  
 Whether, Bardie, this is owing  
 To their being occupied  
 By Promethean creatures, shewing  
 Their origin is no bely'd :  
 Or if it is owing, rather,  
 To the Modern's greater skill,  
 Wha, weans o' nae fabled father,  
 Proselyte can to his will :  
 Whilk o' thae twa suppositions  
 Be the genuine and sooth,  
 Now we'll mak' nae inquisition,  
 Farther than relate the truth.  
 Far awa, then, 'yont th' Atlantic,  
 First his box Pandora try'd,  
 Fuff, the boddies a' ran frantic,  
 " *Common sense!*" Pandora cry'd.  
 Furies, with his breath infectious,  
 Vociferate her words around,  
 Wise men cried, " The Lord protect us!"  
 Villains gloried in the sound.  
 Common sense, the ful around him  
 Bawl'd as what wad free frae skaith,

\* i. e. Descended from Prometheus's man.

\* Let it be observed once for all, that though Pandora and Circe belong to the female class of deities, yet the bard has here seen occasion to turn them into males; modern times will excuse this theological alteration.

While the wit cry'd, " de'il confound him,  
An' his common senses baith."

Thus Pandora's common senses  
Soon the genuine drove awa' ;  
Dreadfu' were the consequences,—  
I'll but mention ane or twa.

Ilka sacred obligation,  
Heaven, \* an' ilka moral fence,  
Social bliss, subordination,  
Now nae mair are common sense.

Now mid congregated rabbles,  
Factious villains rear their voice ;  
Wise men damn'd their tauk for baubles,  
Dupes an' desp'rate rogues rejoice.

Sodgers, too, O ignominious !  
'Gainst their true an' lawfu' King  
Lift their perjur'd arm, O heinous !  
An' deny his right to ring.

A' th' effects o' curs'd Pandora's  
Pack o' common sense's is here,  
Now I canna' wait t' explore, as  
I a different course maun steer :

Only here (not to be brevious  
Overmuch) I'd notice tak'  
What were termed virtues previous  
To th' ap'ning o' Pandora's pack.

What were really virtues previous,  
Namely friendship, gratitude,  
Now politic mischiefs grievous,  
Term'd are : very fiends o' bluid.

Gratitude, the brightest jewel  
I' the moral casket, a'

\* It is a known fact that profess'd deists were admitted  
to compose laws for the country here alluded to.

Treat as meer Chimera (cruel  
Wresting) wicked Pandora.  
Those wha nurs'd, protected, cherished,  
Spent their bluid an' treasure baith,  
In return, frae those they nourish'd,  
Meet ingratitude an' death :  
Surely if a man befriend me  
Wi' his purse an' valour baith,  
Naithing guid can e'er attend me,  
If I wad him harm or skaith.  
But if he his bluid sae precious  
For my sake did freely shed,  
Then I'd be a wretch ungracious  
To wish vengeance on his head.  
Mair, if he this benefactor,  
Wha, wi' a' his might an' main,  
Was the prime an' sole enactor  
O' whate'er I ca' my ain.  
If this vet'ran, sae endearin',  
If this gen'rous frien' an' kin',  
Should in straits, my affluence hearin',  
Ask o' aid frae me or mine :  
Wad I, or my weans for ever,  
Down to the last trumpet sound  
Him or his deny whatever  
To their comfort might redound ?  
If I wad, the blackest devil  
In a' Beelzebub's domain,  
Sure than I wad be less evil,—  
Soon as I lost heav'n regain.  
An' if this be true applyed  
To me only an' my friend,

Then it canna be denyed,  
If to nations it extend :  
No, 'tis an' eternal maxim,  
An' however weel they thrive  
For a wee, yet heav'n 'll tax them,  
Wha made light o't Sirs, belyve.  
But I now recross th' Atlantic,  
Still Pandora wad I trace,  
An' in Europe still as frantic  
Mankin' she can make, alas !  
For in Europe neist he tryed  
'Mang the Gauls to ap'n his pack,  
Nor his art can here denied  
Be, a' gaed to perfect wrack.  
A' the fouk red wod, Guid guide us !  
Like as monie furies ran,  
While Pandora, guid betide us !  
Leugh—sic were the rights o' man !  
Heav'n deny'd they a' the gither  
Or wha wadna skald his brains,  
Play'd sic tricks, I'm in a swither,  
Bard, to tell ye what remains !  
But it were a sin to keep it,  
Soon they grew sae horrid rude,  
They their hauns, relentless, steepit  
I' their lawfu' monarch's bluid.  
O relentless an' ungracious !  
Could ye nae employment fin'  
That your monarch's life sae precious  
Satiate must your bluidy min's ?  
Nor did here your cruel ire  
Stop, Oh ! anguish to relate,

'Neath your bluidy hans expire  
 Did his Queen Antoniette.  
 Injur'd Queen ! that horrid bosom,  
 Not for thee of anguish feels,  
 There Pandora, ilka blossom  
 Ca'd humane, all devil steels.  
 Injur'd pair ! that heart horrific  
 Not for you is wrung with woe,  
 There some devil's form terrific  
 Does a full possession show.  
 But the muse sic horrid murders,  
 Sic unprecedented crimes,  
 Leaves : Heav'n's foes ! your deeds disorders  
 Europe an' surrounding climes.  
 God o' heaven, thy fav'rite Britons  
 Keep, an' frae sic horrid deeds !  
 While Pandora thrang invitans  
 An' e'en simple men misleads ?  
 Yes, O bard, Pandora lately  
 Come is to Britannia's isle,  
 An' her fabric a' sae stately  
 Is begun for to revile.  
 He you were observin' yon'er  
 'Boon the croud exalted high ;  
 He, mistaken men thus honour  
 In acclaims that rend the sky,  
 Is Pandora,—thrang exposin'  
 His accursed wares to sale.  
 Cattiff ! but his time's a lesin'  
 Here his arts him wont avail.  
 Heav'n forbid ! for a' sae specious  
 Titles as his guids do bear

*Rigbys o' man!* oh ! quack ungracious,  
 Britons view thy aimings clear.  
 Go to Gaul, thou mean Empiric !  
 There thy nostrums may avail :  
 Strains inferiour to the Lyric \*  
 Can on infidels prevail.  
 But on British minds, where science  
 Has its genuine effect,  
 Thou will meet, not bold defiance,  
 But what's fitter, pure neglect."  
 Thus ault Scotia's hardy genius,  
 And my muse, did condescend,  
 Smiling whiles, whiles stern an' strenuous,  
 Her puir Bardie to befriend.  
 Thus Pandora he described  
 (Shocking character) alas !  
 Hapless they his saws imbibed !  
 Hopeless, desp'rate, is their case.  
 Pow'r's aboon leuk wi' compassion,  
 Oh ! in mercy their misdeeds  
 Out o' sight raze ? Luckless nation !  
 After a' my heart it bleeds ;  
 After a' my ilka feeling  
 For your sake does force a-tear,  
 Oh ! my heart is no' a steel ane  
 Oh it canna be severe.  
 Wad ye drap your wild outragings,  
 Let the warld live in peace,  
 Nor plan out sae wide your hedgings,  
 Own anes mair a God o' grace :

---

\* Alluding to Watt's Lyric poems.

Oh ! what made you to deny him,  
Sure he never did you wrang ;  
Tho' popes, monks, an' friars bely him,  
Mischief frae him never sprang.  
Tho' their gibberish, bulls, an' blethers,  
Ye saw thro' as nonsense a' ;  
Tho' massacres, axes, tethers,  
They declar'd a divine law :  
Tho' a' this they, under cover  
O' religion, did an' said,  
Tho' the cheat ye did discover,  
An' the curs'd delusion fled ;  
Tho' they lorded o'er the conscience,  
Gar'd you pray to sticks an' stanes,  
Count your beads, an' ither nonsense,  
To repeat the bard refrains :  
Yet ye surely wrang inferred,  
An' a path mair horrid trod,  
When you infidel preferred,  
An' unto an injur'd God :  
Tho' a band o' villains leagued,  
Did the Deity belye,  
Tho' a' Europe they hae plagued,  
Mony a lang century :  
Sure it was a wrang conclusion,  
To deny your God for this,  
Ding his sabbaths to confusion,  
Dash the vera cup o' bliss :  
Dash the draught sae sweetly soothing,  
A' the hopeless an' forlorn  
Hae on earth ; ay gently smoothing  
Up their hopes at e'en an' morn.

Oh ! it was a cruel doin' ;  
Do abjur't, your errors own,  
Tread nae mair the paths to ruin,  
Maybe heav'n will cease to frown.  
But I leave you :—Some delusion  
Still, tho' o' diff'rent kin',  
Frae Pandoras, breed confusion,  
Deign, O Muse, to ease my min'.  
“ This is, Circe, Bard, I told you  
O' before, wha boasts engine,  
Can these Britons you behold now,  
A' transform to grov'lin' s——e !  
Wi' Pandora he, till lately,  
Acted ap'nly in ae cause,  
Tho' his cup was gilt mair neatly  
Than Pandora's shapeless saws.  
Still, howe'er, I view him steerin'  
The same course, altho' he fain  
Wad insinuate he's veerin'  
Wide, a nobler port to gain.  
While Pandora dares to summons  
British subjects to arise,  
An' thro' bluid o' Kings, Lords, Commons,  
Wade to some infernal prize.  
Circe he is thus replyin' :  
What are British subjects, P——ne,  
Passive brutes (B—— nae denyin')  
A meer multitude o' S——e !  
Thus you see to desperation  
One would drive, as from respect ;  
T' other at exasperation  
Aims, but to the same effect.

To accomplish, yont th' Atlantic,  
 Their dama'd wish, they correspond ;  
 Till they saw wi' joy half frantic  
 \* N——th ! a traitor there ent——d.  
 Mang yon Gallic rush o' ruin,  
 Syne they stan' on diff'rent tacks,  
 Tho' mad Gaul, on thy undoin'  
 Neither weepin' turn their backs.  
 If the Gauls in desperation,  
 Raz'd Bastiles an' so an' so,  
 Sure what was exasperation,  
 Caus'd a still severer blow.  
 To threat' madmen, while endowed  
 With a knowledge that their pow'r  
 Is superiour, is allowed  
 As the worst imprudence, sure.  
 An' Pandora's crimes less awfu'  
 I'll maintain, wha ruggedly  
 Tells us ev'ry crime is lawfu',  
 'To arrive at Anarchy :  
 I repeat, his crime's less shockin',  
 Circe, much less black than thine,  
 Who (O epithet provoking)  
 Terms the sons o' Britain s——e.  
 But, O Circe ! O Pandora !  
 Cruel pair ! I canna stay ;  
 Britons ! I lead to explore a'  
 Our true rights anither way.  
 Whar Pandora, Circe, learned  
 Their fell arts, I canna say,  
 Whilk I thought had lien derned  
 Frae the schuils this this mony a day.

---

\* Lord N——th.

Learn them whar they like, may never  
Auld Britannia be sae weak,  
As adopt their saws, or ever  
Frae their nostrums lessons take.  
For I will this moment show ye  
Baith the twa pretend a lie.  
Britons, hear ! 'tis not below ye,  
Facts, plain facts, shall meet your eye.  
Facts shall be my demonstration,  
Real life I bring to prove,  
Fouk, tho' puir, hae really reason,  
That they can what's fittest love :  
Circe, yes, they have a notion  
Far superior to a s——e,  
Nor can thy alluring potion,  
E'er pervert the gen'rous min'.  
An' altho' my humble verses  
Boast o' fewer flow'rs than thine,  
Truth, all sacred truth, reverses  
Not ae single lay o' mine :  
For bold truth, some way or other,  
(Witness those we ca' divine)  
Terms blunt honesty a brother,  
Bluntly bent on ae design :  
Truth can naething owe to varnish,  
All gigantic he does walk,  
Free o' clog, unstain'd. wi' tarnish,  
Bold as heav'n his hamely talk.  
Here I aim not at decrying  
Talents o' superior kind,  
This were an absurd denying  
What by heav'n must be design'd.

Nor thy talents are decried  
 Here by me, then take thy due ;  
 Had not thine been misapplied,  
 Thou had been excel'd by few.  
 More, the judges that presided  
 Once at the Olympic Game,  
 In thy favour had decided,  
 Herodotus blush'd with shame.  
 He, there on his works bestowed  
 Had the title, " Muses Nine."  
 Tho' I am convinced this owed  
 Less to genius than thine.  
 Plainly thou hast evidenced,  
 That a wild equality  
 Heav'n not wills, o' this convinced  
 To thy frien' I turn—O fy !  
 To Pandora—tapsy turvy,  
 Wad Britannia's glory \* turn  
 Fiend ! avaunt ! thy thoughts sae scurvy,  
 Ne'er shall make Britannia mourn :  
 Truth, thy most severe o' critics,  
 Loudly to the nations call,  
 Holds thy creed as thy politics,  
 Offsprings o' a jaundic'd saul.  
 Nature's bleeding bosom, wounded  
 Thro' thy all-detormed creed,  
 Speaks a language, when expounded,  
 Fairly thee disowns indeed.  
 It wad hurt ilk gen'rous feeling  
 O mistaken men to lay  
 You a' bare, I'm therefore wheeling  
 Back frae whar ye led astray.

---

\* Our civil and religious liberties.

Yes, the muse wad rather wander,  
 Back into that blissful scene,  
 Whence to laugh at fuils wha slander  
 God, an man \* too, he was ta'en.  
 I return, then, a' transported,  
 To Earl William's ashen tree ;  
 Sooth as auld John Stewart reported,  
 I its history shall gi'e.

*THE ASHEN TREE.*

‘ ANDREW HILL had been reduced  
 ‘ By hard fate, to poverty,  
 ‘ By unfeeling men traduced,  
 ‘ As deserving infamy.  
 ‘ Sax wee weans on him dependan,  
 ‘ And a maist deservan wife ;  
 ‘ Misery at haun, a’ rendan  
 ‘ Ev’ry tender string o’ life.  
 ‘ Frae his native north explofan,  
 ‘ Pond’ran on their houseless state,  
 ‘ South he hopeless wends, deploran  
 ‘ His dear wife and children’s fate.  
 ‘ Pride, or modesty, I wadna  
 ‘ Tak it on me whilk to say,  
 ‘ Rul’d his heart sae that he coudna  
 ‘ Apen his straits and troubles lay :  
 ‘ Till necessity strong risan,  
 ‘ Ev’ry opposite did yield,

\* While Paine stiles the Bible more like the word of a demon  
 than the word of God, B——e would brutify human nature.

‘ Rightly wife and weanies prisar,  
 ‘ Nature tauld him he shou’d shield.  
 ‘ Urged thus, and musan cam’ he  
 ‘ Thro’ yon field by yon auld thorn  
 ‘ See a craw on’t, and a lammie  
 ‘ Skippin roun’t, ah, how forlorn !  
 ‘ Near this thorn he did forgather  
 ‘ As he leukan roun’ did stan’  
 ‘ Wi’ Earl William’s noble father,  
 ‘ Whan thus Andrew Hill began :  
 “ For his wife and weans, a father,  
 “ To great straits and troubles brought,  
 “ Asks that aid, compassion rather,  
 “ Anes to ask he never thought :  
 “ To work for my bread submissive  
 “ Could I but employment find.”  
 ‘ Here he gied a leuk expressive  
 ‘ O’ a most distressed mind.  
 ‘ Thus for’s starvan weans a father,  
 ‘ To great toil an’ trouble brought,  
 ‘ Asked aid, compassion rather,  
 ‘ But thro’ thriang, or want o’ thought,  
 ‘ The auld Earl he reply’d,  
 “ Now, I nae occasion hae  
 “ For your service”—Andrew sighed  
 ‘ As the Earl he did lae.  
 ‘ But Earl William, mild returnan’  
 ‘ Frae the planting o’ his tree,  
 ‘ Overheard puir Andrew mournan,  
 ‘ Wife and weans weep bitterlie.  
 ‘ Lovely youth, kind heav’n direckan,  
 ‘ In propitious hour he cam,

‘ Heard puir Andrew thus refleckan,  
“ Wretched outcast that I am !  
“ Die, my children, die with hunger !  
“ Heav’n regards you, nor your woe !  
“ Sweetest lamb ! the trial’s stronger  
“ Than my heart can undergo.  
“ Dearest wife ! at last your wailing  
“ Heav’n wad move, unmov’d by pray’r,  
“ Tears, as pray’rs, are unavailing,  
“ Welcome, then, last friend, despair !”  
‘ Sayan this, and dark revolvan  
‘ Awfu’ things within his mind  
‘ On a dreadfu’ deed resolvan,  
‘ Him I say our youth did find.  
‘ Meek he to their view approaches,  
‘ Mild his met the furious eyes  
‘ O’ puir Andrew, “ Heav’n reproaches  
“ Wi’ its Angels :” Andrew cries,  
“ Lovely Angel, I am wretched,  
“ There are seven with hunger die.”  
‘ Syne a dreadfu’ groan he fetched,  
‘ Caus’d our noble youth to cry :  
“ Lovely angel, art thou weepan,  
“ And for me ?” puir Andrew cry’d.”  
“ Be compos’d, heav’n still is keepan  
“ Watch for you,” our youth reply’d.  
‘ Andrew’s wife and weanies cryan,  
‘ At the youthfu’ stranger stare,  
‘ Andrew’s sel’, him wis’fu eyan,  
‘ Hafins threw aside despair.  
‘ See’an Andrew mair composed,  
‘ Thus our noble youth began :

“ If to work you are disposed,  
 “ I a job afford you can :  
 “ I a tree just now hae planted,  
 “ That I maun hae fenc’d around,  
 “ And assistance much I wanted,  
 “ Which I wish I may hae found.  
 “ I’ the meantime a’ the gither  
 “ We’ll gang to the house, and syne  
 “ After breakfast, we’ll consider  
 “ How we’ll fence this tree o’ mine.”  
 ‘ Andrew seeman in a swither,  
 ‘ The dear youth his haun did take,  
 Said, “ your children and their mither  
 “ Ev’ry ane I’ll welcome make.”  
 ‘ Like a man by villains duped,  
 ‘ Kennan nougnt o’ whar he’s gawn,  
 ‘ Andrew, like a man half stupid,  
 ‘ Follow’d him that held his haun.  
 ‘ There, just there, see, they forgather  
 ‘ (Oh ! I think I see them still)  
 ‘ Wi’ our darling’s noble father  
 ‘ Walkan on yon side-lang hill.  
 ‘ Andrew Hill, quir man, no heedan  
 ‘ Ony thing without ava,  
 ‘ Was mair thrang his conscience readan,  
 ‘ That had just begun to craw.  
 ‘ The auld Earl at his darling  
 ‘ Leadan Andrew, luik’d a while.  
 ‘ Said, “ My child, this this is Sterling;  
 “ Heav’n does on such actions smile.”  
 ‘ Here quir Andrew’s movan story  
 ‘ Short the son tald ev’ry word ;

‘ The Earl said, “ My dear I’m sorry,  
“ But we will relief afford.”

‘ Andrew’s senses now returning,  
‘ Like a man distracted cries,  
“ Cease, my darlings, cease your mourning,  
“ Here are Angels in disguise.”

‘ Earl William smart replyed,  
“ We’ll grow Angels by and by.”

‘ The auld Earl turn’d and sighed,  
‘ Tears stood fou in Andrew’s eye.

‘ Gawn now to puir Andrew’s Willie,  
‘ Our dear youth did tak his haun,

‘ Said, while the puir lad leuk’d silly,  
“ Come, my dearest, we’ll be gawn.”

‘ Frae that hour a love prevailed  
‘ ’Tween the twa did never cease,

‘ Baith in a’ was guid excelled,  
‘ Friendships cement and increase.

‘ Andrew Hill, now thus addressing  
‘ The auld Earl, said, “ My Lord,

“ You a son like your’s possessing  
“ Heav’n can little mair afford.”

‘ Thus reply’d the Earl, “ Station,  
“ And a pow’r o’ doing guid,

“ May gi’e rise to inclination,  
“ Puir we hadnna understuid :-

“ Ne’ertheless, on this occasion,  
“ I am happy that my boy

“ Has your honest approbation,  
“ Lang may he the same enjoy.”

‘ Andrew said, “ I’ll gratefu’ bind him  
“ Roun’ my heart, and there he is;

" Mercy, guidness, heav'n, mind him,  
 " Bless your fairest image, bless.  
 " For this morning, while despairan  
 " O' a providence, he came,  
 " Just like mercy's sel' declairan,  
 " Provan that heav'n's care I am.  
 " Mild he took my haun, and brought me  
 " Hither to your Lordship's seat,  
 " My dear wife and weans besought he,  
 " Bless him, mercy ! I intreat !"  
 ' The auld Earl, a' the time o'  
 ' Andrew's rhapsody did staun,  
 ' Wipan frae his ein the prime o'  
 ' Tears wi' the back o' his haun.  
 ' Syne he said, his ein direckan  
 ' Roun' on Andrew's wife and weans,  
 " Since hard fortune's been correckan,  
 " And my son a truce obtains,  
 " If for this you love him, weaken  
 " Not the tye, but teach him still  
 " To deserve your love ;" then breakan  
 ' Aff his lane, left Andrew Hill.  
 ' Andrew ran like ane distracted  
 ' Round his youthfu' frien' he threw  
 ' Baith his arms, cried " It's enacted  
 " Sweetest youth, indeed its true,  
 " Now, just now, your noble father,  
 " Happy father ! wond'rous man !  
 " Did astonish, bless me rather,—  
 " But himsel' best tell you can."  
 ' What mair Andrew said I coudna  
 ' Or what was said in reply,

‘ But our noble boy’s guests didna  
‘ Ony mair the kintra try.  
‘ Lang they liv’d and ay beloved  
‘ A’ their weans thrave and did weel,  
‘ Gratefu’ ay, and worthy proved  
‘ Andrew Hill and Mary Steel.  
Mony trees I’ve seen a-planting,  
I hae seen them flourish too,  
But a something ey was wanting,  
That they coudna gain my lo’e.  
Since John Stewart tald me the story  
O’ Earl William’s ashen tree,  
Maist o’ ither trees deplore I,  
’Cause they want a historie.  
But there’s no a tree before ye  
Roun’ and roun’ that silent seat,  
But cou’d tell a pretty storie,  
Cou’d they a’ they ken repeat.

---

## LOYAL POEMS.

---

### EARL WILLIAM & WILLIE HILL.

#### CANTO III.

##### *EDUCATION AND FRIENDSHIP.*

FRIENDSHIP, you that's great in learning,  
Can ye tell me what it is?  
Ay enlarging, ever earning  
Confidence, or maybe bliss.  
In ilk virtue fast increasan,  
As they did increase in years,  
Neither heart distrust possessan,  
To your view twa frien's appear.  
Willie Hill and Earl William,  
Grown together up to men,  
Human nature's gauzy volume,  
No twa stricter frien's does ken.  
Baith the twa are now bereaved  
O' their parents guid and wise,  
Frae the whilk ilk had received  
Lessons he did ne'er despise.  
Lessons sweetly tauld, entican,  
By example how to steer  
'Thro' the warld, sweetly seizan  
On the heart as well's the ear.

Earl William's father taught him,  
 Worth was worth wherever found ;  
 Wi' just principles he fraught him,  
 No wi' graces—empty sound.  
 Chesterfield's frothy palavers,  
 Thrown out upon his boy,  
 Did but little guid, sic clavers  
 Tends the youthfu' mind to cloy.  
 But whan bonie virtue, laughan,  
 In her native garb appears,  
 A' the mind just like a saugh wan',  
 Pliable and ev'n she rears.  
 Earl William was instructed,  
 Human nature was the same,  
 Birth and learning but conducted  
 To pursue a diff'rent game.  
 Circumstances accidental,  
 No the diff'ring o' the mind,  
 Local means merely eventual,  
 Differ'd clowns frae the refin'd.  
 That the King and peasant differ'd  
 But in rank, for baith were men :  
 Cou'd they be whan infants, nisser'd,  
 Ye the truth o' this wad ken.  
 Truth and honestie united,  
 To what's call'd benevolence,  
 Kiff the pow'r to these are suited,  
 Mak's the only difference.  
 Earl William's worthy father,  
 Maxims sic as thae instill ;  
 Hence that worth we saw forgather,  
 Wi' puir hopeless Andrew Hill.

Hence that friendship ne'er repented,  
 For puir Andrew's worthy son ;  
 Hence thae gen'rous plans invented,  
 Soon ye'll nobly see begun.

Willie had an education  
 Frae, the father o' his friend,  
 Lib'ral ; and a reputation  
 Pure unspotted to the end.  
 But he had a gratefu' nature  
 That his friend did disapprove,  
 Stapt that cheerfulness o' feature,—  
 Shaw'd a sort o' distant love.

Willie's father ay instilled  
 Gratitude upo' his mind,  
 That sweet virtue that distilled  
 But frae sauls the maist refin'd.

Also that subordination  
 Nat'ral to societies,  
 Improving upo' which, ilk nation  
 Did themselves first civilize.

• What (he wad hae said) my Willie,  
 ‘ What wad fouk turn to ava,  
 ‘ Durst the knave knock down the sillie,  
 ‘ And sic outrage pass for law ?  
 • But our ancestors prevented,  
 ‘ Blessings on their memorie,  
 ‘ By the laws that they invented,  
 ‘ Ev'ry thing like slaverie.  
 • A' our rights they sae secured,  
 ‘ Made us a' sae perfect free,  
 • No the King dare, I'm assured,  
 ‘ Either wrang or injure me,

- A' the world's admiration  
‘ ‘S our fine plan o' government ;
- At the same time, as a nation,  
‘ We hae but a cruel bent.
- Yes, our rights, if rightly used,  
‘ Might produce the best effects ;
- But thae rights, o'er aft'n abused,  
‘ Sair disgrace on us reflects.
- Yes, proofs o' our rights asserted,  
‘ Aft'n abused, thrang abound ;
- And thae proofs uncontroverted,  
‘ Still upo' record are foun'd.
- Witness Danes and Normans huri'd  
‘ Aff the throne whan they did wrang,
- Ay 'gainst tyrants Albion curi'd  
‘ Stern her brow, and freedom sang.
- Yon unhappy race, descended  
‘ Straight frae royal Kenneth, saw
- Their career o' reigning ended,  
‘ Whan they grapp'l'd wi' the law.
- I cou'd weep for their misfortune,  
‘ May my kintra ne'er again
- See her Kings wi' justice sportin,  
‘ Hear their right deny'd to reign.
- On the contrair, tho' they're woundan  
‘ To my feelings to relate,
- Ither sort o' proofs aboundan,  
‘ Are o' auld and modern date.
- Trace, my son, our ain sweet Mary,  
‘ Frae the cradle to the grave,
- Frae her fate, sair injur'd fair ! ay  
‘ Heav'n ilk future princess save.

' By stern bigots persecuted,  
 ' Mark her tears, imprisonments ;  
 ' View her syne ! oh ! executed —  
 ' But, my son, your heart reants.  
 ' Think, too, on a Charles murder'd.  
 ' Trace that deed ingeniouslie,  
 ' O my Willie ! sure it border'd  
 ' On savage ferocitie.  
 ' Let us weep their sair misfortune,  
 ' May our kintra ne'er again,  
 ' Wi' ilk sacred maxim sportan,  
 ' Wi' Kings bluid her bosom stain.  
 ' May guid Angels ay preserve us  
 ' Frae repeating sic like deeds ;  
 ' Rather, some guid Angel nerve us  
 ' Blank to raze sic cruel creeds.  
 ' Blank to raze sic creeds, misguided  
 ' By the which the nation mourns ;  
 ' Creeds by toyal hearts derided,  
 ' Creeds that a' but bigots spurns.  
 ' Creeds, my son, breed mair confusion  
 ' Than its possible to tell ;  
 ' Sway'd by them, a strong delusion  
 ' Seems upo' the mind to dwell.  
 ' Moral worth by creeds is hooted,  
 ' Moral excellence abhorr'd ;  
 ' Kings and Peers by creeds are rooted  
 ' Out o' nations, undeplor'd.  
 ' No ae creed mair than anither,  
 ' Hae gi'en rise to sic like deeds ;  
 Creeds are bluidy a' together,  
 ' Death is in their vera seeds.

‘ Presbyterian educated,  
‘ And for this shall I despise  
‘ Those have been habituated  
‘ Something different to prize.  
‘ Shall I Hervey, who in flashing  
‘ Radiance treated the abstruse  
‘ O’ election, maybe clashing  
‘ With the bard’s mair gen’rous views ?  
‘ Shall I, Tillotson, endearing,  
‘ Holy evangelic soul ;  
‘ Shall I, Bev’ridge, cautious steering,  
‘ Eying still truth’s bright’ning pole ?  
‘ Shall I think these with perdition ?  
‘ No, with Angels sure they dwell,  
‘ And in heav’nly exhibition,  
‘ To Jehovah’s praise excel.  
‘ Hence ye principles detested,  
‘ Murd’ring and dethroning Kings,  
‘ Butchers sent frae hell, invested  
‘ Wi’ worse plagues than famine brings.  
‘ Hence, by Britons long abhorred,  
‘ Hence unto your native hell !  
‘ There, in torments undeplored,  
‘ Wi’ your kindred devils dwell.  
‘ Did the gallant youth appointed  
‘ Royal Saul for to succeed,  
‘ Touch his sov’reign, heav’n’s anointed ?  
‘ No,—he damn’d the shocking deed.  
‘ Fall upo’ the catiff, said he,  
‘ Kill the cruel regicide,  
‘ Durst do so, and be so ready  
‘ Too, to own th’ accursed deed.’

Maxims sic as these instilled,  
Regulating a' the will,  
Wi' the justest notions filled  
A' the heart o' Willie Hill.  
Sic, Britannia, were the lessons  
Made thee 'mang the nations great ;  
Sons o' Britain, sic the impressions  
Rouz'd your sauls and rais'd your state.  
Yes, my kintra, sic the lessons,  
Anes you did your glory rate,  
And shall thae ance loo'd impressions,  
Knaves and fools eradicate ?  
No, my kintra ! a' thy genius  
Stern, forbiddeth sic a thought ;  
Persevere, then, watch, be strenous,  
Mischiefs rise frae things o' nougnt.  
Sic the candid observations  
Made by guid auld Andrew Hill ;  
Sic wi' mild insinuations,  
He in Willie did instill.  
Willie did imbibe them sweetly,  
Them digests judiciouslie ;  
Hence thae actions that sae meetly,  
Spak a subject Briton free.  
To describe, I am unable,  
Willie in a proper light ;  
But his actions will enable  
You to judge o' him aright.  
Beuk-learn'd frouk, wha hae o' wordies,  
Worthy to describe the man ;  
Say, philanthropist, afford us  
What explain him only can.

Ae thing sure, nor need I learning  
This to ken, his name's sae dear  
To this day, whan mention'd, earning  
    Warm the tribute o' a tear.  
True, he had a gen'rous master,  
    Yet, like him, nane will again  
Plead the honest man's disaster,  
    Makan a' their woes his ain.  
Yes, he had a master truly,  
    Whase benevolence did glow  
Like the sun ; but whiles he duly  
    Didna wait, or prudence show.  
But he had a just inspector  
    O' distress in guid or ill ;  
A humane, but just director,  
    To his heart in Willie Hill.  
For a proof o' this, I'll mention  
    Twa wee stories I did lear  
Frae John Brown, they're nae invention,  
    But as true as we are here.  
‘ Samuel Shaw, whan young, received  
    ‘ Frae his parents learning great,  
‘ Learning that but vex'd and grieved,  
    ‘ Born but to a mean estate.  
‘ Reading beuks had humaniz'd him,  
    ‘ Made his heart sae saft an' sweet,  
‘ Ony wee vexation seiz'd him,  
    ‘ Made him for this earth unmeet.  
‘ And his reading, no directed  
    ‘ By fouk wha' o' beuks had skill,  
‘ And his fancy, no corrected,  
    ‘ Drank at ev'ry muses till.

'Love o' consequence soon stealing  
 ' On his ap'n and gen'rous heart,  
 ' Warm wi' youth, his reason failing,  
 ' Soon he did to wedlock dart.  
 ' Wi' the warld unacquainted,  
 ' Unacquainted wi' its ways,  
 ' A' he fand unprecedented,  
 ' I' the beuks he us'd to praise.  
 ' Sic' a moral sense o' feeling  
 ' Ay remainan on his mind,  
 ' He thought men their hearts were steeling  
 ' Hard, 'gainst him alone combin'd.  
 ' Syne a' mankind he despised,  
 ' Apen villainie abhor'd :  
 ' Better frouk he thought disguised,  
 ' Willie Hill, and even my Lord.  
 ' But his character unspotted,  
 ' Sacred he did ever keep ;  
 ' The which Samuel wadna blotted,  
 ' For Golconda's treasures deep.  
 ' Men in gross thus disesteeming,  
 ' He their converse did despise ;  
 ' Ay their best o' actions deeming  
 ' As a varnish or disguise.  
 ' Hence unnotic'd, unrespected,  
 ' Samuel might hae pass'd his days,  
 ' Hadna Willie Hill directed  
 ' Earl William's gen'rous ways.  
 ' By him Sam' and wife beloved,  
 ' And their sweet wee prattlan boys,  
 ' Were to fairer scenes removed,  
 ' Whar nae fear o' want annoys.

‘ Samuel had a gratefu’ nature  
‘ Nat’rally, that want but sour’d ;  
‘ Now his heart at ease, each feature  
‘ Smil’d. and a’ fouks lo’e procur’d.  
‘ Worthy prov’d he in his station,  
‘ Earl William bless’d the day,  
‘ His frien’ Willie’s approbation,  
‘ Samuel did before him lay.’

Thus ran ane o’ John Brown’s stories,  
Whilk did Willie’s prudence show ;  
But the neist will place before us  
Greater prudence still—for know :

‘ Geordie Mill’s insinuations,  
‘ And his brazen impudence,  
‘ And his base prevarications,  
‘ Cou’d o’erleap ilk moral fence.  
‘ Yet he had sic arts o’ winning,  
‘ Few to whom he had apply’d,  
‘ Had unto his arts o’ cunning,  
‘ What he aimed at deny’d.  
‘ Hating virtue, peace, and order,  
‘ Ay in taverns was he seen,  
‘ Holding forth in words did border,  
‘ Or did really evil mean.  
‘ Common fouk, puir, yet weel-meaning,  
‘ Hence he did wi’ notions fill,  
‘ A’ about rights o’ conveening,  
‘ Hatefu’ things to Willie Hill.  
‘ This same man was sae audacious,  
‘ Guid preserve us, he wad say,  
‘ Britain’s Peers were but voracious,  
‘ Kings were cruel birds o’ prey.

‘ Yet he ever was applying  
‘ To these nobles for relief,  
‘ Wha he seldom fand denying  
‘ To alleviate his grief.  
‘ Earl William, ae day wa’kan  
‘ Thro’ the fields wi’ Willie Hill,  
‘ And on diff’rent subjects ta’kan,  
‘ Wha approach’d but Geordie Mill :  
‘ Coman up wi’ air alluran,  
‘ And polite enough address,  
‘ O’ success himsel’ assuran,  
‘ Soon he did his wants confess.  
‘ Tauld a fair and canny storie  
‘ O’acquaintances, and syne  
‘ Letters frae his pouch in store he  
‘ Pou’d, and movinglie did whine.  
‘ Earl William, never doubtan,  
‘ Credulous to an excess,  
‘ O’ his candour no disputan,  
‘ Coudna add to Mill’s distress,  
‘ Gen’rous to a fau’t, well pleased  
‘ That he had it in his pow’r  
‘ To do guid, th’ occasion seized,  
‘ Gave to Mill goud guineas four.  
‘ Willie Hill himsel’ addressing  
‘ To the Earl, said, “ My Lord,  
“ Tho’ to me it is distressing,  
“ I must here put in a word.  
“ Know it then, you’re no relievant  
“ At this time a worthy man,  
“ But a man who while receivant  
“ Hates the giver’s lib’ral haun’.

“ This is he wha's base discourses  
“ Wad excite mankind to throw  
“ Aff subjection, follow courses  
“ Soon wad fill the land wi' woe.  
“ Following nae honest calling,  
“ Thus on guidness does he prey ;  
“ Ever heard in taverns bawling,  
“ Poisoning mens morals ay.”  
“ Earl William turn'd, and sighing,  
‘ Leuked Geordie i' the face,  
“ Said, “ puir man,” him stricter eying,  
“ I do pity you, alas !  
“ You have talents, by applying  
“ Which to proper things and right,  
“ Might gain you respect, denying  
“ This plain path, you gain but slight :  
“ Still 'tis in your pow'r, however,  
“ (Thank that government you treat.  
“ With abuse) for to recover,  
“ Yea, your name to reinstate :  
“ Do sac, then, and tho' surprizing  
“ To your present turn of mind,  
“ He wha now is you advising,  
“ You a steady friend shall find.”  
“ Mill abashed, did retire,  
‘ But, base man, his rankling soul,  
“ Burning with indignant fie,  
“ Cou'dna brook the least controul.  
“ Earl William's guidness turn'd he  
‘ To a bribe ; his promise too,  
“ To a lure ; hence wicked spurn'd he  
“ Him, frae ruin wad him wee.

‘ Base ungratefu’ wicked creature,  
 ‘ Willie Hill enquiring found,  
 ‘ That his base malicious nature  
 ‘ Wish’d Earl William’s peace to wound.  
 ‘ That he had lampoon’d his person,  
 ‘ And by talents kend to few ;  
 ‘ Made frae Juvenal a version,  
 ‘ Plac’d him in an hum’rous view.  
 ‘ Men o’ keener observation,  
 ‘ Soon saw whar his satire aim’d ;  
 ‘ Gen’rous minds sigh’d with vexation,  
 ‘ Minds malicious vouchers fram’d.’

Now th’ original incentive,  
 Thus made Mill behave I’d tell ;  
 British parents be attentive  
 To the bard can wish you well.

Errors in our education,  
 Tend at length to meikle woe ;  
 Mill was anes a man o’ station,  
 Born in affluence to glow.  
 But his father, whase ambition  
 Had been disappointed, strave  
 In his Geordie’s haill tuition,  
 That he government shou’d brave.  
 Ever tauking o’ corruption,  
 Best o’ men kept out o’ place !  
 And not brooking interruption,  
 He did spoil his son, alas !  
 For grown up, he ever quarrel’d  
 Elka plan o’ government ;  
 At its ilk miscarriage snarl’d,  
 Bitterest reproach did vent.

“ This is he wha's base discourses  
“ Wad excite mankind to throw  
“ Aff subjection, follow courses  
“ Soon wad fill the land wi' woe.  
“ Following nae honest calling,  
“ Thus on guidness does he prey ;  
“ Ever heard in taverns bawling,  
“ Poisoning mens morals ay.”  
“ Earl William turn'd, and sighing,  
“ Leuked Geordie i' the face,  
“ Said, “ puir man,” him stricter eying,  
“ I do pity you, alas !  
“ You have talents, by applying  
“ Which to proper things and right,  
“ Might gain you respect, denying  
“ This plain path, you gain but slight :  
“ Still 'tis in your pow'r, however,  
“ (Thank that government you treat-  
“ With abuse) for to recover,  
“ Yea, your name to reinstate :  
“ Do sae, then, and tho' surprizing  
“ To your present turn of mind,  
“ He wha now is you advising,  
“ You a steady friend shall find.”  
“ Mill abashed, did retire,  
“ But, base man, his rankling soul,,  
“ Burning with indignant fie,  
“ Cou'dna brook the least controul.  
“ Earl William's guidness turn'd he  
“ To a bribe ; his promise too,  
“ To a lure ; hence wicked spurn'd he  
“ Him, frae ruin wad him woo.

‘ Base ungratefu’ wicked creature,  
‘ Willie Hill enquiring found,  
‘ That his base malicious nature  
‘ Wish’d Earl William’s peace to wound.  
‘ That he had lampoon’d his person,  
‘ And by talents kend to few ;  
‘ Made frae Juvenal a version,  
‘ Plac’d him in an hum’rous view.  
‘ Men o’ keener observation,  
‘ Soon saw whar his satire aim’d ;  
‘ Gen’rous minds sigh’d with vexation,  
‘ Minds malicious vouchers fram’d.’

Now th’ original incentive,  
Thus made Mill behave I’d tell ;  
British parents be attentive  
To the bard can wish you well.

Errors in our education,  
Tend at length to meikle woe ;  
Mill was anes a man o’ station,

Born in affluence to glow.  
But his father, whase ambition  
Had been disappointed, strave  
In his Geordie’s haill tuition,

That he government shou’d brave.  
Ever tauking o’ corruption,

Best o’ men kept out o’ place !  
And not brooking interruption,

He did spoil his son, alas !  
For grown up, he ever quarrel’d

Elka plan o’ government ;  
At its ilk miscarriage snarl’d,

Bitterest reproach did vent.

But his plans were ay so hollow,  
For reform baith ane and a',  
Nane were found with him to follow,  
That loo'd order or the law.  
Hence a band o' desperado's,  
Ever round puir Geordie hung,  
Ate him up, while but bravados,  
To puir Geordie's accents rung.  
Sic companions soon reduced  
Geordie down to ev'ry strait ;  
But his mind was sae seduced,  
That he glory'd in his fate.  
Disappointed still,—Sedition  
He did ever wish to sow ;  
Nobles he did wish perdition,  
Squint on Kings wad censure throw.  
Britons ! gracious heav'n protect you,  
Frae a Mill's infernal creed ;  
Britons, shall a Mill direct you,  
Shall sic catiffs you mislead ?  
Earl William, upo' hearing  
O' Mill's base behaviour, sigh'd ;  
“ Pity talents sae endearing,  
“ Were sae grossly misapplied :  
“ I had thought for to have gain'd him,  
“ Over frae his present bent ;  
“ But since, as my Hill explain'd him,  
“ He will still be discontent ;  
“ I must be content to leave him  
“ (Oh ! poor thing) unto his fate ;  
“ Which I fear will undeceive him  
“ At an hour, alas ! too late.

Earl William now bethought him,  
Willie Hill judiciously  
Wad direct him ; syne besought him  
A' his guidness to apply.  
Willie Hill he now commences  
Earl William's a'moner ;  
Where he higher still advances  
His endearing character.  
Willie had twa hunner Sterlin',  
And *per annum*, for his pay ;  
Yet like ony pinan' warlin',  
Puir he liv'd frae day to day.  
For he fand whan he inspected  
Strictly the surrounding puir,  
Modest merit quite neglected,  
This he never cou'd enduir.  
Yet he never cou'd petition,  
Or a coin seek or receive ;  
Gen'rous saul ! till in condition  
He himsel' cou'dna relieve.  
Friendly thus to human nature,  
Our twa friends their time did spend,  
Blooman merit's woe-worn feature,  
That till now ne'er kend a friend.  
Friendship thus, by heav'n cemented,  
Only can the title claim  
That by giddy fuils invented,  
By nae means deserves the name.  
Misanthropes in combination,  
Or a libertine leagu'd crew,  
Mind, whatever be your station,  
Friendship is unkend to you.

Ye may feast and drink together,  
Wi' conjees and cards invite,  
Meanly flatter ane anither,  
Friendship's still above your height.  
Mind, O man, what veers to venial,  
Friendship totally disowns,  
Feeling hearts, in guid congenial,  
She with all her blessings crowns,

---

## LOYAL POEMS.

---

### EARL WILLIAM & WILLIE HILL.

#### CANTO IV.

##### *PHILANTHROPY AND GRATITUDE.*

FEELING hearts, your mild attention  
Now the bard partic'larly  
Claims ; since what the muse wad mention,  
Tho' endearing claims a sigh.  
I cou'd tell you mony a storie  
O' Earl William's guidness here,  
Whilk I doubt wad mak you sorrie,  
He, guida man, ne er caus'd a tear.  
But to pass in silence over  
Hunners mae I n mention aye,  
Whilk will a the man discover,  
Listen, then, for I begin :  
Now tis necessar', before we  
Plunge into effects at anes,  
That the causes firs explore we  
Frae the whilk ilk storie rins.  
Earl William had a steward,  
Full as guid a man's himself'  
No' a philanthropic Howard,  
Whase guid deeds the warld tell;

No' a philanthropic Howard  
To do guid had better will,  
Than had Earl William's steward,  
Dead and gane now—Willie Hill ;  
But a twalmonth scarce was roundet  
After Willie Hill's decease,  
Whan some worthier tenants found it  
Gratitude to quat their lease.  
The new factor, wi' his ruffles,  
To Earl William this made known  
‘ Willie Hill wore hame-spun duffles  
‘ Quo' the Earl I maun own.  
‘ But I mean to ken the reason  
‘ That induces thus to act,  
‘ Something sing'lar maun occasion  
‘ My guid tenants quat their tack.’  
Syne the Earl did assemble  
A' his tenants at the ha'  
Said, ‘ inform me, nor dissemble,  
‘ Why your farms ye're quattan a' ?  
While the Earl yet was speakan,  
Deepest sighs salute his ear !  
Just as ilka heart was breakan,  
No a cheek but own'd a tear ;  
“ Quo the Earl, ‘ what's the matter ?  
Auld James Brown said wi' a grane,  
‘ Our best frien', I canna flatter,  
‘ Master Hill is dead and gane :  
‘ Best o' men, for him our wailing,  
‘ Since we lost him, didna cease  
‘ But our tears are nought availing,  
‘ While his widow's wants increase

' Na ! our tears are rather cruel,  
 ' While in want his children pine,  
 ' Their guid father, sweetest jewels !  
 ' Mony a day fed me and mine ;  
 ' O' my craft three years thegither  
 ' He himsel' the rent did pay :  
 ' O ! he was mair like a brither,  
 ' But he reaps the fruits the day.  
 ' Baith my kye, twall years come July  
 ' Died, I offer'd up my tack,  
 ' Master Hill said, James be huly  
 ' Sair misfortune is nae brak.  
 ' Keep your penny-rent, be chearie,  
 ' Buy twa kye wi't, never fear :  
 ' But mind, James, O nougnt I'll wearie  
 ' Sooner, than o'this to hear.  
 ' The neist year the yellow fever,  
 ' Did attack our wife and me :  
 ' Master Hill, mair guid than ever,  
 ' Back our wife the rent did gie :  
 ' A' the neighbours roun', neist season,  
 ' Lost their nowt wi' the black leg,  
 ' But for him nae ither reason  
 ' I had been oblidg'd to beg.'

Here Will Grey, John Reid, and ither,  
 A' were present ilka ane,  
 Said, ' My Lord, frae mony swithers  
 ' Free'd he us, that's dead and gane :  
 ' O' James Brown's relievings never  
 ' Heard we till this hour, for he,  
 ' Best o' men, requested ever.  
 ' For his guidness, secrerie.

' But to keep the secret smother'd  
 ' Langer, were an awfu' crime,  
 ' Whilk we're doubtfu' we hae cluther'd  
 ' To our shame, o'er lang a time.  
 ' Livan on their father's guidness,  
 ' Yet deny his weans their ain,  
 ' Kennan them in want, were rudeness  
 ' Guid forbid we shou'd attain.  
 ' You, my Lord, or he miskend you,  
 ' Did we sae wad prove our foe ;  
 ' Mony a time he said he kend you  
 ' Roun' like heav'n your guidness throw.  
 ' And, now that our ev'ry reason  
 ' Ye hae heard, we humbly pray,  
 ' Ye'll no cause a deviation  
 ' Frae our purposes the day.'  
 ' No', the gen'rous man replyed,  
 ' Worthy men that cruel were,  
 ' Tho' I'm vex'd, I was denyed,  
 ' In your purposes to share.  
 ' But, as yet your resolutions  
 ' Are not carried to effect,  
 ' Or ye raise your contributions,  
 ' Ye'll allow me to reflect :  
 ' But your good intentions ever  
 ' Are engraven on my heart,  
 Never, grateful men, no never  
 ' From the same for to depart ;  
 ' Careful be, and be industrious,  
 ' Be what hitherto ye've been,  
 Then a Hill, On ! name illustrious !  
 ' Yet may rise you to befriend'.

• I' the mean time I must leave you,  
‘ My good tenants, fare ye well !  
• Mind, if possible, I'd have you  
‘ Still upon my lands to dwell.’

Earl William thus conversed,

Thus he sweetly bid adieu,

Now ye'll hear how he reversed

A' his tenants had in view :

Earl William aften doubted,

That his frien's too gen'rous heart

Lack'd that prudence he confuted

Wantin in anither airt :

But till now he ne'er suspected,

That his philanthropic friend

Had his ain wee flock neglected,

To all else cou'd aid extend.

Choice, not want, he thought, directed,

Too, the widow o' his friend

To retirement ; he suspected

Grief her motive, aim, and end.

Now it was he recollect'd,

What his frien' had aften said,

‘ Modest merit lies neglected,

‘ As o' being kend afraid.’

Thae, and sic like thoughts, quick passing,

A' night thro' the Earl's mind ;

And his tenants words canvassing,

Anes to sleep he ne'er inclin'd.

For they saw him the neist morning,

Wi' his gartans in his haun' ;

Waiscoat yet unbutton'd, turning,

Grave his steps, up yonder lawn.

Doona' ye see Luce's river,  
Distant just about a mile ;  
Mark it weel, I'm sure ye never  
Saw a stream mair worth your while :  
Follow wi' your ee ilk winding,  
Up frae whar sae smooth a plain,  
Luce, the laws o' nature binding,  
Pays his tribute to the main.  
'Trace the head o' yonder meadow,  
Central 'tween the wood and stream,  
The wee cottage o' a widow,  
There will your attention claim.  
Three wee boys, three blooman jewels,  
Twa wee daughters, bonnier still,  
This puir widow, Annie Newells  
Brought to worthie Willie Hill :  
Willie was the kindest father,  
Was to Annie still mair kind,  
Wi' distress cou'd ne'er forgather,  
But he shaw'd a gen'rous mind.  
Whan he died, a single shilling  
Annie Newells hadna by ;  
Some hard hearts e'en warna willing  
To believe her poverty.  
But the blessing o' the stervan,  
Wha were by her Willie fed ;  
Blessings o' the puir deservan,  
Wha were by her Willie cled :  
Blessings o' the puir and humble,  
Wha ne'er gaed frae Willie's door,  
Nor had reason anes to grumble,  
Pour'd on Annie Newells store :

For, astonishan to Annie,  
 Featan on her risan weans ;  
 Ap'nan to a chap sae cannie,  
 Earl William entrance gains :  
 Ap'nan to a chap sae cannie,  
 Wasna meant to ap'nt ava,  
 Back, (propitious to Annie)  
 Back, her door sled to the wa'.  
 Annie felt sae embarrassan,  
 Lacked sae presence o' mind ;  
 That the Earl (forms o'erpassan)  
 Had himsel' a seat to find.  
 Cleer bleez'd Annie's morning ingle,  
 A' the floor new brush'd and clean ;  
 Earl William strave to mingle  
 Talk wi' Ann's wee prattlan Jean ;  
 Frae the wean whiles to the mither  
 He a word by chance wad say,  
 Soon put Annie out o' swither,  
 O ! he had a gen'rous way !  
 Crepan into conversation,  
 Thus insensibly begun,  
 Mildly slidan frae his station,  
 Annie's trimlan ear he won :  
 While on common topics taukan,  
 O' the puir and times severe ;  
 Quick, as frae a thought awakan,  
 Th' Earl said, ' Now that I'm here :  
 ' Mistress Hill, know I a promise  
 ' Made, and relative to you ;  
 ' And the time now fully come is,  
 ' When that promise falleth due ?'

Sayan this, down on a table  
He her Willie's usual pay  
Counted ; Annie wasna able  
To leuk up, far less to say :  
Seean Annie's great confusion,  
To relieve her, best o' men,  
Said, ' James Brown lives i' the Mewson,  
' Mistress Hill do ye him ken ?'  
Annie a reply essayan,  
The effort did gi'e her ease ;  
Tears gat vent, her bosom layan  
Calmly quiet, by degrees :  
But the Earl, gen'rous wavan  
Annie's answer at the time,  
Thus continu'd, ' James was cravan  
' Some wee favour o' John Syme :  
' Wi' my tenants no acquainted,  
' Being but a stranger yet,  
' He the favour hasna granted ;  
' Now, in case puir James shou'd fret,  
' I wad ask it as a favour,  
' Which was my chief errand here,  
' That this day ye wad endeavour,  
' And at James his wants to spier :  
' Willie Gray, John Reid, whaever  
' May be straiten'd, doona see  
' Them in want : I promise, never  
' To let you a loser be.  
' Needless here the observation,  
' I'd be hid in this affair ;  
' Your discretion frae vexation  
' A' secures, o' this nae mair.

' But if there's within your kenning  
 ' Ony modest familie,  
 ' Wha are straiten'd to get fennin,  
 ' O reward their modestie :  
 ' And in case ye ken occasion,  
 ' For a present sma' supply,  
 ' There's a trifle, gie't in season :'  
 Annie gie'd a solemn sigh.

Mute a statue all surprized

Annie sat, Earl William's eyes  
 Gen'rous saw, the moment seized  
 Quick as thought, and hameward hies.

Annie, to hersel' returnan,  
 Leuked roun', rose, agile flew  
 To the door, her bosom burnan  
 Gratefu' bold, for an adieu.  
 But she leuk'd in vain, for truly,  
 He she wis'd was gane a mile :  
 Annie sigh'd, but weighed duly,

A' his gen'rous arts o' guile.  
 Yes, his conduct sae she prized,  
 Priz'd his sweet injunctions sae,  
 That ere night she mair surprized,  
 (Than hersel' now) some did lae.

Auld James Brown, like ane demented,  
 Glowr'd and leugh, and grat, and sang ;  
 Gleg, tho', like a hawk he scented  
 Out the cause, he wasna wrang !  
 Willie Gray, John Reid, an' ither,  
 Annie visited that day :  
 (Were put in a peck o' swithers)  
 Knewna what to think or say.

A' the trust in her repos'd  
She discharg'd, sae sweetly too,  
Merit bless'd her unexposed,  
Delicacy ken'd to few :  
Yea, sae meetly she discharged  
A' the trust in her repos'd,  
E'en Earl William's saul enlarged,  
Dreaded not to be expos'd.

---

## LOYAL POEMS.

---

### EARL WILLIAM & WILLIE HILL.

#### CANTO V.

##### THE CONCLUSION.

Now the Muse bids a conclusion,  
Nor the bard shall disobey ;  
Britons ! that ilk vain delusion \*  
You'd as readily gainsay.  
The mean epithets bestowed  
By incendiaries vile ;  
And at which indignant glowed,  
Your brave bosoms for a while.  
Gen'rous Britons, yes, you smartly,  
Felt the epithet of s——e ;  
At the title rouz'd alertly,  
Nor your feelings cou'd confine.  
For the insult unprepared,  
That you felt I'm not surpriz'd,  
Nor surpriz'd that you declai'd,  
Bold your feelings undisguis'd.  
Diff'rent conduct had surprized,  
Nay I hop'd you'd bravely feel ;  
And my hopes you realized,  
Fire will fly from smitten steel.

---

\* A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished. *Religious prudence, § 2.*

But I also was assured,  
 You'd above the insult rise,  
 By sublimest rules allured,  
 The mean insult you'd despise.  
 Thus the grov'ling appellation,  
 You have made of none effect,  
 This th' alone retaliation,  
 The mad author cou'd expect.  
 This th' alone retaliation,  
 He from Britons cou'd expect,  
 To be treat like's appellation,  
 Like a s——e, with due neglect.  
 Surely at exasperation  
 Aiming, was the title given  
 With a wish, to desperation  
 Free-born Britons might be driven. \*

Vain the horrid expectation,  
 Hitherto, now more, in vain ;  
 Like a mist's evaporation,  
 Britons view the truth again.  
 Circe, yes, the empty dazzle  
 Of thy flow'ry periods, they  
 Well remember, join'd t' embezzle  
 Yon Columbian warld away.  
 That with Braddock's disappointed  
 Major, thou didst correspond,  
 Heard wi' joy he was appointed  
 Roy, th' Atlantic Loch beyond.

\* Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words, (or speaks un-advisedly) there is more hope of a fool than of him.

Still they view thee persevering,  
 Still the firmest frien' o' Paine;  
 Blush, O man! why art thou staring?  
 Are the sons o' Britain s——e?  
 Surely at exasperation  
 Aiming, was the title given,  
 That to deeds o' desperation,  
 Free-born Britons might be driven.  
 Vain th' infernal expectation,  
 Thanks to Britain's godlike sons,  
 Who with noble indignation,  
 Smile at thy low grov'ling puns.  
 They have heard of Earl Williams  
 They have known Earl William's too;  
 And rot thee, nor all thy volumes,  
 Shall their love for these undo.  
 Earl William ne'er descended  
 Frae the dignity o' man;  
 What the title comprehended,  
 His enlarged saul could scan.  
 Aft'n he said, and said it truly,  
 ' Men are brithers, ane an' a'  
 ' Britons friends, observan duly  
 ' Moral order and the law.'  
 Aft'n he said, ' A patriot Wallace,  
 ' Tho' unkend, (heav'n wills it sae)  
 ' I' the cott as weel's the palace,  
 ' May the flame all heav'nly hae.  
 ' Awfu' Kings had rais'd to splendor  
 ' Savage states, may die unknown,  
 ' Whase brave sauls, whase royal candour,  
 ' Wadna stain'd a Bruce's throne.'

But not only Earl William  
Thought and said sae, for we ken  
Whan we read Britannia's volume,  
Mony Peers were sic like men.  
Doubtless, there are some exceptions,  
Men are never a' the same ;  
And in beuks may be deceptions,  
But we'll tak' a surer aim.  
Apen your e'en unprejudiced,  
Gen'rous Britons ! leuk around,  
And Earl Williams undeceased  
Still you'll see on British ground.  
Yes, as kind as condescending  
For to soothe a brither's woe ;  
Yea, as he, godlike, extending  
Wide the hand whence blessings flow.  
But Earl William's methods seeming  
As too partial, too confin'd,  
They alike mankind esteeming,  
Broader ways of aid design'd.  
Yes, they (a' impartial eying)  
Ither methods needsu' deem ;  
After various methods trying,  
Those adopt that wisest seem.  
Hence that infant innocence, \*  
Vile inhumans us'd t' expose ;  
Whase sweet smiles were nae defence ay  
'Gainst its strange unnat'ral foes.  
Hence, I say, the plans approved  
By Britannia's rulers, save  
Thousands else had been removed  
Oh ! to an untimely grave.

---

\* Foundling Hospitals.

Hence schuils for puir weans erected \*  
 Meat, clraiths, learning, gi'en them free,  
 Whar their tender minds directed  
 Are, the lures o' vice to flee.  
 Nor when learn'd, the beuk neglected,  
 Guidness follows guidness still,  
 Put to trades whar' they, respected,  
 May an honest station fill.  
 Females, friendless, or misguided, †  
 Puir, or mair unfortunate,  
 Kindest aid 's for them provided,  
 Whan they're in their greatest strait.  
 Nor in vain the hope 's reposed,  
 Nor in vain is fix'd the stay  
 O' the puir man, indisposed,  
 Wha for doctors canna pay.  
 He has nurses to attend him, ‡  
 Doctors o' approved skill,  
 Guid advisers to befriend him,  
 If he's dangerously ill.

## \* Poor Schools.

† Lying-in Hospitals for poor or unfortunate females. We remark that in the Lying-in Hospital of Dublin only, (which was the first of the kind founded in the British Dominions,) no fewer than 23,545 females were delivered of 12,656 boys, and 11,295 girls; 402 had twins, and 4 had 3 children, besides all since the year 1788; this most deserving charity is supported by the very profits arising from the Public Assembly-rooms, so much decried by factious men.

‡ Infirmary. The Earl of Hopeton alone, during the infancy of the Edinburgh Infirmary, before he would suffer such a glorious Institution to fall to the ground; gave it an annuity of 400 l. out of his own pocket.

A' this bout respect o' persons,  
 What's impartial's godlike still ;  
 Here I'm throwen nae aspersions,  
 On Earl William or his Hill.  
 And the muse has heard wi' rapture,  
 And the bard wi' rapture sings,  
 News \* mair sweet than those the capture  
 O' mad Gallia's Navy brings ;  
 News that paint th' endearing spirit  
 O' thy chiefs, Hibernian Isle,  
 News that bloom the cheek o' merit  
 In a new and godlike stile.  
 Merit's wants, O strange ! relieved  
 In broad day, nor made to blush ;  
 Wond'rous plan ! nor were believed  
 Did not fact cause doubtings hush.  
 O ! Hibernia ! favour'd nation,  
 And o' heav'n, thy rulers bless,  
 Nor believe yon appellation †  
 By thy rulers sanction'd is.  
 Nor Britannia's Peers behind thine  
 Lag in the all glorious plan,

\* What is here alluded to, is the Dublin charitable loan, or charitable Musical Society, incorporated by act of Parliament in 1778, for lending out money interest free to indigent tradesmen : Their rules are :—They meet every Wednesday, lend no less than two, nor more than five pounds, to one person at one time, which sums are to be repaid in 6d. the pound weekly ; from March 1780 to January 1788, no less than 1777 persons were relieved whose familics amounted to £833, and the sum lent them was £823 l., and this number dwindleth into nothing when compared with like charities in the British Isle.

† The appellation of swine.

No, Hibernia, thou wilt find mine,  
 E'en as thine, the friends o' man.  
 But the plan \* unto perfection  
 Is not quite arrived yet,  
 Yet their aims the same direction  
 Take (Britannia doona fret.)  
 Lately we beheld our leaders,  
 When great dearths did on us fall,  
 For the puir not only pleaders,  
 But large contributors all : †  
 And thae contributions given's,  
 So as merit scarcely feels,  
 Yes, Hibernia, here are Evans  
 Too, with Cashel's, and O'Neils, ‡  
 Time wad fail the bard to mention  
 How Britannia's nobles vie  
 Wha can pay the maist attention  
 To meek merit's unken'd sigh :  
 Wha can pour the balm maist healing,  
 And into the wounded breast,  
 Wha can gi'e, whan want's assailing,  
 Quickest aid to the distrest.  
 Does Great George (not to come lower)  
 Britons (cannot frame a lie)

\* That while grain is sold by measure, that measure is to weigh so much.

† What is here alluded to, is the money raised by the Nobility, Magistrates, and Gentry of the country, not only to buy up as much grain as was deemed sufficient for all ranks of purchasers; but the money contributed to lower the price to the deserving poor.

‡ The greater number of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and many of the commons were subscribers to the Dublin charitable loan, though Captain Evans, the Arch-bishop of Cashel, and the right Honourable John O'Neil, only are mentioned here.

When he does his bounty shower  
 On you, call you swinish fry ?  
 Does he Scotia, when he yearly  
 To thy north a thousand sends,\*  
 And to schuil the weans, speak clearly,—  
 Count you swine ? or men and friends ?  
 Gen'rous Britons, be not duped  
 By designing men : be bold,  
 Show your King you are not stupid  
 To his guidness manifold : †  
 Earl William, and his equals,  
 Surely demonstration bring,  
 Nor Britannia less the sequel  
 A well meaning bard wad sing.  
 Look upo' your Constitution,  
 Gen'rous Britons, view it well :  
 Ponder Willie Hill's tuition,  
 Emulate so as t' excell.  
 Leuk upo' him recommendan  
 Honesty in Samuel Shaw,  
 View him auld James Brown defendan,  
 When cauld win's were like to blaw.  
 Leuk upo' him, firm remonstrate  
 'Gainst his Lord's assisting Mill :  
 Nor did Mill cease to demonstrate  
 Not mista'en was Willie Hill.  
 Willie Hill tho, 's I'm informed,  
 Aft'n blamed Samuel Shaw,

\* Alluding to his Majesty's annual donation to the Highlands, for the education of children.

† My son, fear thou the Lord and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change, for their calamity shall rise suddenly, and who knoweth the ruin of them both.

Said, ' he ow'd his mind reformed  
 ' To what seldom might befa.'  
 For, quo he, ' tho' human kin'ness  
 ' Milky gentle current flow  
 ' Roun' Earl William's heart, divineness  
 ' To no man belongs, you know.  
 ' Therefore Samuel Shaw, tho' pining  
 ' Still in unkend povertie,  
 ' Cou'dna blam'd Earl William shining  
 ' With a heart to set him free.  
 ' No, in justice sure he cou'dna,  
 ' Samuel aft'n own'd this sinsyne ;  
 ' But I fear this candour wadna  
 ' Itherwise in Samuel shine.'  
 Justly Willie Hill inferred,  
 And some mae than Samuel Shaw,  
 Hae in this way grossly etred,  
 Sometimes merit warst ava.  
 Thinkan they shou'd be observed,  
 As if omniscience were,  
 And in men, alone reserved  
 For their wants and woes to care.  
 Thinkan sae, they're apt to stumble  
 On the craig o' discontent ;  
 Afterwards be brought to grumble,  
 Syne words unadvised vent.  
 Which words coman to the hearing  
 O' the dark designan man ;  
 Happy such men to find veering,  
 Quick he draws his artfu' plan.  
 Tells them merit is o'erleuked  
 By the great designedly ;

Thus unguarded merit 's heuked,  
 Maybe to believe a lie.  
 Neist a story full o' grievings,  
 They in glowing diction ply ;  
 Which simplicity believing, 's  
 Duped into misery.  
 Willie Hill, tho' ev'ry feeling,  
 Saft and sweet his breast did fill ;  
 Yet we view him sternly steeling  
 Hard his heart 'gainst Geordie Mill.  
 Willie wad hae tauld his reasons  
 For sae doing, frank and free :  
 What? quo he, ' Yes, there are seasons,  
 ' Whan e'en virtues failings be.  
 ' I behold sae mony beauties  
 ' In our plan o' government,  
 ' I think it my bounden duty,  
 ' He wha spurns it, to resent.  
 ' Mill has spent an ample fortune,  
 ' And wi' this infernal view,  
 ' And shall I, wi' justice sportan,  
 ' Help his schemes for to renew ?  
 ' Heav'n forbid ! My conscience ever  
 ' Yet, and I wad hope ey will,  
 ' Scar frae aiding the deceiver,  
 ' I hat deceit may practise still.  
 ' Any how, my country's dearer  
 ' To my heart than Geordie Mill :'  
 Laugh the contrast, ilka hearer.  
 Imitate its author still.  
 Willie Hill saw to perfection  
 Fast approaching Britain's glore ; \*

Ilk new law tak' a direction,  
 That endear'd it more and more.  
 Willie saw the Royal Master  
 O' his noble Lord and friend,  
 Saw his aims bend this way faster,  
 Than his subjects cou'd attend.  
 Judges o' the land dependent \*  
 On his royal will and pay  
 Now nae mair : O how resplendent,  
 Royal George, thy gracious sway.  
 ' Glorious truth,' Hill wad caulting  
 Say, ' O glorious sacrifice :  
 ' Kings, their people's weel consulting  
 ' Thus of old, were dieties.  
 ' Glorious truth, sorrounding nations  
 ' Heard it with astonishment,  
 ' Groan'd, and for sic altertions,  
 ' But in vain the sighs they vent.  
 ' Britain's meanest hind protection,  
 ' I' the ee o' law obtains ;  
 ' As † Earl Ferrers (sad reflection)  
 ' Wi' bluid royal in his veins.  
 ' Yes, Earl Ferrers found transgressan  
 ' Britain's law, soon heard his fate ;  
 ' By that law pronounc'd, redressan  
 ' Its ain wrangs wi' awful state.

\* It is a known fact, when the Judges were made independent and for life, that the surrounding nations, struck with astonishment, cried out, Happy Britain, surely thy King is more than man.

† The fate of this unfortunate noblemen, and the cause of it are fresh in the minds of every Briton.

' Glorious truth ! thrice happy nation,  
 ' Yea, when Ferrers did apply  
 ' To his King for mitigation,  
 ' He cou'd only gain a sigh.'  
 Is there then a voice discordant,  
 Are such wretches to be found,  
 Wha wi' Hill not joins concordant ?  
 Yes, O muse ! they do abound !  
 Quick the Muse reply'd, indignant,  
 Snatch, my bard, poetic fire ;  
 Scorch the wretched imps malignant,  
 Britain's weel demands our ire.  
 Tell them, Britain's constitution,  
 Glorious as its guardian oak ;  
 'S rooted in a revolution,  
 Ilka chain o' slav'ry broke.  
 Tell, it, as its oak extendeth  
 Wide its tow'ring branches round,  
 Like it liberty defendeth,  
 While its foes it mnst confound.  
 Not like thae fine plans untried,  
 Mushroom upstarts o' a day ;  
 Ages on it hae relied,  
 And till times nae mair they may :  
 May ! Nay, Britons will for ever  
 Wi' their lives preserve the same ;  
 Paine, and ilka base deceiver !  
 Ye may try anither game.  
 Part with Liberty ! all glorious,  
 Sacred Sterling Liberty !  
 What our fathers bled victorious  
 For, the thought is blasphemy !

Liberty ! sublime expression  
O' the real British heart :  
Nane stamp'd wi' the blessed impressior,  
Wad for warlds wi' it part.  
Wi' it part ! Heav'ns ! 'tis blasphemous,  
E'en the wild outrageous thought ;  
Britons, hold him as infamous,  
E'er to entertain it sought.  
Gen'ine Britons are intended,  
Not a base and spurious crew ;  
Wha confusion hae defended,  
Paine's disciples, wha are you ?  
Answer ? say, are you misguided ?  
Are your fortunes desperate ?  
Or are you a gang derided,  
Gnashing at your wretched fate ?  
If misguided, I'd advise you,  
As a true and real friend,  
Be on guard, let nane entice you,  
Farther falsehood to defend.  
Only search wi' pure intention,  
Study in their haill extent,  
And compare wi' due attention,  
Europe's ilka government.  
Do sae, syne free frae delusion,  
You will, an' wi' rapture, see  
Ithers laws a wild confusion,  
Britain's, order, harmonie.  
Then you will, wi' a' the ire  
O' a loyal British heart,  
Spurn the wretch wha cou'd desire  
The grand system to invert.

Yea, the man o' honest merit,  
 Frae his ain opinion strays,  
 Gull'd by that licentious spirit,  
 Thorough Paine's unform'd essays.  
 He will bless the bard ingenuous,  
 To the search did him advise ;  
 He will syne, for ever strenuous,  
 Gallic anarchy despise.  
 But the desp'rate man, estranged  
 Frae humanity an' God ;  
 Wi' a heart and head deranged,  
 Maunna feel the muses rod.  
 Na, o' heav'n, puir man, forsaken,  
 Let us wail his wretched state ;  
 Pray that he o' heav'n retaken,  
 Mayna meet a wretched fate.  
 But the wicked an' designing,  
 Wha can plot his country's woe,  
 A' the pow'rs of speech combining  
 Britain's rights to overthrow.  
 Yea, with eloquence unitan,  
 O damn'd scheme ! benevolence,  
 Kennan that the heart o' Briton,  
 Only here is aff defence.  
 Here, O Britons ! O be cautious !  
 On Earl William turn your eye ;  
 Him contrast wi' thae audacious  
 Friens of wae-worn honesty.  
 Earl William throwing round him,  
 His unbounded guidness, still  
 Dreading praise, cou'd sairest wound him,  
 Shelter teuk in Willie Hill.

Ye, an' whan in situation,  
That himsel' buist soothe allay,  
Angels (wha a' imitation,  
An' o' heav'n) had choos'd his way.  
Annie Newell's gentle bosom,  
Not an Angel wi' mair care,  
Cou'd relieve the tend'rest blossom,  
Sure he wish'd unruffled there.  
But not sae thaе mock pretenders,  
To benevolence behave ;  
Thae a' visible extenders,  
O' relief to Britons brave.  
Like a beacon elevated,  
Glaran to the public eye,  
Out they reach unpalliated,  
Blushless aid to misery.  
But say, O ye guid distressed,  
Real, not apparent woe,  
Cou'd you ap'nly thus be blessed ?  
Oh ! you sighing answer, No !  
Why then, what avails their aidings ?  
Gross insults on common sense,  
Specious mock'rys, bold upbraidings,  
Hence, ye base pretenders, hence !  
Britons are not sae decoyed,  
They their Earl Williams have ;  
Gen'rous, guid, wha never cloyed  
When to wae relief they gave.  
Auld James Brown, for a' sae grateful,  
As he was, died ignorant,  
Whar the source sae sweetly laithfu'  
Lay, supply'd his ilka want.

Na, guid man, it never enter'd.  
 (But how cou'd it?) in his pow,  
 Till in heav'n some Angel ventur'd  
 Maybe, for to tell him how :  
 Britons ! rouze ! your rights are precious,  
 Be not caught by specious guile ;  
 Be but firm, and heav'n all-gracious,  
 Will preserve its fav'rite Isle.  
 Paine, a wretch, has undertaken  
 To o'erturñ the Christian scheme,  
 Its best purposes to weaken,  
 Will you chorus to his theme ?  
 Paine, wha styles reveal'd religion,  
 " Meer state policy and whim,  
 Pall'd upo' the heav'nly region,  
 Lest it fa' to disesteem.  
 Priestcraft, doggrell, wild delusion,  
 Meer engine of tyrants all,  
 Huddl'd in design'd confusion,  
 That it might perplex withal.  
 That it might bear what construction  
 Best might suit their sev'ral ends ;  
 Sanction murder or destruction,  
 War or malice, peace or friends.  
 That adul'try skimming over  
 In a King, and murder too,  
 It to Hell may doom him over,  
 Not to Cæsar gives his due."  
 Shall a wretch, wha thus outrageous  
 Braves his Maker to his face ?  
 Shall his notions prove contagious ?  
 And in Britain too, alas !

Shall a wretch, wha thus blasphemous  
Ridicules man's dearest friend ?  
Shall unto his plans infamous,  
Britain's gen'rous Sons attend ?  
Shall the wretch, wi' contumely,  
Treats ilk holy sacred thing ?  
Shall this deist converts daily  
Over to his notions bring ?  
Yes ! he does ! ripe for damnation,  
There are found wha wi' him side ;  
Britons, rouse ! I'm all vexation !  
Rouse, and dash your dross aside !  
Rouse, your native courage summons,  
View fair freedom's native springs ;  
View your King, and Lords, and Commons,  
Wond'rous glorious scheme of things,  
Glorious scheme, long prov'd and tried,  
View it, Britons, mark it well ;  
Why, for this your fathers died,  
And shall scoundrels it cancel ?  
Heav'n forbid ! not all the nostrums  
Of wild democratic knaves,  
Belching from their bloody rostrums,  
How Britannia's sons are slaves.  
Belching from their bloody rostrums,  
How fair freedom's sons are slaves,  
Shall dupe Britons by their nostrums,  
To commence their brother knaves.  
Shall you, soldiers, brave defenders  
Of your King and native land,  
Shall you to confusion-venders  
Lend (O heav'ns !) your perjur'd hand ?

Gallant sons o' th' roaring ocean,  
 Britain's darlings, her repose,  
 Shall you be at the devotion  
 Of your King and country's foes ?  
 Soldiers ! no, I never dreaded  
 In the least your loyalty :  
 Jovial tars, I never needed  
 Once your loyal souls to try.  
 No, brave men, the dark assassins  
 Wha to Paine's damn'd class belong,  
 Ne'er join'd Britons, while canvassin'  
 A' their right's in loyal song.  
 Come, then, Britons, loyal hearted,  
 A' wha not to Paine belang,  
 Or you frae his plans converted,  
 Join a bardie's loyal sang.

### A LOYAL SONG.

Come, Britons, ane an' a,  
 Wales, England, Scotia,  
 Loyalty sing :  
 Lads o' Hibernia's isle,  
 In guid auld Scottish style,  
 Sing, wi' hearts free frae guile,  
 God save the King.  
 That daft equality,  
 Bawld by yon Gallic fry,  
 An' mony a knave,  
 Let's spurn wi' a' our hearts,  
 An' brawly play our parts,  
 Spite o' Gaul's hellish arts,  
 Our rights to save.

\* The  
semblan

Gaul's democratic tricks,  
Heav'ns ! shall they e'er perplex

A British pow ?

Na, na, we will unite,  
Wi' heart and saul we'll fight,  
To save ilk glorious right,

We solemn vow.

Your rights, civil, divine,  
Shall yon mean scribbler Paine,  
Britons, cancel ?

To yon bright heav'nly she,  
Ca'd British Libertie ;  
Shall base ungratefu' we,  
Bid a farewell ?

Na, na, we're nae sic s——e,  
To throw our rights divine,  
Like fuils awa'.

On heav'n our e'e we'll fix,  
Spurning French politics,  
Kick scoundrels and their tricks  
To Clutie's ha'.

Equalization !

Fraternization !

Britons explain !

Auld Scotia rapidly,  
Says ane means horse an' kye,  
The other a damn'd lie,  
Or bluidy Cain. \*

---

\* The boasted fraternization of France has borne an exact resemblance all along to the story of Cain and Abel.

We ken nor need be told,  
That British hearts o' gold,  
Are brithers a'.

Yet loyally we'll sing,  
God save great George our King,  
And to confusion bring,  
Base traitors a'.

Our King's sweet familie,  
" Pledges o' libertie,"  
We will defend.

And ilka loyal Peer,  
By heav'ns, he needna fear,  
When danger draweth near,  
We will befriend.

We, British soldiers still,  
Our oaths remember will,  
Kuntra an' King.

And we wha ken nae stain,  
Sons o' the roaring main,  
That mighty George doth reign,  
We'll thund'ring sing :

" In glorious balance we,  
" King, Lords, and Commons see,"  
Our rights secure.

Awa', false patriots, then,  
Awa' base factious men,  
Nor factious word nor pen,  
We will endure.

Then British parents still  
Mark guid Andrew Hill,  
Teaching his boy.

Thae gen'rous views likewise,  
His Lord did sweet entice  
Earl William for to prize,  
    Gives Britain joy.

Then Commons, Lords, and King,  
“ That beauteous scheme o' things,”  
    We will defend.

“ It has been prov'd and try'd,  
“ For this our fathers dy'd,  
“ And shall be Britain's pride,  
    “ World without end.”

Then Britons, rouse, awake,  
Your rights let nothing shake,  
    But cheerfu' sing,  
“ We will with heart in han',  
“ Still mak' a glorious stan',  
“ To save our native lan',  
    “ An' George our King.”

EPISTLE DEDICATORY  
TO  
ROBERT HATHORN STEWART,  
OF PHYSGILL, ESQ.

SIR,

THE following Poem I consider myself bound to dedicate to you, not only from every principle of gratitude, but from a real regard to your moral character: While many of our youth, left to affluence as you have been, have spent their time and fortunes in the basest dissipation, you have exhibited nothing short of the most perfect temperance and social order: The great duties of religion you have strictly observed: And, I can say it, from experience, that though basking in the sunshine of fortune, you know what it is to feel for a brother in distress,—to soothe his soul,—and bid his heart, though all sensibility, rejoice. Happy for Britain, did those in similar stations of life act the part that you have done! Then, complainings had never been heard among the lower orders of men, but subordination, founded on the Sterling basis, the moral worth of those in affluence and power, had guarded, more than our wooden walls, the British Constitution.

That you, Sir, your amiable spouse, and hopeful offspring, may be as happy as Almighty goodness can make you, is the sincere wish of,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

---

# JOHN TAMSON'S SONS:

## A TRUE TALE.

*IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.*

---

*Ut pictura poesis erit.* HORACE.

*There are animals that borrow their colour from the neighbouring body, and consequently vary their hue as they change their place; in like manner, it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him; for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point.*

RAMBLER, Vol. I. No. 5. § 14.

*A good man's steps are all with caution trod,  
At once the charge and fav'rite of his God;  
And if he slips (as sure the best may err)  
He's still supported by Almighty care.*

---

THE

D

The

Whi

Keep

I sen

Some

They

'Tis

And

You

Ca'd

War

Rab

In h

Beau

A vi

---

---

JOHN TAMSON'S SONS.

---

---

*THE FELICITY OF A COUNTRY LIFE DESCRIBED.*

DEAR frien', this dated Whithorn isle,  
The twalthe o' Januar' new tile,

(Or auld ruff new-year's-day,  
Whilk Scotia's sons, wi mirth an' glee,  
Keep as their annual jubilee,

Daft youths, or wha can pray.)

I send you, an to let you ken

Some o' our kintra news;

They may or mayna' please, what then?

'Tis you that can excuse,

A frien' ay ye've been ay,

To me baih true an' fast;

Now I pray in my way,

Ye wad be thank'd at last.

And for this purpose here I send

You a lang tale frae end to end,

About John Tamson's sons,

Ca'd Rab an Jamie, wha in truth

War' baith weel hearted clever youths;

An' thus the story runs:

Rab Tamson married Peggy Black,

In her war' sweet combin'd

Beauty and credit, nor did lack

A virtuous turn o' mind.

The youth, Sir, in truth, Sir,  
 Was gen'rous, brave, sincere,  
 The maid, wha he wed,  
 Was virtuous, young, an' fair.

Completely bless'd, this worthy pair  
 Pass'd saxteen years an' something mair,

Bless'd wi' a lass an' boy,

\*The Luce's river mair at ease,  
 Ne'er glided glitt'ran to the breeze,  
 Or did mair calm enjoy :

Sweet river, not thy pleasant banks,  
 Baith sides thy wimplings own'd  
 Ae happier pair 'mang a' the ranks,  
 Or mean or mair renown'd ;

Wha grace ay, wi' peace ay,

Thy innocent meanders,

Mair chearing, endearing,

Than yon great boast † o' Flanders.

Jamie an' Annie Wilson spent  
 Twal' years an' mair in sweet content,

Four bonie boys they had :

Nae pair on Gallovidia's plains,  
 Whar monie a happy pair remains,

Cou'd mair ilk ither glad :

*N. B.* Let it be observed, once for all, that as the author intends not making out a glossary, he has carefully avoided all Scotticisms not generally understood, or used in conversation ; the only fear he lies under is, that some words, obvious to a Gallovidian, may not be so plain to Scotland in general.

\* Luce, a river of Galloway, and famous in this that it was a line or boundary to mark out that province of the Novantic kingdom now known by the modern name of the Reins of Galloway. † The Scheldt.

†Nor Tarf nor Bladenoch, pleasant streams,  
Or while they sep'rate rin,  
Or when, just like some pleasing dreams,  
They join an' rin in ane.

Meandrin' an' wandrin'  
'Mang meadows, woods, an' lawns  
Seem'd pleas'd mair, or eas'd mair,  
Than Jamie an' his Ann.

It may be necessary here  
To tell whaever may enquire,

That Jamie's bonny Ann  
Kend but the lower walks o' life,  
But letna' this be cause o' strife  
Till ye her virtues scan.

An' noble sauls are easie pleas'd,  
They ken that there are hearts  
In puir folks breasts as humaniz'd  
As theirs o' polish'd parts.

'Tis true, too, as dews you  
See on the tulip fa',  
Yet as sure an' as pure  
On succles on the wa'

It may be necessary, too,  
To tell that polish still was due

Unto Rab Tamson's wife,  
That throws perfection o'er the sex  
An' them a' amiable makes  
To soothe our ills o' life.

---

† Tarf and Bladenoch, two rivers of Galloway; uniting below the old village of Kirkcowan, Bladenoch carries the name; it runs into the bay of Wigton.

But a' folks ken, as weel as I,  
 The diamon' was the same,  
 Before e'er the lapidary  
 Set free the glowing gem.

Thus heav'n, kindly even,  
 Does balance folk thegither,  
 Thus binds us, thus minds us,  
 No to despise ilk ither.

An' here my frien', I may you tell  
 That Rabin Tamson, just himsel'

Frae failin's was nae free  
 His passions a' were awfu' warm,  
 He keenly felt to ilka harm,

Approach'd it e'er sae flee:  
 He had a quick an' piercin' e'e,  
 A penetratin' saul,  
 An' ought like quirk, or jibe, or lie,  
 Rous'd him to madness all.

He felt fraud, he smelt fraud,  
 While at a distance yet,  
 His ire like fire  
 Wad quick retaliate.

An' Jamie Tamson had a heart,  
 Cou'd feel frae wrang, perhaps as smart

As e'en cou'd Rab his brother;  
 But than be was mair calm an' quiet.—  
 Nor rav'd an' storm'd, but a' sedate.

Strave ay his waes to smother.  
 His modestie was rather mair  
 Than prudence cou'd allow,  
 Could thole an overbearing air,  
 Far mair than Rab cou'd do :

His face ay (the place ay  
That indixes the mind)  
Still smiled, beguiled  
Whatever he design'd.

In short, Rab Tamson 'bout disguise,  
Did relish folk or did despise,

Or rather lo'e an' hate,  
Just as he fand their honestie,  
Their lo'e to truth, or hate to lie ;

Nor was he ever blate  
To hiss the man, or tweak his nose,  
'Mang folk or by himsel',  
Wha strictest justice cou'd oppose,  
Or yet a lie cou'd tell.

He'd hiss him, dismiss him  
Out o' his sight at anes,  
If spurn'd he, or turn'd he,  
He fand his knuckle banes.

But's billie Jamie was less bauld  
Guid man ! he has me aft'n tauld,

That ' Rabin, ay sae stern,  
' 'Gainst ev'ry thing like wrang or fraud  
' Might hurt himsel, but never wad  
    Folk better manners learn.  
' Let us do what is right oursel',  
' Let ithers do the same,  
' If they do not, they, I ken well,  
' Not us, will bear the blame.

    Lets wag thro', zig zag thro',  
    As cannie as we can,  
    Yet loving, approving,  
    Like Rab, ilk honest man.'

Rab, on the ither han', wad say,  
 ' I canna' lo'e our Jamie's way,  
     ' Altho' my brither dear,  
 ' A brither gen'rous, guid, an' kin',  
 ' Yet o' sae quiet a turn o' min',  
     ' He seems ay in a fear  
 ' Lest he offend : now I wad know  
 ' What makes that man afraid,  
 ' Wha what is base ne'er cou'd allow  
 ' In a' he did or said ?  
     ' Yet he is (all free is  
     ' Frae fau't) my brither still :  
     ' I've lov'd him, approv'd him,  
     ' An' ken I ever will.'

Thae diff'rent tempers, it is plain,  
 The spur required, or the rein :  
     Thae luckily at han'  
 War' ever found : I ken ye see  
 Baith Ann and Peggy in my e'e,  
     Nae antidotes sae gran',  
 Or guid effects yet ever had,  
 'Gainst ony banefu' thing :  
 Sure, frien', the sex are no' sae bad,  
 As some hae dar'd to sing.

Like men, tho', I ken tho',  
 There's better an' there's waur,  
 Some worthy \* some furthy †  
 O'er blate ‡ some, some o'er scaur. §  
 True happiness ilk pair attend,  
 They nought but peace an' plenty kend,  
     At least peace an' content,

\* Prudent. † Impudent. ‡ Simple. § Prudery.

How gladed was my vera saul,  
When I at times wad made a call,

To see the virtuous bent  
O ilk a heart 'bout either house,  
The servants, lass an' lad,  
Their masters weal nae ither views  
Ane o' their actions shaw'd.

Ilk child too, sae mild too,  
Nae thrawart bias had,  
But sweetness, discreetness,  
To ev'ry body shaw'd.

Like clock-wark regular they raise,  
Baith on the lang an' shorter days,

About the hour o' five,  
The guidmen ay war' first asteer  
Ilk morning roun' about the year,

The wives an' weans belyve,  
When anes the lasses leuk'd the nowt,  
That bun' war' i' the byres,  
An' had the ashes clean swept out,  
An' kin'led up the fires,

Then raise they, their clae's they  
Did soon trim on fu' neat.

Syne sweetly, an' meetly,  
Their pretty bairns theyfeat.

The guidmen in frae leukin' thro'  
Their farms, whilk they ilk morn wad do,

An' lads the naigs had seen,  
Then (let nae hair-brain'd Sceptic mock  
Or pass his half-mad ill-tim'd joke)

Then, for I've witness been,

Baith families, wi' gratefu' hearts,  
 A social hymn o' praise,  
 While e'en the weans wad bear a part,  
 They'd to their maker raise :

They'd laud him, applaud him,  
 An' neist the sacred page  
 Perus'd they, whar' choos'd they,  
 Attentive, calm, an' sage.

Syne bent the knee, an' thank'd that pow'r  
 Had them preserved to that hour,

Or for their bairns they'd plead :  
 Our innocents, O sov'rein love,  
 Be in their breasts yen spotless dove,  
 Mak' them a gracious seed,  
 Gi'e them a competence while here,  
 Baith free frae debt an' wrang,  
 An' at the lang-run wi' guid cheer  
 To join yon endless sang.

Thus ever the favour  
 O'heav'n ilk morn was sought,  
 An' plenty content ay  
 The practise wi' it brought.  
 Now to the pleugh the naigs war' led,  
 Wi' constant pu' an' sicker tread,

They list their whistlin' guides,  
 The langsome whistle that like oil  
 Slips frae the lip, an' half the toil  
 An' half the time decides,  
 Or, alt'rin' to a rural lay,  
 Whar Jamie fa'se did prove,  
 Or to a Jeanie, lack-a-day !  
 Wha died for vera love.

Bless'd power, endower  
 Of man wi' ev'ry guid,  
 Just tak' me an' mak' me, —  
 By thee I'm understuid.

Thus windin' roun' an' roun' the day,  
 While smart the cou'ter clears the way,

The siller sock glides on,  
 While at a distance on the knows,  
 The skippin' lam's an' sober ew's,

Freed frae the bugt or loan,  
 Spread wide endearin' blissfu' scene,  
 Alang the risin' brae ;  
 There ane, a guid bit aff its lane,  
 Here three or four, or mae,

Ay stappan, ay crappan  
 The grass, in motion ay ;  
 But eager, wi' vigour,  
 They rin wi' ony fley.

While out o' doors a' things gaed weel,  
 Within the lasses at their wheel

Did birl pleasantlie :

Ane bizz'd the wheel, the thread drew lang,  
 Anither kerdan sweetly sang,

Unspoil'd wi' rules sang she.

Nae Young or Cately \* ever yet,  
 Cou'd boast a voice sae clear ;  
 The mavis whistlin' to his mate,  
 Or linnet comes mair near ;

A' nature, ilk feature,  
 The voice a' nature too,

\* Two celebrated theatrical song-tresses.

Nae strainin', nae sprainin',  
But nature just an' true.

Baith out an' in, a' had the air  
O' strictest management an' care,  
(To swear to this I'm free,)

No twa wee farms in Scotia bear  
Marks o' guid husbandry sae fair :

Ye wad ha'e joy'd to see  
The lads sae carefu' o' ilk naig,  
Sae glossy sleek an' clean ;  
Yet to the plowmen roun' cou'd brag,  
Nane had done mair at e'en ;  
What treasures, what pleasures,  
Sic servants air an' late ?  
This holds true, I'm told too,  
In families or states.

Baith Ann an' Peggy, drest in smiles,  
Strave to mak' a' leuk weel, tho' whiles  
They lack'd things to their mind :  
A stranger cou'dna miss to see,  
The sweetest welcome in ilk e'e,  
His chearfu' ease design'd.

Something on ilka countenance,  
Wad made e'en modestie,  
Speak word about, an' even glance  
Around a hamely e'e ;

Sure heav'n has giv'n,  
That man earth's chiefest guid,  
Whase wife ay, thro' life ay —  
My King, — I'm understuid !

In short, a' seem'd at perfect ease,  
Ilk ane seem'd pleas'd, or strave to please,  
No ane o' a' the sages,

Folk ca', or philosophic mind,  
 Or raptur'd poet e'er design'd,  
 Ought liker gouden ages :  
 The weans, wi' sarks as white's the snaw,  
 Wee cherrie-cheeked loves,  
 Sat mute above the fire a',  
 But quick, like flutt'rin' doves,  
 They'd rinnan, come pinnan,  
 Whanever they war' bid ;  
 Nae wee dears, for their years,  
 Ken'd less for to be chid.

---

*FELICITY DISTURBED.*

SAY, is there ane wha dares lay claim,  
 Or to the dignity or name,  
 O' man, that cou'd destroy  
 That share o' happiness that I  
 Ha'e here describ'd, ilk family  
 (Nay which they did) enjoy ?  
 Too true, my frien', sic villains are  
 Amang us to be found,  
 Wha' wi' face unabash'd an' bare,  
 Cou'd a' their bosoms wound :  
 Cou'd wound a' confound a'  
 Their lives cou'd render dear ;  
 Their hearts a', wi' darts a',  
 Transfix sharp an' severe.  
 We come now, whar Rab's daughter Jean,  
 Had num'erd years exact fifteen,  
 Her stature straight an' tall ;

Her e'en war' large, an' blue, an' bright,  
 An' glanc'd cross rays sae to the light,  
 Sae modest leuk'd withal,  
 That a' she charm'd, her cheeks the rose  
 Sae wi' the lily blendad ;  
 A' that completest beauty shows,  
 Her person comprehended :

Sic sweetness, sic meetness,  
 In a' she did or said,  
 That surely, tho' purely,  
 She a' to lo'e her made.

A youth, a villain, liv'd near by,  
 On lovely Jeanie cast his eye,  
 An' wickedly began,  
 To practise mony a loop an' wile,  
 Or ony meaner art o' guile,  
 Her honour to trapan.

This man, he was proprietor  
 O' baith our brithers farms ;  
 He, ca'in' at her father's door,  
 Saw Jean in a' her charms.

He spy'd her, he ey'd her,  
 He felt some motions new ;  
 Yea, after he left her,  
 He thought her ay in view.

A wedding happ'nin' near han' by,  
 Our twa guid men an' families,  
 War' a' invited there :  
 The laird, likewise to grace the feast,  
 Invited was, a welcome guest,  
 Braw, braw wi' powthert hair.

Some said, an' maybe it was true,  
 He did himsel' invite :  
 Folk, whan a fav'rite scheme's in view,  
 Misken decorum quite.

Whan those steer, whan those veer,  
 To wrang that better know,  
 The shame sure, the blame sure,  
 'S the greater ye'll allow.

The marriage o'er, the dinner doon,  
 The fiddle an' a' things in tune,  
 The dancin' it began.

Three, four, an' sax an' aughtsome reels  
 An' jigs gaen thro' wi' nimble heels,  
 The Laird begoud his plan.

He bade his man han' roun' the punch,  
 He hum'ly made himsel'  
 The whilk I wat was sture an' runch,  
 But sukkar made it mell.

He pried it, he freed it  
 Frae fau't, an' sae sat down,  
 The glass syne, bade pass syne,  
 Free (he drank first) aroun'.

There's naithing can the bard surprise  
 Mair than the scheme before your eyes

Begun:—Does gentrie think  
 That puir folk a' are downright fuils,  
 Because they haenae been at schuils,

An' haenae goud to clink.

The Laird (but faith he was mista'en)  
 Thought ilka kintra bodie  
 Wad just like colly at a bane,  
 Glam at the reekan todie.

That fu' syne they'd spue syne,  
 An' tum'le i' the dark,  
 Then he syne, quite free syne  
 Frae fear, wad do fine wark.

The Laird's man servin' roun' the punch  
 As preconcerted, wad ay glunch

At ony didnae choose  
 To tak' their glass quite freely aff,  
 Wad urge ay how the laird did quaff  
 His glass, nane cou'd refuse,

A simple lad, ane Jamie Grey,

Wha silily refus'd,

The fleunkie wadnae be said nay,  
 But half compulsion us'd,

Insisted, persisted,  
 Nor wad the glass receive,  
 But pray, Sir, nay, nay, Sir,  
 I'll no excuses have.

Rab Tamson, sittan near han' by,

His heart an' saul a' in a fry,

Nae langer cou'd refrain,  
 But up he gat an' quick the glass  
 Teuk frae the simple silly ass,

An' fast sat down again.

The Laird's man never spier'd wharsore

He did it, weel I wat,

But syne to drink nane, or golore,

Ilk ane their freedom gat.

A wee while the slesse smile  
 Teuk place, some ga'e a sneer,  
 Elbows push'd lasses blush'd,  
 The fleunkie looked queer.

The Laird gat up wi' agile fling,  
 An' bowan' roun' an' roun' the ring,  
 Propos'd a kintra' dance.

This was agreed to by ilk ane,  
 The lads at anes their feet did fin'  
 An' bowin' did advance.

Ilk to the lass he liked best,  
 The Laird Rab's daughter Jean  
 Choos'd for his partner 'mang the rest,  
 She blush'd up to the een.

The fiddle play'd diddle,  
 The headmost pair began,  
 An' thro' wi't they flew wi't  
 Yet errin' now an' than.

The Laird an' Jean, the second pair,  
 Did neist begin, the folk did stare,

Nae doubt how she'd behave.

Yet they gaed thro' wi'tfeat an' weel,  
 The folk said, ' he's a clever chiel,  
 ' Hamely and a' the lave, \*

The Laird, whan han'in' to her seat  
 Jean, said, wi' pleasant air,  
 ' You dance, my dear, a quite first-rate  
 ' I solemnly declare.'

The lasses what passes  
 Fu' gleg observe an' hear,  
 An' wonder, an' ponder,  
 The sex are whiles severe.

Rab Tamson saw, an' didnae like  
 The bows, the fissle an' the fike  
 The Laird bestow'd on Jean,

---

\* A' the lave, *i. e.* all the rest.

He something to her mither said,  
 Gar'd her say ' whisht' an' shak her head,  
 An' gloom wi' steekit een.

Rab said nae mair, but yet he seem'd  
 On thorns, while Peggy sat  
 Ay closs beside him (for she deem'd)  
 An' laugh'd an' forc'd the chat.

While Jean now, her een now,  
 Less bashfu' less demure,  
 Cou'd jeuk whiles a leuk whiles,  
 The Laird he seem'd the lure.

Anither kintra dance began,  
 The Laird choos'd Jamie's bonie Ann,

Ann sprightlie fits it fine ;  
 She thro' the dance flew merrilie,  
 The am'rous Laird her harmless glee  
 Saw : how his een did shine ;  
 Sure hadnae Jeanie's charms been by,  
 Attractin' whiles his e'e,  
 He'd lost himsel' entirely,  
 For O how Ann did flee,

Sae neatly sae featly,  
 Join'd han's an' ilka thing,  
 Sae smartly, alertly,  
 Danc'd back an' roun' the ring.

An' Jamie Tamson sìw fu' weel,  
 An' thought the Laird a curious chiel,  
 And winked at his brither,

And soon as Annie teuk her place  
 Beside him ; he leugh in her face,  
 Ann said, ' we camnae hither  
 ' To sit an' muse, rise up, guidman,  
 ' An' fit it wi' an air,

‘ Whar are ye, Rab, let’s see your han’?’

‘ Quo’ Peggy, ’tis a’ fair.’

‘ Come play now, I say now,

‘ Some merry thing,’ quo’ Ann,

‘ Ye’ll see how I’ll flee throu’

‘ A reel wi’ our guidman.’

Durin’ the reel, an’ Annie’s mirth,

Came beddin’ time, whilk did gie birth

To something, as ye’ll hear,

That surely will excite your woe;

Yes, mix’d wi’ indignation, flow

Adown ilk cheek a tear.

For, married folk wad now an’ then,

As usual, slip awa’,

The youngsters hardly think o’t, when

The cock has ceas’d to craw,

To blame here, or shame here,

Young mirth, I doona mean;

Take care, tho’! beware tho’!

O! ilka lovely Jean.

The laird, or the young folk \* gaed out,

Thus to his servant, bauled, stout,

‘ Go, get the horses, John !’

John gaed awa’, but oh! ye’ll fin’,

The worthless laird did lag behin’,

Tho’ we a’ thought him gone.

For he without, tho’ dark, mark’d weel

The beddin’ companie;

To Jeanie ’mang the leave did steal,

Sae dark nane did him see;

---

\* New-married pair.

Sae sweetly, discreetly,  
 Her young unguarded han',  
 He seized, enticed,  
 Till they aside had drawn.  
 A hantle o' conjees an' bows,  
 An' sugar'd words, an' lies an' vows,  
 The laird did utter there :  
 For 'tween the barn, whar was the dance,  
 An' dwallin' house, oh ! luckless chance,  
 Was a stane cast an' mair :  
 An' oh ! he did employ the space,  
 Alas ! but too, too weel ;  
 Sweet maid, she frae his damn'd embrace,  
 Wrang motions, ah ! did feel :  
 He pleaded, succeeded,  
 Ay mair aside to walk,  
 Half grantin', recantin',  
 Jean list'ned ay his talk.  
 O bashfu'ness, thou crimeless crime,  
 What wae thou causest, tho' our clime  
 Doth thee a native hail ?  
 What pungent anguish to the heart,  
 O'er which thou sways, whan a' the art  
 O' villains do assail.  
 Ye lovely maids o' Scotia, hear,  
 Attent' my tale o' woe ;  
 Tho' modest, ken to be severe,  
 Sweet Jeanie's ruin'd ! lo  
 She trembl'd resembl'd,  
 That plant \* sensation all,

---

\* The sensitive plant, which when touched drops motionless.

Which hand'd, or dandl'd,  
 How strangely quick its fall.  
 In whitest innocence array'd,  
 Sweet Jean, but now endearing maid,  
 Girt in her virgin zone :  
 Her peacefu' bosom only knew  
 A placid calm, the twinkling dew,  
 Not mair unsulli'd shone.  
 But see her now, lost, ruin'd fair,  
 Her bosom fill'd wi' woe ;  
 Despoil'd o' a' was worth her care,  
 Pur dearest, what shall she do ?  
 Carressan, confessan,  
 The hurt he had her done ;  
 Her spoiler did oil her,  
 Wi', ' Why, it can't be known.'  
 Jean sheddin' tears, hang down her head,  
 (O curs'd simplicity) afraid  
 His honour to offend.  
 (O parents dear, wha lead your life,  
 In kintra calm, unkend to strife,  
 O hear me as a friend.  
 'Tis nae enough, your darlings you  
 Breed up in innocence ;  
 The wiles o' vice them also shew,  
 An' shew them their defence :  
 That spirit has merit,  
 Simplicity has none ;  
 Thae bards a', discard a',  
 Wha' hae the contrair shown.)  
 ' Dry up your tears,' the villain said,  
 ' Why, still you're the same lovely maid,

' My dear, there is not one  
 ' Among the fairest of your sex,  
 ' Thus foolishly themselves wad vex,  
 ' For what you now have done :  
 ' Why, think of nothing, pretty one,  
 ' But when we may renew  
 ' In raptures, what we now have done,  
 ' Transporting to review.  
 ' To you still, I true will,  
 ' My blushing jewel, prove ;  
 ' Thus ever endeavour,  
 ' To soothe your woes, my love.  
 ' In the mean time, my lovely dear,  
 ' For, oh ! my heart will severe,  
 ' Until we meet again :  
 ' We must embrace this happy hour,  
 ' Another meeting to secure,  
 ' When farther I'll explain.  
 ' My heart, my sweet angelic love,  
 ' While o'er this panting breast,  
 ' In sweet luxuriance I'll rove.'  
 Ah ! viper damn'd ! desist !  
 Those lies mair, to please mair,  
 An' poison Jeanie's min' ;  
 Bard, cluther an' smother,  
 An' keep to thy design.  
 Nor (cou'd the bard escape at a')  
 Wad he here mention how they fa',  
 On schemes to meet again ;  
 Which needless were to mention here,  
 As that will time enough appear,  
 'S the sequel will explain.

Not can a bardie mention here,  
 The awfu' vows he made,  
 (I mean the laird) to be sincere,  
 Or Jean frae virtue stray'd.

Sure murder does border  
 On mercy, when compar'd  
 Wi' trapping, an' sapping  
 The morals—cruel laird !

At last the laird, ‘ ‘Tis time, my fair,  
 ‘ That you shou'd to the house repair,  
 ‘ To Whay's I mean to go ;  
 ‘ My servant thinks I thither went,  
 ‘ And therefore none my blest intent,  
 ‘ Of coming out can know :  
 ‘ Be cheerful, then, yourself compose,  
 ‘ No soul on earth can know ;  
 ‘ The night so dark, too, come, my Rose,  
 ‘ And kiss me e'er I go.’

Ye fair now, a tear now,  
 O shed, sure Angels weep,  
 For's lessons, impressions,  
 Made, ah ! alas ! too deep.

Are there nae thunders, heav'nly pow'r,  
 Nae bolts o' vengeance for to show'r,

On the seducer's head ?

Hell, frae her deepest black profound,  
 Sic an infernal yes, resounds,

It petrifies wi' dread.

Soul-shocking scene ! muse, from it turn !

Thy milk o' human love

Wad rather ruin'd Jeanie mourn,  
 ‘ Than throw the bolts o' Jove.’

I'll mourn then, an' turn then,  
 Back to that scene o' joy,  
 I'll sorie, deplore ay,  
 Was dash'd wi' sic alloy.

Just as the barn I enter'd in,  
 There wee Rab Tamson, Jamie's sin,  
 Rab's Jock, an' Jenny Gray,  
 War' rinnin sweet a threesome reel;  
 Folk said, ' That Rab's a trig wee chiel,  
 ' An' has his mither's way :'

On Jock a' did wi' pleasure gaze,  
 ' Sae active, sae discreet,  
 ' He has his father's turns an' ways,  
 ' Ilk ane o' them complete.'

‘ Come, boys, now, rejoice now !’  
 Jock springin' thro' wad say ;  
 ‘ We'll hae yet our day yet,’  
 An' smirk'd at Jenny Grey.

The reel anes finish'd, down they sat,  
 I enter'd wi' them into chat,  
 Tho' tears near blin't my e'e.

There, ignorant o' Jeanie's skaith,  
 They teuk a glass, I wad been laith  
 To doung that glass ajee.

‘ But whar's the laird gaen, boys ? I said,  
 ‘ I doona see him here !’  
 ‘ He's hame lang syne,’ quo' little Ned, \*  
 ‘ His absence is guid cheer.’

Thought I now, I spy now,  
 Ilk scheme has its effect ;

\* Son to Edward Black, the brother of Rab Tamson's wife.

Nane ever shall claver,  
 The secret I protect.  
 A' happy were within a wee,  
 In frae the beddin' fu' o' glee,  
 Came Jean an' a' the lave.  
 Jumpan they enter'd the barn door,  
 An' rank'd themsel's upo' the floor,  
 I hardly cou'd behave :  
 Jean over chearfu' was I saw,  
 Puir thing, thought I, thy mind  
 Is poison'd warst, thy morals a'  
 Are fled, there's nought behind.  
 Hurt, wounded, confounded,  
 I wish'd mysel' away ;  
 Wha wou'd not, I cou'd not,  
 Ae minute langer stay.

---

## VIRTUE IN DISTRESS.

It happen'd on an after day,  
 The farmers roun' met at John Whay's,  
 About some things design'd,  
 For the improvement o' the shire,  
 Baith Rab an' Jamie Tamson there,  
 Spak honestly their mind.  
 Now, what they said wou'd overthrow  
 Some preconcerted plans ;  
 Replies, rejoins, did warmer grow,  
 Some gat up hostile han's.  
 I wat now, I sat now,  
 Nae kenan what to say ;

For fairly, an' sairly,  
I dreaded an affray.

Now (having heard what a' did say)  
Addressan Rab, the landlord Whay

Wad speak, an' thus began :

' Pray, Master Tamson, cautious weigh,  
' The laird, I ken, chagrin'd wad be,  
    ' Shou'd we adopt your plan :  
' For,'—Rab did warmly interrupt,  
' Fine argument, indeed !  
' The laird our meeting might have stopt,  
' But met, we will proceed,

    ' Wi' fairness an' squareness,  
    ' The laird may smile or frown ;  
    ' I speak, Jock, nae Greek, Jock,  
    ' My words you can make known.'

Then out spak meikle Jamie Fleck, \*

' Our betters we shou'd ay respect ;  
    ' I say it is nae right :

' To disagree here wi' the laird !

' Or treat him thus wi' disregard

    ' Behind his back, the night.'

' Your motives, man,' Rab did return,

' Are known for speaking thus ;

' But cringing parasites I spurn,

' Nor gang I roun' the buss.

    ' To say here ye ay veer

    ' To right or wrang, Affleck,

    ' As ye find lairds inclin'd,

    ' My conscience I respect.'

---

\* More of this man by and by.

‘ Your conscience !’ here retorted Whay,  
 ‘ Might we the truth about it say,  
     ‘ Can whiles be as discreet  
 ‘ Unto the great, as ither folks,  
 ‘ Ilk sow she has her ain draff pouk,  
     ‘ ’Tis thus the hypocrite  
 ‘ Can strain at gnats, yet gormandize  
 ‘ A camel, thus a say,  
 ‘ Tho’ auld, some folks can realize,  
 ‘ Down to this vera’ day.’

Sae sayin’, his way ben  
 He sought, but at the door  
 Mair quick e’en than lightnin’,  
 Rab Tamson was before.

Rab gripped Whay fast by the neck,  
 Then up raise meikle Jamie Fleck,

An’ ga’e a horrid aith :

That split he wad Tamsan’s harn-pan,  
 If he wad not John Whay unhan’.

‘ Na, na, ye’ll do less skaith,’  
 Quo’ Jamie Tamson, springan’ up,  
 An’ collaran Affleck,  
 I wat he ga’e him sie a grup,  
 Half brack his bullock neck.

I vow then, ’tis true then,  
 If that ye had been there,  
 Ye’d laugh’t fine, how baugh’t syne,  
 An’ queer Affleck did stare.

‘ Now, Whay,’ quo’ Rab, ‘ Ye shan’t get by,  
 ‘ Till ye inform this company,  
     ‘ What ye mean by discreet  
 ‘ Unto the laird, as ither folks ?

‘ Or what insinuate by, draff pouks ?

‘ Or what, by hypocrite ?

‘ Strain at a gnat, yet gormandize

‘ A camel ! tell me, Whay,

‘ How do I this more realize

‘ Than you ? this moment say ?

‘ How wounding, confounding,

‘ Truth may be, speak it free ?

‘ This do now ? I vow now,

‘ You meet no harm from me.

Whay, in confusion, gaed to eat

In a' his words, an' speak discreet,

For he begoud to think

He had the wrang sow by the lug,

His shouthers he did queerly shrug,

An' queerly did he wink :

He plainly saw that he had drawn,

An auld house o'er his head ;

For now he saw his ruin dawn,

Nor saw the least remead.

He sheuk a', did leuk a',

Just like a quakan ash !

How filthy leuks guilt ay ?

How easy to abash ?

At last he said, ‘ I canna here

‘ You rightly tell what ye require,

‘ But will ye please step ben—’

Here Rab did on him sternly stare,

‘ Said, Whay don't try my patience mair.’

Whay said, ‘ My meaning then—’

Here Jamie Tamson stapt him short,

An' to his brother said :

‘ Tut, let him gang, ‘tis a’ a sport,  
 ‘ Sae lang’s nae bluid is shed.  
 ‘ They’re stuff a’, meer buff a’,  
 ‘ The secrets he possesses,  
 ‘ A’ clatter’d, a’ blatter’d  
 ‘ Out o’er a thousan’ glasses.’

Rab’s breast o’er fu’ o’ the draf<sup>t</sup> pouks,  
 Was nae in mood to relish jokes,

But bad the companie  
 ‘ Wait still a wee, he wad be back,  
 ‘ An’ if worth while, tell a’ the crack.’  
 Whay sigh’d, ‘ Oh! oh! anee!’  
 An’ oh! will ev’ry feeling saul,  
 Re-echo back again,  
 Whan anes he by the bard is taul,  
 How Whay his words explain.

His words a’, like swords a’,  
 Cut deep the vera heart,  
 Destroyan, convoyan,  
 Curs’d poison wi’ the smart.

Whay, closeted wi’ Rab, began :  
 ‘ I am a vera wicked man,  
 ‘ In my ain pit I’m fa’n ;  
 ‘ Yet I’m but partly i’ the blame,  
 ‘ But oh! I canna speak for shame,  
 ‘ I’m hardly fit to stan’?’

Rab, trim’lan ev’ry lith an’ limb,  
 Mad wi’ impatience, says :  
 ‘ Speak out at once, Sir, do not skim?  
 ‘ At once lay bare your ways?’

Whay shackan, did slacken  
 The buttons o’ his vest ;

Rab eyan him fryan,  
 Stood dumb, wi' doubts opprest.  
 Whay gathran breath, as Rab luik'd cuil,  
 Resumed thus : ' I was a fuil,  
 ' A wretch ! did not inform  
 ' You o' the haill infernal scheme :  
 ' Then ! then, I hadna been to blame,  
 ' Nor suffer'd in this storm :  
 ' For surely, when the laird came here,  
 ' An' bribed me to keep  
 ' His secrets, Sathan ('t wad appear !)  
 ' My conscience lull'd asleep,  
 ' For never did ever,  
 ' My bosom's calm before,  
 ' Dispeace know, disgrace know,  
 ' Sad change ! now calm no more !  
 ' O ! had I tauld him to his face !—  
 ' My children dear ! his gold, alas !  
 ' Ilk guid resolve did banish.  
 ' Till at the last, to fraud inur'd,  
 ' Truth's light I cou'd hae anes endur'd,  
 ' Out o' my breast did vanish.  
 ' What most conduced to his views,  
 ' An' me induc'd to throw  
 ' A' good aside, and to allow  
 ' What now must work my woe  
 ' What wounds me, confounds me,  
 ' And did me chiefly move ;  
 ' I fear now ! yet hear now,  
 ' What a' my words must prove.  
 The laird me tauld ; he really did :  
 I speak the truth, and heav'n forbid  
 ' I mair shou'd tell a lie.

‘ He tauld me that you privy were,  
 ‘ Frae first to last, to the affair.’

Here Whay did deeply sigh :  
 ‘ Indeed, he tauld me that ye knew  
 ‘ About your Jean an’ he ;  
 ‘ That for her favours but a few  
 ‘ Your rent was, but that ye  
 ‘ Sae high were, sae sly were,  
 ‘ I wasnae for my saul,  
 ‘ To utter or mutter  
 ‘ What he to me had taul’.

‘ This will account for what I said  
 ‘ I’ the neist room : her uncle Ned  
 ‘ Did four or five times spier,  
 ‘ What Jean was doing at our house  
 ‘ Sae frequently ? likewise his spouse  
 ‘ Came seeking Jeanie here,  
 ‘ Some twice or thrice, when it grew late,  
 ‘ Attentively an’ kind :  
 ‘ But working stockings wi’ our Kate,  
 ‘ She Jeany ay did find.  
 ‘ Now use me as choose ye,  
 ‘ I at your mercy lye ;  
 ‘ The blame a’, I claim a’,  
 ‘ But not my family.’

Rab. pierc’d wi’ woe, wi’ anguish wrung,  
 Had sic comman’ o’ leuk an’ tongue,

(Leuk here ilk little mind)

That calm he said, ‘ Whay, I expect  
 ‘ You will the secret still protect,  
 ‘ To this must prudence bind.

' Yet here to you I must observe,  
 ' That I not knew before,  
 ' 'Twas here they met, so you deserve  
 ' By this my thanks the more.  
 ' That you now, did show now,  
 ' Sic goodness, not t' expose  
 ' My way now : but pray now,  
 ' Go on an' mak' a close.  
 ' I hae nae mair, I solemnly  
 ' Declare, that you immediately  
 ' Concerns, ata' to say :  
 ' But something o' your brither's wife,  
 ' The laird's invention has been rife  
 ' 'Bout her this mony a day.  
 ' But am not sure if yet he has  
 ' Accomplished his ends ;  
 ' But Master Fleck kens a' the case,  
 ' There be the laird befriends.'  
 Thus sounding (tho' wounding  
 His saul) in mony a way,  
 Rab try'd a', an' ey'd a',  
 The conscious heart o' Whay.  
 Whay silent. Rab again did go,  
 Disguising a' his inward woe,  
 Into the companie  
 Forcin' a smile, he said, ' Sic stuff,  
 ' Just, brither, as ye said, mee' buff,  
 ' Meer change-house secrésie.  
 ' In short, it seems the laird an' me  
 ' Ha'e hitherto been friends ;  
 ' And do it seem on points agree,  
 ' Not suits some people's ends.

‘ And here now, I swear now,  
 ‘ Wad I wi’ him agree ;  
 ‘ If’s schemings or aimings,  
 ‘ Appeared just to me.

‘ All here, then, wad the laird befriend  
 ‘ Ye ken’ baith what will him offend,  
 ‘ An’ what I out hae thrown.  
 ‘ My plans then thwart the laird’s desire,  
 ‘ Therefore nane here wha dread his ire,  
 ‘ My sentiments may own.  
 ‘ Be my opinions right or wrang,  
 ‘ I’ve plainly spoke my mind ;  
 ‘ Nor for the face o’ man I’ll gang,  
 ‘ Or to retract or wind.  
 ‘ I’ll ever endeavour,  
 ‘ Ev’n out the road to gang,  
 ‘ Entice too, advise too,  
 ‘ T’ oppose, or fraud, or wrang.’

The maist o’ a’ were there, declar’d  
 Directly ’gainst Fleck an’ the laird ;  
 Wha didnae, held their tongue.  
 Sic pow’r has truth an’ honestie,  
 Out o’er mens minds, they cannae jee  
 Barefacedly to wrong.

Fleck, like a villain, hang his head,  
 Rab’s leuks sae star’d him thro’,  
 A’ his audacity had fled,  
 An’ a’ his influence too.

How bold ay, like gold ay,  
 Unsulli’d virtues shine !  
 Ey blazing, an raising  
 The human to divine !

But frien', I here maun tak' you back,  
To let you in to ilka knack

Upo' my tale throws light.

Ye'll min' how Annie, blythe an' smart,  
(That's Jamie's wife) did dance alert

On yon sad wedding night.

The laird, strong fuil, thought a' her fun,  
Was to attract his e'e ;  
An', hadnae Jean been on the grun',  
That night there had been glee

But yon punch, a' sae runch,  
To sourness did gi'e birth ;  
An' shocked an' blocked  
Ilk avenue o' mirth.

Rab Tamson, wha in companie  
Was ay the source o' harmless glee,

The life an' saul o' joy.

The laird's mean aims that night did sour,  
Thus vice doth happiness devour,

Or dashes wi' alloy.

The laird's aims partly were seen thro',  
I say, by Rab that night,  
Sae far's he meant to fill folk fu' ;  
O ! had he ken'd them right,

Thae vexing, perplexing,  
Sad cares, had not been known ;  
That sting a', an' wring a'  
His soul, as I hae shown.

The muse has tauld, tho' stung with woe,  
An' Whay, stung wi' remorse, did show,  
O' Jeanie's sad undoin'.



Moreover, Whay mair light has thrown,  
On what the muse blush'd to make known,—

A plot for Annie's ruin.

Know then, the laird of's intercourse  
Wi' Jeanie, soon did tire ;  
H—ll-licens'd wretch ! or what is worse,  
For Ann he's now on fire.

Reveals a', unseals a',  
Unto Affleck, his min' ;  
Wha proffer'd an' offer'd  
Himsel' to ' spring the line.' \*

A letter's written, sign'd an' seal'd,  
An' warm therein the laird reveal'd,  
In luscious words, his min'.

Paints Annie's charms, an' shape sae rare,  
Her sprightly limbs, an' winnin' air :

Pooh, she was a' divine,  
An' why untasted but by ane,  
Shou'd sic ambrosia lye ?  
What mair this letter did contain,  
O muse ! abhorrent fly !

What murders, disorders,  
The virtuous min' to mention,  
Deliver, heav'n, ever,  
Frae treating wi' attention.

Neist day, Affleck to Jamie's came,  
Informed Jamie was frae hame :

An' ca'in' out on Ann,  
The letter he to her did gi'e,  
She on the backing casts her e'e,  
Soon as 'twas in her han'.

---

\* Spring up the line, *i.e.* break up the matter.

Fleck gaed awa', nae doubt content,  
 That he had come sic speed ;  
 Syne Annie, wi' astonishment,  
 Did brak it up an' read.

Amazed, she gazed,  
 Roun' on her pretty weans ;  
 Then lapping't, said, wrapping't,  
 ' James sees what thou contains.'

An' certainly he did it see,  
 An' that or well sat down was he,  
 James read it wi' a leuk  
 O' anger, mingled wi' a smile,  
 Then said, ' O wicked man an' vile,  
 ' But, heav'n will thee rebuke.'

Ann leugh, then, in her merry way,  
 Said, ' Jamie hae a care  
 ' O' horns, puir man ! Oh ! lack-a-day !  
 ' Your brow is maybe sair.'

Then han'lan' an' dan'lan'  
 His head, (O happy man !)  
 She kiss'd him, an' wiss'd him,  
 Joy o' his brok'n comman'.  
 Jean an' her mither, that same night,  
 It happ'nin' to be clear moon-light,  
 Came o'er to crack wi' Ann.

An' while out o'er their wee drap tea,  
 (The puir folks only luxurie)

Quo' Peggy, ' Sure, guidman,  
 ' Ye seem as something did perplex,  
 ' An' trouble you this night :  
 ' I doona like to see you vex,  
 ' Is ony thing no right ?'

Ann laughin' (James baughin')  
 At Peggy's observation,  
 ' Said drolly, nae folly  
 ' Breeds our guidman vexation.  
 ' A letter, lass, fraught wi' ill news,  
 ' Or ye came in he did peruse,  
 ' This warld's fu' o' trial.  
 ' The writer, oh! alas! anee!  
 ' Asks what puir Jamie downa gi'e,  
 ' Tho' brib'd to non-denial.  
 ' But (an' she teuk it aff the shelf,)  
 ' To you I will it read,  
 ' An' then ye'll judge, an' by yourself,  
 ' How he wha writes shou'd speed.  
 Then readin', nane heedin',  
 The puir pale statue near;  
 \* Sae scunner't an' wonner't  
 They, an' at what they hear,  
 At last (not Annie was to blame)  
 Wi' a' her pith she sign'd the name.  
 Puir Jeanie, pale as clay,  
 No fit to stan't ae moment mair,  
 Fell motionless, oh! aff the chair!  
 ' Lord bless me!' James did say.  
 An' up he gets her in his arms,  
 An' to the window ran;  
 Her mither's cries the house alarms:  
 The smelling bottle, Ann  
 Apply'd, Jean sighed,  
 An' ap'nin wild her een.

---

\* Sae scunner't an' wonner't; *i. e.* did so abominate and were  
 so struck with what the letter contained and implied.

She stared an' glared,  
 Her mither said, ' My Jean !'  
 Puir Jean, some wild disorder'd words  
 Did utter, oh ! that gaed like swords,  
 To ilka hearers heart.

Words that, when she recover'd was,  
 Led to a secret, oh ! alas !

Dear muse, I must depart !  
 A mither's groans, a broken heart,  
 An' dear relations tears,  
 Are a' aboon the Bardie's art,  
 True woe still mute appears.

Dear frien', then, ye've seen then,  
 Jean's ruin brought to light ;  
 Shed here, then, a tear, then,  
 For that is Jeanie's right.

Frae Rab a' was like death conceal'd,  
 Till Whay the same to him reveal'd,  
 This was true prudence sure ;  
 For well they ken'd his temper warm,  
 That wad resent the we'est harm,  
 Cou'd never this endure.

They thought his wrath, 'gainst Jeanie, too  
 Wad drive her frae his sight ;  
 This prove will that e'en Peggy knew,  
 Not her dear husband right.

His mind a', refin'd a',  
 In reason's sterling schuil ;  
 Had notions an' motions,  
 Wad prove e'en Plato ful.  
 We turn to Whay's, whar Rab prevail'd

Out o'er the laird ; soon after skail'd  
 The companie, an' syne,  
 Our brithers gawn the gither hame ;  
 ' Brither, quo' Rab, I canna' blame  
 ' Yon silent grip o' thine.  
 ' Affleck or now wad made a stan',  
 ' In his abandon'd schemes ;  
 ' If ev'ry ane, wi' heart an' han',  
 ' Like you had chok'd his aims.  
 ' He felt yea, an' smelt the  
 ' Meanin' o' your rebukes ;  
 ' I saw it, cou'd draw it  
 ' Frae his confused leuks.  
 ' What ! brither ! I meant naething mair,  
 ' But hin'er him to be sae sair  
 ' On you, as he did threat.  
 ' What Whay had utter'd, I was sure,  
 ' Ye cou'dna patiently endure.  
 ' In short, he was na blate :  
 ' Was it enough, because that ye  
 ' Did hitherto think meet  
 ' Not wi' the laird to disagree,  
 ' To call you hypocrite ?  
 ' Yea tryin', by plyin'  
 ' Ilk base insinuation,  
 ' To shame you an' blame you,  
 ' An' sink your reputation.  
 ' But brither, Whay's a man o' sense,  
 ' Wi' a fuil's jibes I cou'd dispense ;  
 ' An' I am gey an' sure,  
 ' He meant some mair by what he said,

- ‘ Than yet we ken, an’ I’d be glad  
‘ The secret to procure.’
- ‘ Brither, quo’ James, ye’re unco guid,
- ‘ At wormin’ secrets, I
- ‘ Much ferly Whay has sae withstuid,
- ‘ If ye your art did ply  
‘ Nae matter, ’tis better,
- ‘ For by his mean respect,
- ‘ He knew a’, an’ drew a’,
- ‘ His meanin’s frae Affleck.’
- ‘ Whay then had something in his heart,
- ‘ An’ he did act a prudent part,  
‘ In keeping’t back frae me.
- ‘ What mean ye by his mean respect?
- ‘ An’ meanings a’ drawn Affleck?  
‘ Come, Jamie, pray be free.’
- ‘ Guid bless me, Rab, now but ye’re queer,
- ‘ I won’er what ye mean:
- ‘ Ye roun’ an’ roun’ sae strangely steer,
- ‘ An’ leuk sae wi’ your e’en,  
‘ Ay pruin’ an’ eyin’,
- ‘ A body thro’ the heart;
- ‘ Ey teasin’, unceasin’,
- ‘ Wi’ your comman’in’ art.’
- ‘ O Jamie! Jamie! I can see,
- ‘ Ye hae the secret kept frae me,  
‘ But soon enough reveal’d.
- ‘ Yet I frae Whay forgot to learn,
- ‘ Where first the wretch seduc’d my bairn;
- ‘ This this is still conceal’d.’
- ‘ My dearest brither, Jamie said,
- ‘ My heart this mony a day,

‘ Has for you a’ in secret bled,  
 ‘ But here ae word I’d say.

‘ I pray you, to lay now,  
 ‘ Baith ire an’ wrath aside ;  
 ‘ An’ bear here, wi’ care here,  
 ‘ Lest a war’ thing abide.’

‘ I promise, brither, to observe  
 ‘ What ye injoin.’ ‘ Then ye deserve,’

Quo’ James, ‘ That ye shou’d know  
 ‘ The haill affair frae first to last,  
 ‘ The awfu’ oaths that Jeanie cast

‘ Aff guard, an’ wrought her woe.’

‘ The cruel man, then, has beguil’d

‘ Wi’ oaths, my Jean to ruin !

‘ And vows to wed, has made my child,

‘ Consent to her undoin’ !

‘ I’ll try tho’, if I tho’,

‘ Can turn the ba’s again ;

‘ Tho’ vexing ! perplexing !

‘ I can’t erase the stain.’

‘ But here, Rab fretful said, ‘ proceed.’

James answerd mild, ‘ I will indeed,

‘ Tho’ it my feelings shocks.

‘ At Rabin Brown’s weddin’, ye min’

‘ Our laird (tho’ diff’rent his design)

‘ Saw our wife’s mirth an’ jokes :

‘ (‘Tis strange that women canna shaw

‘ Their mirthfu’ gaiety,

‘ But men maun them lightfarran ca’,

‘ An’ mark them no a prey.)

‘ Esteemin’ an’ deemin’,

‘ Her nat’ral harmless glee,

‘ As wholly an’ solely,  
 ‘ Meant to attract his e’e.  
 ‘ Well, some months after, I frae hame,  
 ‘ Fleck, worthless man ! to our house came,  
 ‘ An’ ca’in’ at the door,  
 ‘ To our wife said, Is James at hame ?  
 ‘ Whan answer’d no, he said, “ The same  
 ‘ “ Is lucky ;” yea he swore !  
 ‘ For now uninterrupted you  
 ‘ May this same letter read ;  
 ‘ Which, save yoursel’, nae saul maun view ;  
 ‘ Syne her a letter gied.  
 ‘ Ann wond’rin’ an’ pond’rin’,  
 ‘ Soon made a wafer breach ;  
 ‘ Surpriz’d mair, she eyes there,  
 ‘ Twa notes o’ five pounds each !  
 ‘ This letter, fraught wi’ fulsome words,  
 ‘ Gaed to my heart at first like swords,  
 ‘ When I the same did read.  
 ‘ But our wife leugh me out o’t clean,  
 ‘ An’ said, guidman, I redd ye screen  
 ‘ Frae hornies now your head.  
 ‘ The laird thinks me a laethran vile !  
 ‘ But what think ye, guidman ?  
 ‘ I ken ye think he’s i’ the guile,  
 ‘ Come, Jamie, kiss your Ann.  
 ‘ I kiss’d her, an’ bless’d her,  
 ‘ Her mirth is ey sae sweet :  
 ‘ Sae pleasing, sae easing,  
 ‘ Sae well-tim’d an’ sae meet.’  
 Thus Jamie meetly, by degrees,  
 Did introduce himsel’, Rab sees  
 His brither’s guid design.

An' loo'd him for the tender care  
He teuk to balm his ilka sair,

Sae cautiously an' kin'.

Peggy's an' Jeanie's visit then,  
Wi' the result, an' a'  
That ye my frien' already ken,  
James did his brither shaw.

How soothing, how smoothing,  
A frien' or brither kin',  
Half bearin', half sharin'  
A' may oppress the min'.

At last James said, ' ye thoughtnae wrang

' That I o' private pique a twang  
    ' Did wi' your safety join.

' For when I rose you to protect,

' Just then it was I did reflect

    ' The only ready coin  
' I had to pay unworthy Fleck,  
' For's message to my Ann,  
' Wad be, to slyly twist his neck,  
' An' pay him thus aff han.'

Thus talked, thus walked  
Our brithers out the road ;  
Till kin'ly an' frien'ly  
Ilk parts for's ain abode.

Now the neist day, Oh ! movin' scene !

Rab chancin' i' the fields wi' Jean,

    Wi' tenderness began

To paint the wiles o' wicked men,

Wi' a' she did but o'er well ken,

    Jean trim'lin', scarce cou'd stan',

Her father syne, appearin' ay  
 A stranger to her woe,  
 Said, ' Still I hope to none a prey  
 ' My child will fall, for, Oh !  
 ' How cruel, my jewel,  
 ' Unto your father's heart  
 ' To know you—but woe now  
 ' Like this, heav'n may avert.  
 ' For were my darling thus undone,  
 ' Where, where to hide me shou'd I run,  
 ' Your mother, Oh ! your mother,  
 ' Her tender heart wou'd break in two :  
 ' Such tidings, wou'd oppress wi' woe,  
 ' My child, your loving brother.  
 ' We a' sic tenderness, my dear,  
 ' Ha'e ever for you known,  
 ' It wad be cruelly severe,  
 ' Tho' here 'fore God I own,  
 ' Shou'd ever deceiver  
 ' Delude to your undoin',  
 ' My frowns here (I own here)  
 ' Shou'd not increase you ruin.'"  
 Jean's heart was like to brak in twa,  
 She down upon her knees did fa',  
 An' syne in tears began  
 To tell her father a' her heart,  
 Her father, acting still his part,  
 O ! the enlight'ned man !  
 Did lift her up, an' to his breast  
 Did clasp his faintin' child :  
 An' ' Still, my child, in thee I'm blest'  
 He said, in accents mild :

' For lo now, I know now,  
 ' If thou hast stept astray,  
 ' Thou'l mourn yet an' turn yet  
 ' Back into virtue's way.'

This was effectually the way  
 For to correct, regain, allay,  
 Encourage, an' amend :  
 O parents dear, example take,  
 This gen'rous man your pattern make,  
 Shou'd his your lots attend :

Thus a lov'd wanderer to charm  
 Back to the paths o' right ;  
 Or drive expos'd to farther harm  
 The wand'rer frae your sight ;

Which task, now, I ask now  
 Is likeliest to reclaim ?  
 Or wish you to push to  
 A female's last extreme ?

But, frien', I now wad draw a veil  
 O'er this last scene, whilk makes you wail

Sair, if I ken your heart :  
 O may it prove (tho' sair) the mean  
 To guard fu' mony a bonie Jean

Frae ruin's gilded dart :  
 Sweet virgins, O, I pray beware,  
 Ae fatal moment may  
 Make you a fate like Jeanie's share,  
 Whate'er base men may say.

Mild doves know, no love to  
 You that base man can bear,  
 Wha's schemings or aimings  
 May cause ae sigh or tear.

A' men, dear maids, for ever shun ;  
 Frae a', as the worst evils run,  
 Wha i' the walks o' life  
 Are you aboon ; let not the show  
 O' gaudy dress entice : for know  
 You ne'er can be their wife.

Their minds, upo' your ruin bent,  
 May drive them to blaspheme,  
 An' awfu' imprecations vent  
 An' that their loe's extreme.

But mind it, you'll find it  
 Your ruin to comply ;  
 To please such, to ease such.  
 Prov'd Jeanie's misery.

But O ! puir dear, whoe'er thou art,  
 Wha frae my wish hath stept apart,  
 Yet still ilk gen'rous min'  
 Will loe thee mair, if thou return,  
 An' o'er thy late misfortune mourn,

Yes, truly this you'll fin'  
 'Tis a mistake, dear creatures all,  
 To think, that now despis'd,  
 Your name you ne'er recover shall,  
 Indeed you're ill advis'd :

Your mourning, returning,  
 Mak's ilk guid saul your friend,  
 Heav'ns smile, too, mean while, too,  
 Your sweet returns attend.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF WHAY:

Being a necessary Digression.

BUT here I fin' mysel' inclin'd,  
 To satisfie, dear frien', your mind,  
 In a' an' ilka way,  
 That to my story does relate ;  
 The pleasing o' my frien' I rate,  
 (Strange fact) aboon my lay.

Your honest heart I ken's surpriz'd,  
 'Mang mankin' shou'd be found,  
 Ane wha like Whay cou'd be entic'd  
 A neighbour's peace to wound.

For treasures, the pleasures  
 O' villains to promote ;  
 Be thankfu' your rank tho',  
 Secures you frae his lot.

Whay was a man wha anes had seen  
 A better day, an' ay had been  
 Respected an' belov'd :

But fickle fortune changin' sides,  
 His bark, by adverse winds an' tides,

Frae calm an' quiet remov'd,  
 Was dash'd an' driven, fast, fast, fast,  
 On shoals o' anxious care ;  
 Nor was reliev'd, till at the last,  
 On reefs o' black despair,

Where poring, exploring,  
 Eternity's profound ;  
 Yea vent'ring on ent'ring,  
 Heard something like the sound.

O' helping han', which then, my friend,  
A person to him did extend,

That will you much surprize,  
E'en our young laird : He was the man,  
That reach'd to him a helping han',

Wi' tears into his eyes.

How unaccountable, my friend,  
How strange a creature's man ?  
And can a libertine extend  
Mild mercy's soothing han' ?

Take care, tho', beware tho',  
A libertine's a thing,  
Whase treasures, like's pleasures,  
May leave a cruel sting.

Puir Whay received frae the laird,  
A maist commodious house an' yard.

Yea, an' assistance syne,  
In laying in guid furniture,  
Meet for an inn, yea did procure  
A' needfu' was, in fine.

The puir man's heart did overflow  
Wi' gratitude an' love ;  
Affairs soon wi' him better grew,  
Discreet he ay did prove.

His house ay, the douse ay,  
An' honest, did frequent ;  
An' wha anes did ca' anes,  
Did seldom syne repent.

Whay's character was ever fair,  
Feuk, now he's puir, respect him mair.

His sax wee weanies still  
Attracted ev'ry body's love.

Their wee oblidgin' ways did prove  
Nae shortners o' his bill.

His former station too in life,  
Made him fit companie  
For fouk o' rank, likewise his wife,  
O' a guid familie,

Could meek show, could speak to,  
A' ranks oblidgingly ;  
But near now, I steer now,  
To what will mak' you sigh.

The laird now, eager to renew  
His intercourse wi' Jeany, knew,  
An' wrought on Whay's weak side.

He recapitulated a'  
He'd for him done, an' cruel saw  
The wee remainin' pride  
O' the puir man, yea did chastise  
The blushes that he saw ;  
Said, ' Whay, 'tis pride now from your eyes  
' These stupid tears does draw.

' This pride, man, aside, man,  
' Be you advis'd to lay ;  
' High spirit's no merit,  
' In mean dependence, Whay.'

Whay, quite too modestly reply'd,  
' I, Sir, do owe you a', an' sigh'd ;  
' I ha'e a gratefu' heart,  
' An' hopes, by honest industrie,  
' To pay your honour honestlie.'

The laird turn'd round alert ;  
' Again your boast of honestie,  
' Who said you were a rogue ?

‘ Tho’ stop the thief has been a cry,  
 ‘ Mongst villains long in vogue.’

Whay sighin’ as dyin’,  
 ‘ Maist fainted at his feet:  
 He seiz’d him an’ rais’d him,  
 Thus wretches are discreet.

Whay, scarce recover’d, thus the laird,

‘ Perhaps rebukes I might have spar’d :  
 ‘ But, Whay, a favour here

‘ I ask of you, which if you grant,  
 ‘ My favour you shall never want,—

‘ Now, what I do require,  
 ‘ The man who means for to possess,  
 ‘ This house, shall grant to me,  
 ‘ On no condition more or less,  
 ‘ Shall it possessed be.’

Engagin’, presagin’,  
 Nae wicked black design ;  
 Puir Whay then did say then,  
 ‘ Your honour’s will is mine.’

The laird then mention’d his amour

Wi’ Jeanie Tamson, (blighted flow’r)

An’ how at Edward Black’s,

Her uncle’s, she was come to stay ;

Yea added, ‘ On this very day,

‘ She here an errand makes.’

Whay spak o’ parents tears, but ‘ Mum,’

The laird said, ‘ Whay, no more.’

An’ then the vera lie did hum,

I tauld ye o’ before. \*

\* See verse 62.

Then clever deceiver,  
 He on Whay's weans did fleech,  
 An' finely an' kin'ly,  
 Ga'e them a guinea each.

Puir Whay, puir man, what could he do ?  
 His conscience stickl'd lang, but oh !

He taken was sae short.

His wife, his sax puir innocents,  
 Must a' hae try'd the winter bents,

Pale ruin's last resort.

His conscience spak ; again his weans,  
 Then his dear wife appear'd ;  
 The struggle near han' turn'd his brains,  
 These loo'd he, that he fear'd,  
 While doubtin' disputin'  
 The case thus in his min',  
 Came Jeanie, her een ay  
 Throwin' a leuk behin'.

The laird he saw her comin' in,  
 An' or she spak ae word to ane,  
 Did catch her by the han',  
 An' up stairs led her in a haste,  
 Eager for his forbidden feast ;

O the heav'n darin' man !

Not satisfy'd that he had tur  
 Her steps frae virtue's way,  
 Back into which she might hae mourn'd,  
 He leads her still astray.

Ay steelin' to feelin',  
 Wi' his delusive arts ;  
 Till conscience spak nonsense,  
 Her min' he sae perverts.

Ilk time Jean came into his house,  
 The conscience baith o' Whay and spouse  
     A fearfu clatt'rin hel' ;  
 But then, whene'er she gaed awa',  
 Its voice did laigh an' laigher fa',  
     At last did nearly quell :  
 A' things lay quiet, for ill o' Whay  
 Nae bodie ever thought ;  
 Yea, the laird's lie, \* I've heard him say  
 Sinsyne, maist on him wrought :  
     Yes, that too, an' what too,  
     He'd previous for him done,  
     Made puir Whay nae doubt stray  
     Frae right, his ire to shun.

---

*AFFLECK'S CHARACTER,*

The Digression continued.

An' now we come unto Affleck,  
 Wha mony a day felt in his neck  
     The grip o' Jamie's thumb ;  
 Fleck was a villain in his heart,  
 Yet had o' impudence an' art  
     What could strike merit dumb.  
 Thae talents evermair will gain,  
 What bashfu' merit claims ;  
 Thae talents never cross the grain,  
 Nor thwart our grossest aims.  
     Sae mild ay, they gild ay,  
     Our warst and basest schemes,

---

\* See verses 62 and 106.

Ay soothin', ay smoothing,  
 Till masters o' our aims.  
 They then inveigle wi' their arts  
 Themsel's into our vera hearts,  
 They rule us at their pleasures ;  
 They ken us sae, ken ilka ill  
 That they themsel's did erst instill,  
 We darena cross their measures.  
 For wad we, they wad loose the pouk,  
 Our secrets sae display,  
 That wha experienc'd hae the shock,  
 Can best about it say,  
 But say they what may they,  
 My soul keep thou afar  
 Ay frae them, an' hae them  
 At everlasting war.  
 Fleck's talents thus the laird did gain,  
 Thus Fleck had made the laird his ain,  
 Thus rul'd wha shou'd obey :  
 Hence tho' in compact, mutual hate  
 Ilk ither bare, ilk saw his fate  
 At a rogue's mercy lay.  
 Fleck for a shilling wad hae sauld  
 His hopes o' happiness ;  
 Yea, Guid preserve us ! I am tauld  
 He laugh'd at future bliss.  
 Reviled, and stiled  
 Religion a' a whim ;  
 A creed, tho', nane heed, tho',  
 But wretches sic as him.  
 Thus tutur'd, sure it was nae strange,  
 That our young laird astray shou'd range,  
 Left young to affluence ;

Without a parent's eyes to see,  
 Without a frien' to speak out free,  
 In virtue's dear defence :  
 For modest merit, like coy truth,  
 In science lies conceal'd ;  
 Nor, uninvited, ope's the mouth,  
 Can paint the lovely field :

Endearin', an' chearin',  
 Thro' which transparent still  
 Meanders and wanders  
 Invitin', wisdom's rill.

But ignorance an' impudence,  
 Or villains wha hae borrow'd sense  
 Frae wisdom's gentle brook ;  
 But left the sterling draught behind,  
 Because not suited to their mind,  
 Thae sae can bait the hook ;  
 For ilk a ane that it will fley,  
 A thousand's ta'en and mae,  
 It sae attracts the notice ay,  
 An' skims truth's surface sae.

Sae cuil too, sae huil too,  
 Thae anglers can endure,  
 Rebuffs a', an' huffs a',  
 Tili they their prey secure.

Exactly thus Affleck behav'd ;  
 Exactly thus the laird enslav'd ;  
 The tenants ane an' a'  
 Him fear'd boon ilka evil thing,  
 Their rents he rais'd, their sauls did wring,  
 Nor mercy shaw'd ava :  
 Ilk honest man on the estate  
 He strave to ruin ay ;

Ilk thrivin' family did hate,  
This was the reason why,

The puir ay were sure ay,  
To court wi' gifts his favour ;  
Wha pay cou'd their way cou'd,  
This not at all endeavour.

O' this last class our brithers were,  
They didna value Fleck a hair,  
Their rents were ready still  
At the term day : hence factor Fleck,  
Wha miss'd frae them the least respect,  
Did hold them at ill will.

Hence also he the person was  
Advis'd the laird, they say,  
By Rabin Tamson's house to pass,  
Upo' that vera day.

He saw first, did draw first,  
Jean's ruin frae her eyes,  
Ay phrazin' an' praisin  
Her beauty to the skies.

Nor in her praises did he cease,  
Designin' wretch, but did encrease  
A' artfu' that desire,  
He saw the laird to entertain,  
'Till a' his purpose he did gain.  
But truly frien' I tire.

This character sae blotted is  
Wi' ev'ry thing that's vile,  
It half diminishes ane's bliss,  
An' half inures to guile.

We'll fly it, yet spy it,  
Askance wi' hatefu' eye :

M

An' mournin' an' turnin',  
 Back to our story hie.

THE SUBLIME OF LIBERTINISM :  
 The original Story continued.

An' now, my frien, I turn your eye,  
 Back where Affleck did hameward hie,  
 Stung wi' revenge, frae Whay's :  
 To where the Tamsons disregard  
 Of's honour, he, before the laird,  
 Wi' aggravations, lays.  
 Half frantic, like a bedlamite,  
 The laird did stamp an' stare ;  
 The table wi' his neive did smite,  
 An' horribly he sware  
 The ruin, undoin',  
 O' baith the Tamsons,—fy'e !  
 Take care, laird ! beware, laird !  
 There's an all-seeing eye !  
 A lie (tho' not design'd) he swore,  
 An' deep as that to Jean before,  
 This a short time will prove :  
 On Rab an' Ann then turn your e'e,  
 Them in close conversation see,  
 In Jamie's hazle grove.  
 James that day to the mercat gane,  
 Rab knew, to Annie went :  
 Rab ask'd her out, they two alane,  
 He tauld her his intent.

Ann fearin', yet cleatin'  
 Her features to a smile,  
 Too rash here, did pass here  
 Her word to aid a guile.

'Tis needless, frien', to mention here,  
 What Rab's now set on, since we steer  
 Unto the consequence.

Rab parts frae Ann, then went to Whay's,  
 An' haflins stern before him lay's,  
 In secret conference ;  
 That he that day wi' Annie had  
 Concerted on a scheme,  
 An' hoped he wad lend his aid,  
 To bring about the same.

Discreetly an' meetly,  
 Puir Whay wi' Rab agrees,  
 Tho's ruin, undoin',  
 He evidently sees.

Ann, sprightly to the last degree,  
 Wi' a' Rab urg'd to did agree,  
 An' aff a letter sends  
 To factor Fleck ; wha read it, synne  
 Flew to the laird, whase e'en did shine,  
 While thus his heart he vends.

By heav'ns, Affleck, the sprightly dame  
 I knew wad tak' the bait ;  
 My breast wi' rapt'rous wishes flame,  
 Make haste, upon her wait.

Haste, write her, invite her,  
 Wi' a' the warmth ye can ;  
 At meetin', brisk sweetin',  
 Do not on trifles stan'.

What Annie's letter did contain,  
'Tis necessary to explain.

I leave nought i' the dark.

For to my frien' I wish to show  
The truth, as far as I do know,

I've proven the remark.

Ann, ent'ring quick to Rabin's views,  
As quickly wrote Affleck,  
How she nae langer cou'd refuse,  
To shaw o' due respect,

By writing, inviting

Unto an interview;

My meanin' is seen in-  
to, guid Affleck, by you.

But first I wi' yoursel' wad meet,  
An' O be silent, be discreet,  
As possibly ye can.

Ken then, I pay a visit soon  
At Edward Black's, some time in June,  
An' that ye ken's at han'.

Now, if a place convenient,  
Ye can assign for meetin',  
A week may there by me be spent,  
To wait the laird's invitin'.

Adieu, Sir, to you, Sir,

I lea' the haill affair;

Discretion's the lesson,  
Perhaps I've yet tolear'.

Now, frien' it were superfluous here,  
To tell the course the laird did steer,  
An' how he gaed to Whay's;  
An' acted partly o'er again,

(But ye'll remind the former scene,)  
 Calm villainy ! how base !  
 How Fleck met Ann at Neddy Black's,  
 How there she did agree,  
 On Friday night she wadna slack,  
 An' at Whay's house to be.

Fleck offer'd an' proffer'd  
 Her siller in golore ;  
 Ann musin', refusin',  
 Said, ' I gat routh before.'

Now if on Rab we turn our e'e,  
 A rev'rend frien' wi' him we'll see,  
 Guid, worthy, gen'rous, wise ;  
 A man wha frae his vera youth,  
 In word an' deed nae moral truth  
 Did cluther or disguise.

This worthy man did promise make,  
 He'd certainly endeavour,  
 An' that for truth an' conscience sake,  
 Rab for to do a favour.

How sweet still, discreet still,  
 'The guid an' virtuous man,  
 Befriendin' an' lendin'  
 In straits the helpin' han'.

This worthy, guid, an' prudent man,  
 Advised Rab, for fear his plan  
 It wad abortive prove,  
 For to provide 'gainst want the while,  
 An' by an honest sort o' guile,  
 All motives are self-love.

Let musin' philosophic minds,  
 My frien', say what they will;

Self-love, the social Gordian binds,  
An' ever ever will.

Advisin' an' prizin',  
This source o' action pure,  
True worth here, so forth here,  
Rab proselyted sure.

The consequence, our brithers went  
Unto the laird, an' their intent  
Met wi' the wish'd success.

Baith's tacks renewed were aff han',  
James wi' the news surprized Ann,  
Nor Rab his Peggy less.

Wi' Annie, Annie in his eye,  
The laird was a' in trim;  
Wi' a' they ask'd he did comply.  
O Ann, thy sprightly lim',

Thy thighs, Ann, thy eyes, Ann,  
Had virtue this, an' mair  
To do now, 'tis true now,  
But Annie, O beware!

Nae doubt, my frien', ye think it queer,  
The laird an' Fleck (outwitted here)  
Sae little prudence show,  
As thus to fa' into a snare,

That to you seems exposed bare,—

True, but you also know,  
Rab Tamson, still than they mair gleg,  
The scheme a' in his eye:  
Frae Whay at first did cautious beg  
A death-like secreoy. \*

\* See verse 64.

Repentin', lamentin',  
His deviations vile ;  
Whay duly an' truly  
Did promise, nor beguile.

Now by this means, nor base Affleck,  
Nor baser laird, did anes suspect

Rab knew o' Jeanie's wrang,  
But doubted Annie had disclos'd,  
What yon fine letter had propos'd,

Hence they concluded sprang  
Rab's opposition, Fleck's defeat,  
An' a' the wark at Whay's,  
Wha's prudence they sae highly rate,  
As gi'e't infinite praise,

To love still, approve still,  
Wha aided to injure,  
Is shameless, is nameless,  
The height o' baseness sure.

Affleck, wha's base vindictive heart,  
Stung wi' revenge's venom'd dart,

For Jamie's grip at Whay's:  
The laird, wha the proceedings there,  
Told by Affleck, did stamp an' stare,

An' a' the madman plays.

Baith then in league sware they wad prove  
The Tamsons enemies ;  
Now in an instant, calm as love,  
O men, the reason why ?

Beware men, take care, men,  
The eye an' ear o' heav'n  
Sees clear now, can hear now,  
What to this calm has driv'n.

Their rev'rend frien', Rab James an' Jean  
 To Whay's came dern'd on friday e'en,  
 Wi' Neddy an' his wife,  
 At Neddy's, Annie stay'd behind :  
 Intention pure not kept her mind  
 Frae a half trembling strife.

Let never woman after this,  
 E'en in appearance stray,  
 For tho' ye Annie's fate shou'd miss,  
 Ye also hit it may.

Be shy then, an' fly then,  
 The vera name o' ill :  
 A tear tho', let here tho'  
 At Annie's fate distill.

For Fleck their tacks nae sooner wrote,  
 (Thats our twa brithers) than afloat,  
 His cursed fancy flows.

Himsel', dern'd 'mang the brambles, lays  
 Whar no a saul that enter'd Whays

But did themsel's expose  
 To's eye thus he, than laird alas,  
 Had leisure to reflect,  
 Ah frien'! this certes was the case,  
 The wretch did a' detect.

To Black's neist, there catch'd neist  
 The haill concerted scheme,  
 An' vowin' their ruin  
 He to his master came.

The laird he met : his doubts an' fears  
 He told : the laird amaz'd appears,  
 Enquires into the ground.

O' his suspicions, Fleck he swore,  
 ' Go on to Whay's, Sir, there your w——c  
   ' An' Priest will all expound.'  
 ' By Heav'n this was a master stroke,'  
 The laird in wrath replys :  
 ' Why be reveng'd', Fleck foamin' spoke,  
 ' You yet may have the prize.'  
   ' Pray how, Fleck ? I vow, Fleck,  
   ' This were a twofold bliss.'  
   ' To Black's, Sir, turn back Sir,  
   ' The dame you cannot miss.'

Ann, innocent as Angel then,  
 Unhappily at Ned's barn en'  
     Stood anxious all alone.

The villains by the same did pass,  
 They saw (poor woman) oh ! alas,  
     The moon too clearly shone.

Fleck in a twinklin' her outcries  
 Provided 'gainst an' then,  
 Her hurried in his arms, an' hies  
 Unto a neighb'r'in' glen.

What now, Sir ! 'tis true, Sir,  
 I dare for to proceed :  
 Oppress'd I, distress'd spy  
     Your heart too full to read.  
 The time ye'll see's arriv'd, the time,  
 When perpetrated is a crime

Still o' a deeper dye,  
 Mair piercin', woundin', far alas,  
 Than what relates to Jeany's case :

O muse, abhorrent, fly !

To wade thro' scenes o' guilt is just  
 For to approve the crime ;  
 Wha rakes the sinks o' hellish lust,  
 To Hell devotes his time :

Infernal, eternal  
 Woe certainly is thine,  
 Wha calm, laird, as balm, laird,  
 Can ruin wi' design.

Inhuman villain ! while o' life  
 Bereft, the mother an' the wife  
 Thus to abuse ! away !  
 Away, O muse ! away, away !  
 I may not, must not, cannot stay,  
 Poor woman long she lay  
 E'er she recover'd frae her faint,  
 An' when she did recover !—  
 But frien' I lack nor wish the paint  
 Cou'd mair to you discover.

Ye see it, ye dree it,  
 This moment at your heart,  
 In anguish to languish  
 Must be the suff'rer's part.  
 The laird, the cruel, worthless laird,  
 Still o' his safety had regard,  
 An' baser Fleck he sends  
 To Whay's, wha with d—d courtesie  
 Call'd out on Whay unwonted free,  
 An' wond'rous fair pretends.

‘ The laird you know was to be here  
 ‘ E'er now ; but all unthought,  
 ‘ A race o' quality appear,  
 ‘ An' he of me besought.

‘ To fly here, an’ try here  
 ‘ If you wou’d be sae kind,  
 ‘ As soothe a’ an’ smooth a  
 ‘ You know what person’s mind.’

In short he begs you to excuse  
 Him a’ ye can : your influence use,  
 An’ for to morrow’s night,  
 An’ then he will not shall not fail  
 For heav’ns sake, Whay, try to prevail,  
 His honour’s a’ in fright.

I told him I his message wou’d  
 Deliver faithfully,  
 An’ doubted not but what you cou’d  
 The person make comply.

Than devil more evil,  
 He thus did form a lie  
 Then kind like, an’ friend like,  
 Said (wheeling) ‘ Whay, good bye.’

Whay straightway to the companie  
 Fleck’s message tauld, an’ ev’ry e’e  
 Confused leuk’d around  
 Rab’s rev’rend frien’, heavin’ a sigh,  
 Said ‘ treachery, my frien’, I spy,’  
 Quo Rab, an’ stamp’d the ground.

‘ Nay, Sir, ’tis an acuter stretch,  
 An’ by the base Affleck,  
 Delib’rate, calm, determin’d wretch,  
 None other I suspect.

I’ll try tho’ if I tho’  
 Can stop his present haste,  
 Then out quick did spout quick  
 As light’ning’s flash amaist.’

He teuk a nearer cut an' came  
 (Affleck not Hell's suphureous flame  
     Will thee astonish more)  
 Came dreadfully upon Affleck,  
 An' gripp'd the villain by the neck,  
     An' tho' he seldom swore,  
 He swore to the Almighty there  
 That moment was his last,  
 If he'd not satisfy his fears,  
 Then to the ground him cast.

Then eying him lying,  
 Said, ' wretch, speak all you know,  
     Or here now I swear now  
     You get your final blow.'  
 The wretch, astonish'd an' amaz'd,  
 In dread confusion roun' him gaz'd,  
     An' told too much by far.

Rab, unprepar'd for a' the truth,  
 Now trembled, for if a' was sooth,  
     An everlasting bar  
 Was now against his ev'ry scheme  
 ' O God', he cry'd what's this,  
 My brother dear, my honest aim  
 Has robbed thee of bliss.'

His woe here, did flow here  
 Unto a strange excess,  
     Fleck eyes him an' prizin'  
     His time, made speed, I guess.

Rab, come a little to himsel',  
 Bewilder'd, hardly well could tell  
     How thither he had come;

But back reflecting by degrees,  
The awfu' truth before his e'es

In wild confusion roam.

A sort o' calm howe'er at last

Came gently o'er his mind,

An' to the awfu' place he past,

Whar Annie he did find.

Nor ease sure, nor pleasure,

To you, my frien', can flow,

Tho' I here shou'd try here

To paint this scene o' woe.

Enough to know. Rab's rev'rend frien',

An errand to the door did feign,

An' fleeter than the wind,

Came up on Rab, the moment when

Affleck was gone ; an' to the glen

Rab follow'd saft behind.

How lucky was it, at the time

That he chanc'd to be there,

To place in proper light the crime,

An' sweetly chace despair.

Enticin', advisin',

Calm as bless'd Angels breath,

To cluther an' smother

The circumstance like death.

For, O my dear, my injur'd friends,

Although to have a' proper mends,

My blood could freely flow.

Yet mind your sweet connections a',

(Were this reveal'd. by solemn law)

What they must undergo.

You, lovely woman, injur'd friend,  
 Tho' sorrowing to the grave,  
 I know 's your lot, yet, O attend !  
 Your husband you must save !

Revealin', unsealin',  
 Your lips on this affair,  
 You know this, wad throw his  
 Whole soul into despair.

Might drive him on to end a life,  
 Who, tho' the injurer of his wife,  
 Is sacred still by law.

You know the consequence ; then wait,  
 Disturb not your dear husband's quiet,  
 Nor on him ruin draw.

The wretches tongues you need not fear,  
 They know the consequence,  
 Should they make a discovery here  
 O' their sae high offence.

Comply then, deny then,  
 Not to observe my words,  
 To utter one mutter  
 Will pierce with many swords.

Your daughter, too, my frien', is hid,  
 An' prudence surely will forbid

Your child for to expose.

Humanity will bind you too  
 To Whay, of mercy for to shew,  
 Since he his faults foregoes.

The laird, soon as he does reflect,  
 Will think Whay privy too  
 To all : and also base Affleck,  
 His fate sees lodg'd wi' you.

I know then, nought flows then,  
 From a discov ry here,  
 Save wounding, confounding,  
 A' shou'd be to you dear.

The God of order, peace, an' love,  
 Moreover knows all, and will prove  
 Still, I am sure, your friend.  
 O lean on him, in him repose,  
 He knows best to redress your woes,  
 And to it will attend.'

Thus spake this holy prudent man,  
 And then he did advise  
 A separation : then to Ann  
 Said, ' As your peace ye prize,  
 Walk in do, begin now,  
 To practise what I've said !  
 I'll try next what I nex  
 Can do with heav'n's aid.'

Ann sighan enter'd Edward Black's,  
 Rab's rev'rend frien' his han' syne tak's,  
 An' sobbed like a child :  
 But calmin' said, ' My worthy frien',  
 My utmost efforts you hae seen,  
 My heart is not unmild.  
 But we must try some harmless face  
 To put upon our stay ;  
 An' ev'n taste the social glass,  
 A' doubtings to allay.

Behave then, you have then  
 One opportunity,  
 To act up, to walk up  
 To human dignity.'

Now, as to what did pass at Whay's,  
It is sufficient here to say,

Rab's rev'rend frien' an' he,  
Did sae behave that not of fear  
Did on ae countenance appear,

Tho' wrath glanc'd ilka e'e.  
Rab an' his rev'rend frien' them tauld,  
How that it was Affleck,  
In cautious villainy grown auld,  
Did the affair detect.

That fearin' Ann's jeerin',  
New tacks, Rab's cautious air,  
Had watch'd a' an' catch'd a',  
An blown the haill affair.

Annie exerted a' her strength.  
For twa three days, but oh ! at length,  
Her efforts were in vain.

Her inward misery an' woe,  
Caus'd soon her native smiles forego,  
Ah ! never to regain !

Her heart was broke ! the poignant smart,  
That pierc'd her night an' day ;  
Her efforts ever to divert  
Her tears, could best allay.

Thus sighing, denying  
The source o' her distress ;  
She languish'd in anguish  
A year, or something less.

When a distressed husband, she  
Left to bewail her loss, e'en he  
Wha ne'er in thought did wrong  
Ane o' mankind,—yet see his lot !

But heav'n has not the cause forgot,  
To heav'n his woes belong.

An' tho' I hope there's mercy store,  
For a' their sins forego ;  
Yet for a thousand worlds an' more,  
I'd not have caus'd his woe.

My frien' then, ye've seen then,  
Nae doubt wi' mony a tear,  
What I had denyed  
But to a frien' sae dear.

*POSTSCRIPT.*

'Tis necessar' I tell ye too,  
What brave Rab Tamson had in view,

When he prevail'd wi' Ann  
To write Affleck ! in short, it was  
(What shou'd be ane o' Britain's laws,

A law o' ev'ry lan',  
In short it was) by perfect pith,  
Since dumb the laws remain,  
To mak' the am'rous laird forthwith  
To own Jean for his ain.

To own her an' crown her,  
An' wi' a husband's name,  
His wife she, thro' life she,—  
Indeed the laws are lame.

If ev'ry man obliged were  
Thus by a law to wed the fair  
Wha his delusive art  
Enticed has, to yield him a'  
That bards the brightest jewel ca',  
Supports a female heart.

Then, then as sure as yonder sun  
 Sklents, sonsie, morning rays,  
 Some fewer females were undone ;  
 But here some villain says,

I'd fly first, I'd try first,  
 Some distant land to roam ;  
 Why, go, Sir, you know, Sir,  
 You are a pest at home.

An' if there is a villain found,  
 Wha after having stood his ground,

An' wed the injur'd fair,  
 Shall hae the cruelty to use  
 His wife amiss, by harsh abuse,  
 Our laws already care  
 For this, an' do provision make,  
 Most wise in the affair ;  
 Do of the wretch cognizance take,  
 Blest law, I do declare,

Th' abuser, misuser,  
 Of's wife must her maintain,  
 By giving a living  
 Consistent wi' his gain. \*

\* The one-third in general, or as the law sees proper.

---

---

## JOHN TAMSON'S SONS.

---

---

### PART II.

*Heav'n and earth will witness,  
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.*

LUCIUS IN CATO:

Sic John Tamson's sons condition,  
When yon awfu' revolution,  
    Sudden, like electric shock,  
Shackan Europe's vast foundation,  
Dashan thrones, devourin' station,  
    Like a dread vulcano broke,  
It's infectious Lava spewin'  
Thro' the world far an' near ;  
In a moment that undoin',  
Teuk a thousan' years to rear.

    Guid bless us, an' miss us  
    O' sic a sad o'erturning ;  
    Sae pray I while may I,—  
    Still the vulcano's burning.

The press now teem'd wi' glorious things,  
Ca'd rights o' men an' rights o' kings,—  
    Society's began.

Ilk ane thought now he had a right,  
To speak his mi' in language bright,  
    Ilk ane propos'd his plan.

Darius, Darius the great,  
 His glory at a stan',  
 Fa'n, fa'n frae his high estate,  
 Re-echoed thro' the lan'.

Rejoice now, thy voice now,  
 O man, extend an' sing,  
 Sublime it, an' chime it,  
 Pure Justice now is King.

Be bold, O man, why cringe an' bow  
 Thus man to man, haste, disavow

The base blasphemous deed ;  
 Thy Maker, jealous of his right,  
 Tears the tiara in his might,  
 Lays bare the idol creed.

Shows that Grand Monarques are but men,  
 Superior not ata'  
 To those they subjects ca'd, why then  
 To equals prostrate fa'?

That Code, man, explode, man,  
 Dares rob heav'n o' its due,  
 Blaspheming, an' claiming  
 Heav'n an' its titles too.

This ev'ry Popish tyrant did,  
 Whose laws did a' their slaves forbid  
 Their Maker to adore,  
 But as they pleas'd, nay did restrict  
 Heaven's vengeance to the heretic,  
 Blaspheme, say, cou'd they more ?

Their darings rose to that degré,  
 Till men despairing rose,—  
 They dar'd, an' instantly were free,  
 They frown'd, an' fled their woes.

Be brave, then, behave, then,  
 Now that you have the pow'r,  
 Like men, then, we ken, then,  
 Your rights you'll soon secure.

Some joy'd to hear a tyrant's paw  
 Shou'd be subservient to the law,  
 Some hail'd democracy ;  
 Some, in a sort o' rapture, cry'd,  
 Our chains are broke,—while others sigh'd,  
 Gaul's plung'd in Anarchy.

Fraternization, some fowk cry'd,  
 Organization, ithers :  
 Thae terms, they said, whan right apply'd  
 Mak' mankind trusty brithers.

Be free, man, you see, man,  
 We born are equals a'.  
 'Tis sense, man, not pence, man,  
 Mak's ony odds ava.

Whan word arriv'd at Britain's Isle  
 Some meikle house, ca'd the Bastile,  
 Was raz'd to the foundation.

Then, then, it was the gen'ral cry,  
 Down, tyrants ! nae mair slavery !

Rouse, man ! an' ken thy station !  
 The consequence well-meanin' men,  
 Whan they chanc'd to foregather,  
 Wad spier an' tell the news, what then ?  
 There was nae harm in either.

Then the case had ta'en place  
 Was a' unprecedented,  
 Some fear'd it, some jeerd it,  
 Some joy'd an' some lamented.

An' our twa brithers, 'mang the lave,  
 Nae doubt wad their opinions have,

This was nae ferlie sure,  
 It wad been rather strange, I wot  
 If men o' sense, like them, had not  
 Baith ken'd the cause an' cure.

To hear fouk say, as a' were fools,  
 But they, if ye were thrang,  
 In Shap or Farm or at your tools,  
 That States gang right or wrang.

Ye'd mind less, ye'd find less  
 O' time to meet an' muse,  
 An' wonder an' ponder,  
 At reading o' the news.

It wad be nonsense to reply,  
 But as it were just by the by,

Observe mair harm does spring,  
 Baith as to actions, scemes, an' tauk  
 Frae fouk up i' the higher wauk,  
 Than frae the rural ring,  
 Puir fouk, met on a winter night,  
 Aroun' a hartsome fire,  
 May bleth'rin' say, France has doon right,  
 But never can aspire,

Confusion, delusion,  
 To propogate at hame,  
 Or did they, it gaed ay  
 Some else were first in blame.

But, be, or be they not, to blame,  
 Wha first spak' o' reformin' schemes,  
 Much mischief has ensu'd :

Fouk shou'd be cautious how they plan ;  
*Leuk or ye leap*, yet never man

Or nation ever ru'd  
 That they obser'd : it is a say  
 Deep fraught wi' ev'ry guid,  
 Engrav't on time ilk sunny ray  
 Till a' hae understuid :  
 Engrave it an' wave it,  
 In letters a' o' goud,  
 Till braw fouk, an' a' fouk,  
 Be wi' the maxim stow'd.

The only reformation, frien',  
 As far as wisest men hae seen,  
 In Britain's pow'rful Isle,  
 Is needed,— is, that ane an' a'  
 Wad keep within the verge o' law,  
 An' hate whatever's vile.

In short, that ilka Briton wad  
 Reform ae Briton just,  
 Discountenance whatever's bad,  
 An' i' their maker trust.

If they this wad ay this  
 Wi' pure intention do,  
 Then we, frien', were free, frien',  
 Invulnerable too.

'Tis not the plan o' government,  
 Believe me, causes discontent  
 In honest British min's ;  
 It is th' immoral conduct, frien'  
 That in some posts o' trust is seen,  
 To anarchy inclines.

As, for example, not a man  
 Himself has not debas'd  
 Down to wretch: A villain can  
 See up to honours rais'd.

Can see it, be free yet  
 Not to expostulate:  
 But must, Sir, 'tis just, Sir,  
 Believe his abject state.

'Tis easy seen, my frien', to you,  
 Nane ken them rightly can allow  
 Affleck or yet the laird,  
 To hae the sma'est moral curb,  
 Society not to disturb,  
 Scarce ev'n a neck regard.

Yet was the laird sae impudent,  
 Guid guide us, he cou'd stan'  
 A candidate to represent  
 In Parliament the lan'.

Presumin'! assumin'  
 A patriot's harangue;  
 Till duped, the stupid  
 Aloud his praises sang.

'Tis not my business here, you know,  
 Whither this cruel wretch or no  
 Did sit in Parliament.

(Harsh truth at times true prudence shuns)  
 But that he wish'd John Tamson's sons  
 Indeed to represent,  
 Is true, and that his impudence,  
 (I mean the laird's) in this,  
 To a' wha kend him gave offence,  
 Indeed it cou'dna miss.

Sic wretches thus fetches  
 A blot, an' handles give  
 To blame, yea, an' shame the  
 Best characters that live.

Allowing of a cast like this  
 A representative there is,

O'erleukin hunners mae,  
 O' the maist virtuous o' mankind,  
 Fouk wi' the constitution find,  
 O' fau't, an' sae an' sae.

Even he, our guid an' virtuous King,  
 For sic a villain's sake,  
 Has had his share o' suffering,  
 Men are sae vera weak.

The shame here, the blame here,  
 I kenna whar to lay,  
 Yet certes in part this  
 May, shou'd be done away.

Let not a man be qualify'd  
 For honours, trusts, thro' Britain wide,

Till first men twa or three,  
 O' guid report, on oath declare,  
 Such person's character is fair,

That's frae gross vices free.  
 Sae far as e'er they heard or knew,  
 Uncleanliness, drunkenness.

An' swearing, he does still eschew,  
 Wi' crimes, a' more or less,

That never did ever  
 They ken him frae his youth,  
 A breach make or stretch make,  
 Upo' the strictest truth.

An' let this pow'r be vested, where  
 I think 'tis safest, I declare,  
 That's in Britannia's King.  
 By him it is for certain known.  
 Such men were bulwarks to his throne,

The glories of his reign.

Let him the vouchers, thro' a friend  
 Whom he has prov'd an' tried,  
 Choose out : and let disgrace attend  
 The whole, if prov'd bely'd.

Nae mair I declare spy,  
 As needfu' to reform ;  
 Nor can, sure, a man, sure,  
 Against the motion storm.

Rab Tamson, driven to despair,  
 Puir James, his Annie mournin' sair,  
 My frien', we now behold.  
 Societies o' diff'rent names,  
 On Clyde, an' Forth, an' Boyne, an' Thames,

Now, now in language bold,  
 Thunder Reform, their high harangues  
 Attract the vulgar ear ;  
 Inflaming bills, inflaming sangs,  
 Are handed far an' near.

Loud thunders an' wonders,  
 They promise to perform,  
 Deploring an' roaring,  
 Reform ! Reform ! Reform !

Wild works were done, wild words were said  
 Rab Tamson mad irritated,  
 Did join some mad cabals,  
 Drank down full draughts o' midnight wine,  
 His rage sae therewith did combine,  
 On dread resolves he falls.

He swore nae pow'r by heav'n ordain'd,  
 But must reject wi' frowns  
 A villain's service, damn'd an' stain'd  
 Wi' crimes e'en hell disowns.

Pervading, still wading  
 'Mang crimes, still culling more,  
 Which added an' madded,  
 An' harrow'd up his sore.

Thus poring wi' a jaundic'd e'e,  
 Ten thousand mischiefs did he see

In horrid forms around.

He thought the constitution bore  
 A form mair dire than what of yore,  
 Folks in the Hydra found.

A band too o' designin' rogues,  
 Inflam'd him more an' more,  
 'Bout Sus-Ha-Cos- \*, Septen's prorogues †,  
 Things he'd no ken'd before.

Alarms syne an' arms syne,  
 Pikes, devils, an' what not,  
 To guard now, an' ward too,  
 Aff dangers derm'd are got.

Thus aff his guard brave Tamson thrown,  
 To what his awfu' rage had grown,

Heav'n, heav'n alone can tell!

His brither calmly strave to turn  
 His dreadfu' bent, his wife did mourn,

But nought his rage cou'd quell.

For, when his brither did appear,  
 Ten thousand furies rag'd

\* i. e. Suspension of the Habeas Corpus act.

† Septennial Parliaments.

Within his soul, preserve us ! near  
Wi' heav'n wild war he wag'd.

Strange grumblings an' mumblings,  
To utter he was heard ;  
While praying, half saying,  
To vice maist lo'e appear'd.

Puir Peggy, how I pity thee !

O ilka wise luik here an' see !

Leuk here an' imitate !

Instead o' frowns an' leuks severe,  
She pity'd wi' unfeigned tear,

Him sweetly till o' late

Cou'd soothe her woes, her heart allay,  
The husband, parent, frien',

Nor now amid his rage did say

Ae angry word to Jean.

But calm a', as balm a',  
He strave his ilka leuk,  
To mak' ay, his talk ay,  
A stranger to rebuke.

His farm tho', that ay till o' late,  
Cou'd shaw o' management saefeat,

Now a' neglected lies.

A' things gaed out o' course, alas !

The servants seldom saw his face,

About ought to advise.

An' Peggy, never us'd wi' ought

Was out o' doors ava',

Cou'd gie them information nougnt ;

Moreover, Peggy saw

To venture, to enter

Upo' her husband's sphere ;

Might be syne, to dree syne,  
A consequence severe.

The rent fell due, Rab, when inform'd,  
Did nought but rage, an' stamp'd an' storm'd,  
An' d—n'd the laird to h—l.

He cou'dna thole to hear his name,  
(Nae won'er it did him enflame).

An' when his ire fell,  
The rent, alas ! wasna at han',  
As what it us'd to be :  
He anes cou'd answer'd ilk deman',  
But now, oh ! oh ! anee !

In bousings, carousings,  
'Mang boist'rous clubs was spent ;  
What sweetly, anes meetly  
Was hain'd to pay the rent.

Peggy, no kennan what to do,  
Unto their frien' an' pastor flew ;  
Her errand, or she spak,  
Good man, he guess'd, an' in her han',  
He put the full o' the deman',

He ken'd she wish'd to mak',  
Annie receiv'd it, while a tear  
Her bosom did allay ;  
He, gen'rous man, fled, cou'dna hear  
What Peggy wish'd to say :

Heav'n thank'd him, an' rank'd him,  
That day, wi' Angels, sure,  
(He own'd this) he found this  
Within his bosom pure.

Raging at Governments, meanwhile,  
An' drowning thought in rule exile,  
Far frae that peacefu' roof,

Had lang his joy, his glory been,  
Frac ev'ry relative an' frien',

Rab now stood far aloof.

Ae day, while heated mad wi' wine,  
Inflam'd wi' arguments  
That rouz'd to phrenzy a' his min',  
While want o' pow'r torments.

Aff guard thus, the laird thus,  
He wi' Affleck did meet,  
An' horrid he roared,  
Like unchain'd bedlamite.

' Infernal murderers,' he cry'd,  
' To hell by monstrous crimes ally'd,  
' No hell-hatch'd laws can save  
' You from my pow'r,' he said, an' flew,  
The wretches fled, he did pursue,  
An' awfu' words did rave.

But gracious heav'n that moment sent  
James, an' Rab's rev'rend frien',  
Wha did his horrid rage prevent,  
By rinnin' in between.

They held him, rage swell'd him  
To suffocation near:  
James sighed, yea cryed,  
The frien' did shed a tear.

They hawl'd him to a neighb'rin' inn,  
There James to reason did begin,  
All wi' his brither dear.

Rab knew what honest James not knew,  
The thought sighs frae his bosom drew,  
An' groanings dread to hear.

‘ You know my wrongs a’, rev’rend Sir !  
 ‘ I’m mad ! my brain’s on fire !  
 ‘ Nor from my purpose will I stir,  
 ‘ Till I have my desire.

‘ Great things, Sir, may spring, Sir,  
 ‘ An’ frae a sma’ foundation ;  
 ‘ My wrongs, Sir, belong, Sir,  
 ‘ To you, to a’ the nation !

‘ Basking beneath the royal eye,  
 ‘ Infernal villains we espy  
 ‘ Blood stain’d ; all, all a crime ;  
 ‘ While merit spurn’d, neglected, lies,  
 ‘ What this (to me at least) implies,  
 ‘ Is evident as time.

‘ A band o’ hell-hounds, leagu’d to prey  
 ‘ On order, property,  
 ‘ Are terrify d the honest eye  
 ‘ O’ virtue come too nigh :  
 ‘ Dissembling, an’ trembling,  
 ‘ Before a virtuous King ;  
 ‘ Yet sapping an’ trapping  
 ‘ His throne an’ right to reign.

‘ Rapacious plund’rers ! rear’d on high,  
 ‘ Ourselves, wives, children, property,  
 ‘ They mark out for their own.  
 ‘ D—m—n ! what can stop to rouse,  
 ‘ Avenge our wrongs, do what we chuse,  
 ‘ We only have to frown ?

‘ Down sinks o’ertopping villainy,  
 ‘ An’ never can arise,  
 ‘ The time’s at han’ : teach, God on high,  
 ‘ The forelock when to seize.

‘ I see it ! when free yet,  
 ‘ Britannia as the wind,  
 ‘ Her woes a’ a close a’  
 ‘ For evermair shall find.’

Rab ceas’d : the rev’rend frien’ began ;  
 ‘ This day I am a happy man !

My dear an’ worthy friend  
 Has for his Prince, not seems to have  
 A loyal soul ! ’tis gen’rous brave :

The man who wou’d defend  
 His King, when danger’s near, the man  
 Who wou’d do so, I give  
 O’ fellowship—here—the right han’—  
 Now hear me,—while I live,

Wi’ pleasure I’ll treasure  
 The loyal words you spoke,  
 Befriend you, defend you,

Till death my heart has broke  
 Come taste the wine, my loyal friend,  
 The man wha wad his King defend,

Is dear unto my heart :  
 Come,—James,—this is a happy day,  
 Your brither here does all invert,

His words does all gainsay,  
 That to his prejudice has been  
 By villains spread abroad’—  
 ‘ What ! rev’rend Sir ? what do you mean ?  
 Quo Rab, an’ leuked odd.

‘ What mean I, my frien’ I  
 This moment will declare,  
 But pass first the glass first,  
 He said wi’ smilin’ air.

Why, it is said, my frien', that you,—  
With others, as a club, pursue  
Plans hostile to the state ;  
That resolutions you have past  
Wad to confusion a' things cast,  
An' that ye ha'e o' late  
Resolv'd to carry secret arms,  
Ye ken if this be true :  
At any rate, the news alarms,  
An' mischief may ensue.

I must, tho', still trust, tho',  
Frae what ye now did say,  
That you not pursue not  
What wad your King dismay.

His virtue's are too great, I know,  
For you, my frien', to cause him woe,

Ye ken his right to reign ;  
To you the sacred word o' truth  
Has been familiar frae your youth,  
Nor there ae word in vain  
Is writ', but for instruction,  
Correction, or reproof,  
Not to observe, 's destruction  
T' obey, 's for our behoof.

I wou'd here I cou'd here  
Make ev'ry Briton see,  
As I now do spy now,  
Things wi' unjaundic'd e'e.

There we a mighty King behold,  
By heav'n exalted frae the fold,  
Whar he his sheep did tend,

Unto a throne,—ordain'd to sway  
 A sceptre o'er a people,—they  
 Heav'n pledg'd was to befriend,  
 The nation's darling sure he was,  
 If ever King was so,  
 Their choice, their pride, an' yet, alas !  
 To err is human,—Lo

He veered, he steered  
 Frae rectitude a while,  
 His reason a season  
 Did yield to passions vile.

Immers'd in pleasures, he forgot  
 His origin, an' why his lot

Was alter'd, thus secure  
 He roll'd in vice, ungratefu' man !  
 The loveliest virgins thro' the lan'  
 Did for himself procure.

Nae doubt, dispairing lovers moan'd  
 Distressed virgins sigh'd,  
 An' wretched parents deeply groan'd,  
 An' loyalty descry'd.

His ways soon a blaze soon  
 Wad kindle thro' the lan'  
 They dreaded, yea see'd it  
 An' did confounded stan'.

While thus aloof the good an' wise  
 Stood trembling, traitors in disguise

Did urge him to his woe ;  
 An' Sycophants a' cringe an' bow,  
 Whate'er his bent, his favour woo,  
 Poor man, what shall he do ?

His gallant soldiers are in arms,  
 The sons o' Ammon quake,  
 Their cause their ev ry bosom warms,  
 The walls o' Rabba' shake.

While mean there their King there,  
 In pleasure's lap does loll,  
 Unmindfu', unkind, too,  
 To a' wou'd him controll.

Yes, friend, round Rabbah's walls then lay  
 His valiant soldiers in array,

Brave vet'rans one and all,  
 Who at Rephaim late were seen,  
 To humble haughty Palastine,  
 In spite of mighty Baal.  
 O'er Palastina's num'rous gods  
 They triumph'd, Syria too  
 They conquer'd, Ekron's dread abodes,  
 All all they did subdue.

Still loyal, their joy all  
 That loyalty to prove,  
 Such men sure were then sure  
 Intitl'd to his love.

Alas ! where worthless passions sway,  
 The lawrel'd brow, or moral ray,

Alike unheeded shine.

Israel's ungrateful monarch saw  
 In consequence and of a law  
 He knew was a' divine,  
 The lovely Bathsheba to lave  
 Her sides in chrystal stream,  
 And to his passions quite a slave,—  
 I cannot speak his shame.

So base all his ways all  
 All sensuality,  
 He spoke thro', he broke thro'  
 The delicatest tye.

A braver captain well he knew  
 Not for his King and country drew  
 His sword, than he whose wife  
 He thus had in his absence,—fye!  
 The very word adultery  
 Sounds harsh like hellish strife.  
 Thank God,—the injur'd heroë knew  
 Not of the wrong was done  
 Unto his honour,—Heav'n did view,  
 No guilt its eye can shun.

And if we could but dree,  
 Or patiently endure,  
 Heav'n slow is, but know this,  
 Its punishments are sure.  
 The injur'd heroë's wife at last  
 With child—the monarch stood aghast,  
 Harass'd w<sup>t</sup>h guilty fears,  
 The injur'd man a' wild w<sup>t</sup> rage,  
 Wi' a' wou'd in his cause engage,  
 To's fancy dread appears;  
 The thousands up an' down the lan'  
 His vices had injur'd.  
 A' wi' the house o' Saul did stan',  
 Or had its fate endur'd,  
 In clusters fast musters  
 His crimes, an' such effects,  
 Yet know frien' that woe, frien'  
 For's guilt he still neglects.

To rid himsel' o' fears like these,  
From bad to worse he runs for ease,

An' so a letter wrote

To Joab, who did command in chief  
Before the walls o' Rabbah,—brief

The letter was, I wot :

“ Send me Uriah :” when inform'd,  
The heroë did obey,  
Nor at his Prince's orders storm'd,  
Nor ask'd the reason why.

But bold soon, like gold, soon  
Unconscious of alloy,  
Stood forth a' in's worth a'  
Before his rightfu' roy.

The king the gen'ral's health enquir'd,  
How the war prosper'd ? as desir'd  
Uriah did declare.

The heroë quick in ev'ry thing  
Did satisfy his lord an' king,

The king wi' smiling air,  
Said to Uriah, you to night  
May at your house repos':  
The vet'ran here asserts his right,  
Nor glory's path foregoes.

There's times, frien', when crimes, frien',  
E'en lawfu' pleasures are,  
Look here then, nane fear then,  
Wha imitate him dare.

The heroë's soul, on glory bent,  
Among his Sov'reign's guards he went,  
Plac'd nigh the palace gate.

Cas'd in his armour did repose,  
 And boldly on the morn arose,  
 And on his king did wait.  
 The king inform'd where he had pass'd  
 The night, did ask him why,  
 (Or doubts to's ear the truth had pass'd)  
 Now mark the bold reply :

‘ Nor ease sure, nor pleasure,  
 ‘ My soul shall ever know,  
 ‘ Till I die, or I spy  
 ‘ Subdu'd yon haughty foe.  
 ‘ Th' inglorious thought my soul abhors,  
 ‘ What, strutting enter pleasure's doors,  
 ‘ While Israel's gallant sons,  
 ‘ In tented field courageously,  
 ‘ Base ease with that abhorrence fly,  
 ‘ As Ammon's Gods they shun ?  
 ‘ As lives the ever living lord,  
 ‘ And as thy soul does live,  
 ‘ I forfeit never will my sword  
 ‘ The sacred pledge upgive.  
 ‘ No never, shall't ever  
 ‘ Be of Uriah said,  
 ‘ His mind e'er inclin'd e'er  
 ‘ Inglorious paths to tread.’

Thus spake Uriah :—O my soul !  
 My rage I scarcely can controul :  
 Was this the man to wrong ?  
 To wound in the most tender part,  
 O wicked monarch, but thou'l smart,  
 His wrongs to Heav'n belong.

The king his scheme saw was in vain,  
 Yet to his purpose bent,  
 He bid Uriah to remain  
 This night with worse intent.

Designing, by mining,  
 To sap his props awa',  
 Ungratefu', forgetfu',  
 O' ev'ry sacred law.

He thought himself mair than a match,  
 For Uriah at a debauch;

The wine went briskly round.

But tho' nae doubt intoxicate,  
 Uriah had a soul too great,

His honour for to wound.

That night, too, at the palace gate,  
 Among the soldiers stay'd,  
 And on the morn, without debate,  
 Stood in his arms array'd :

For wife he, nor life he,  
 With honour did compare ;  
 To love him, approve him,  
 Once cou'd king David dare.

But now in guilty pleasures, drown'd  
 'Mang women, wine, an music's sound,

The valiant David lay  
 Soft dallying, an', o' shame ! devis'd  
 That cruel cunning, now practis'd  
 Whar Cæsars anes did sway.

To the commander of his troops,  
 He by Uriah wrote,  
 (O royal villain, how he stoops  
 To murder by a plot.)

‘ If ever a favour  
 ‘ He hoped to obtain,  
 • ‘ Devise means, entice means,  
 ‘ To get Uriah slain.’

Agreeing to this letter base,  
 For murd'lers love a murd'rer's ways.

Uriah was assign'd  
 A place where Ammon's bravest sons  
 Defended; bold the hero runs,  
 And gallant deeds design'd.  
 There bravely did the hero stand,  
 His sword dealt death around,  
 But ah, betray'd, fierce Hanun's band,  
 The hero did surround.

Confounded and wounded,  
 They bore him to the ground,  
 A braver was never  
 In Israel's army found.

The Monarch's mind was now at ease,  
 And down he sail'd before the breeze,  
 On pleasures flow'r bank'd stream.  
 Forgetful of all justice, he  
 His subjects 'plaints could, would not see,  
 He glory'd in his shame.

No real friend he had so bold  
 His danger to declare,  
 Hence dawns of treason, we behold  
 His son's alluring air.

With cunning, smooth winning,  
 The commons to his views,  
 With kissings, and blessings,  
 Their minds he did seduce.

' You see to justice none attends ;  
 ' All, all's corruption, my friends,  
 ' Base men are high in place :  
 ' The public money squandered too ;  
 ' At court what glaring vices shew,  
 ' All in broad day, their face ?  
 ' Ah ! would to heav'n, I had the power  
 ' Your wrongs fot to redress ;  
 ' No more should villains you devour,  
 ' But why this wish ? unless  
 ' Your heart can, a'part can  
 ' Act equal to your pow'r ;  
 ' Your wrongs not, belong not  
 ' To me, if you endure.'

Thus Absalom the easy mind  
 Won, with the uninformed kind,  
 And traitors, one an' all.  
 And, what is wonderful to tell !  
 E'en he, the great Achitophel,  
 To Absalom did fall :

A politician more profound,  
 A greater statesman sure  
 Not trode on Israelitish ground.  
 Now Absalom's secure.

Who'd doubt now, dispute now,  
 Of Absalom's success,  
 Were deemed, esteemed,  
 A fool, or something less.  
 One honest man had still the heart  
 To warn his king, tho' he should smart,  
 And for that honesty ;

E'en Nathan, with a gentle tale,  
 Upon his king he did prevail,  
 To own his infamy ;  
 Nay, more, condemn his faults, and cry  
 To heav'n for pardon ; now,  
 The value of a friend espy,  
 His worth for once allow.

How sweet all, how meet all,  
 Did Nathan gloss reproof ;  
 How gently, how tently,  
 An' for his king's behoof.

‘ An honest man, my Liege, but poor  
 ‘ Of property, could but procure  
 ‘ One little female lamb.  
 ‘ His steps it follow'd thro' the day,  
 ‘ At night it in his bosom lay  
 ‘ As ever with its dam.  
 ‘ It with his prattling infants dear,  
 ‘ Familiar to his hand,  
 ‘ With mute endearments would draw near  
 ‘ And pat and crumb demand.  
 ‘ Mute creature, ilk feature  
 ‘ Pure gratitude did show ;  
 ‘ Sweet playing, and maeing,  
 ‘ With's children to and fro.  
 ‘ A rich and pow'rful neighbour near,  
 ‘ To feast a guest, (ah ! how severe)  
 ‘ By chance did come his way,  
 ‘ Did with imperious voice demand,  
 ‘ And then with unrelenting hand  
 ‘ This little lamb did slay.

' Mute suff'rer ! but I weep not thee,  
 ' Thy grief soon had a close ;  
 ' But ah ! the hand that set thee free,  
 ' Began thy master's woes.  
 ' Allow this, or do this  
 ' Who will, had been to blame ;  
 ' But he who did do so,  
 ' Was cruel to extreme.  
 ' For all the country round and round  
 ' Did with his flocks and herds abound.'

The monarch's patience here  
 No more could ; but with wrathful eye,  
 Said : ' He did so shall surely die,  
 ' I by the Lord do swear.'  
 ' And that same Lord declares, that thou,'  
 Said Nathan, ' Art the man ;  
 ' And with his word, I to thy view  
 ' Confess'd, his prophet stand.'

Sore wounded, confounded,  
 The monarch did appear ;  
 His trembling resembling  
 That of Belshazzar near.

It painful were for to proceed ;  
 And, friend, as ye your bible read,

It also were in vain ;  
 Rebellion, with infernal stride,  
 Came rapid on, and far and wide  
 Extended her domain.

'Tis true this was the consequence  
 Of David's wickedness,  
 But will this futile mean defence,  
 A rebel's crime make less ?

Their ways, frien', their says, frien',  
 High heav'n declares a lie ;  
 Base wouders, confounders,  
 Of order, property.

Unnat'ral russian ! black of soul,  
 Could make rebellious fury roll

On him whose heart in thee  
 Was bound : his lenity so great ;  
 He from exile thee but of late,  
 Vile fratricide ! set free.

O Absalom ! how couldst thou wage  
 Against this father, war ;  
 Infamous, cruel, was thy rage ;  
 Thus ev'ry sacred bar  
 To force thus remorseless  
 And bare, thy horrid heart,  
 All blotted (devoted)  
 To Joab's relentless dart.

Ye dupes of artful villainy :  
 Ye men of Israel, O fy !

How could you be so weak,  
 As rise in arms against your king ;  
 Well did you know his right to reign ;

You knew who dar'd to shake  
 His throne, by heav'n was marked out  
 For death, for infamy ;  
 Who shed kings blood makes hell throughout  
 Rejoice outrageously.

Who's lulled, thus gulled,  
 Yet reason exercise,  
 Is running, nay funning,  
 On death, with op'n eyes.

But Hushai now of loyal heart ;  
(For guile with guile we may subvert,)

Soon thwarted ev'ry scheme  
The rebels did adopt ; e'en thine,  
Achitophel, did countermine,  
Was prudent to extreme.

Sage politician ! knew thou not  
A genius less profound,  
When thou against thy king could plot,  
Could bear thee to the ground.

Base schemer, base dreamer,  
Thy schemes, tho' deep as hell,  
Did end there, did send where  
I blush ev'n now to tell.

The little loyal vet'ran band,  
That still their Sov'reign's just command  
Did willingly obey,  
Soon routed the rebellious crew,  
Th' unnat'ral son stern Joab slew,

O what a change that day.  
The rebels fled, a coward crew,  
Soon as their chief was slain ;  
Joab the pretender \* did pursue ;  
Soon prov'd his boastings vain.

Tho' shame here, and blame here,  
Is fix'd to Sheba's name,  
Yet here, friend, a tear, friend,  
Young Absalom does claim.

And now my friend the sum of all,  
Is, David did from virtue fall,  
I would not palliate ;

---

\* Sheba the son of Bichri of the tribe of Benjamin, de-  
minated for his rebellion a son of Belial.

His crime was of the deepest dye,  
Just on Uriah turn your eye,

Thence thence his evils date.

But was this an excuse at all  
For Absalom his son ;  
His father to account to call  
By open rebellion ?

Nor less I confess spy  
But greater, Sheba's crime,  
Aspir'd at, desir'd what  
Was lost in's house's prime.\*

Nor did their monarch's failings make  
His subjects free up arms to take

Against their lawful king :

No, no, Almighty providence,  
In the high languag'd consequence,  
Did hate the dreadful thing.

But Absalom had some excuse,  
The son, tho' not the heir  
Of's Sovereign : but, say, what the views  
Of such as Cromwell were ?

How shocking, provoking  
To heav'n such wretches be,  
We need but our creed but  
In ilka passage e'e.

Achithopel, and one and all  
That unto Absalom did fall,  
Did join a cause not good :  
But, O my soul ! what their excuse  
That enter'd into Cromwell's views,—

The thoughts do freeze my blood.

---

\* In Saul.—

Nor Joab dare we approve of here,  
Tho' Absalom did wrong,  
His judge or executioner  
Did not to him belong.

Bluid royal, disloyal  
He is who dares to shed ;  
And certes a dart is  
By heav'n aim'd at his head.  
But if high heav'n in wrath declares  
That who 'gainst guilty David dares,  
E'en tho' his son, to wage  
Rebellious war, incurs its frown,  
To what a hell of hells down, down,  
Condemned is their rage,  
Who 'gainst that mild and worthy man,  
To whom we subjects are,  
Dares or adopt or frame a plan  
Might from his throne debar.

Heav'n ever deliver  
From this my very foe ;  
Beginnings in sinnings  
To awful lengths may go.

Rab silent sat, nor anes his e'e  
Frae aff the ground uplifted he,  
The rev'rend frien' his han'  
Did tak', while Jamie led the way :  
Nor guid nor ill the three did say,  
Till on Rab's floor they stan'.

The pious man again Rab's han'  
Did tak', but scarce could say,  
' Lord, thou my heart can understand,'  
An' quickly went away.

James weepin', Rab keepin'  
 His e'e upo' the floor,  
 While meetly, discreetly,  
 Ilk servant teuk the door.

What pass'd I canna' rightly tell,  
 But soon as Rab came to himsel',  
 Some haflin' word he spak  
 About the rent ; if Rab before  
 His frien' loo'd, now he cou'd adore,—

He Peggy's han' did tak',  
 To Jamie said, ' my brither dear,  
 ' Yon frien' this wife o' mine  
 ' O help to love an' to revere ?  
 ' O gracious heav'n incline.

‘ To love so 's approve o'  
 ‘ An' practice a' that he  
 ‘ Thy servant, sae fervent,  
 ‘ Has spoke has done for me.’  
 Britons dear, o' higher station,  
 Up an' down thro' a' the nation.

Learn morality to prize.  
 Gallic principles extending  
 Is on you alone depending,  
 Wretch I were here to disguise.  
 A' men 'bove the rank o' villain  
 Leuk for an' deserve respect :  
 Wretches, tho' wi' titles swellin',  
 Naething like it can expect.

Regard but our laird, put  
 Yoursel but for a wee  
 In's place,—now ! what face now  
 To claim respect ha'e ye ?

Love a wretch, yet boast o' reason!  
Fye ! O fy ! egregious treason  
    This to a' that social were.  
Hope it not, whate'er thy station,  
Like our laird can sow vexation,  
    Hope it not, tho' India's heir.

For no reasonable being  
Ever can a wretch esteem,  
An' e'en laws to this decreeing,  
Makes the matter worse I deem.

To phrase here, were base here,  
Great matters are at stake ;  
I write but, indite but  
    For my dear country's sake.

Who boast of reason, view Affleck,  
Ilk fawning flatt'ring wretch suspect,  
    I put you on your guard :  
An' but for him I'm confident,  
Quite otherwise his life had spent

    Our young misguided laird.  
For Tamson's reverend friend direct  
Unto the laird did pass,  
When he Rab's house left, an' respect  
Unto him shown was ;

    Yes, meetly, discreetly,  
The laird to him behav'd,  
Yea treated be seated,  
    Nor less respect receiv'd.

The rev'rend man in sweetest ways,  
Yet candidly, before him lays  
    His guilt—he patient heard ;

The holy man, an ardent pray'r  
In the laird's presence utter'd there;

The laird ashame'd appear'd.

I canna say what passed more,  
But this I ken, Afflect  
Durst ne'er the laird appear before,  
While friendship an' respect

Was show'd to, bestow'd too,  
On Tamson's rev'rend frien',  
Mair—never did ever  
The laird act libertine.

Say frien', what is a libertine?  
Can ye th' ambiguous word define,

Or means it ought ava?  
A chiel, an' a guid scholar too,  
Says it means something ca'd Yahoo,

Some brute lives far awa.  
But then fou'ks, wha this lad did ken,  
Say he was unco queer,  
An' that he pleasure took a' men  
To ridicule an jeer.

They say, tho' he'd pray, tho'  
An' sing a pretty sang,  
Swift, clever for ever,  
I winna say thou'rt wrang.

Yet I am apt for to conclude,  
There may be something mair o' guid  
About a libertine.

A half-mad, hair-brain'd, thoughtless soul,  
Wha rambles thro', mad o' controul,  
Than ever can be seen

About the calm determin'd wretch,  
 Wha, like Affect, intends  
 The simple guid to over-reach,  
 For mercenary ends.

Ay striving, ay driving,  
 At some low grov'ling end,  
 'Tis here then, thy jeer then,  
 Thy satire, Swift, must bend.

Thou sayst, ' Yahoos are creatures then,  
 ' Wha in their shapes resemble men,  
 ' An' in their features too,  
 ' Their dispositions no agree,  
 ' But gi'e unto their shapes the lie.'

(Blush, blush ! wha prove this true)  
 ' Like Circe's heid, they're ne'er at ease,  
 ' Saving grubbing 'mang the dirt ;  
 ' That hunted they will climb up trees,  
 ' An' thence foul venom squirt.'

The muse here, doth chuse here,  
 To drap description keen,  
 Attain'd best, explain'd best,  
 Whar Flecks are acting seen.

But if the laird be libertine,  
 Fleck only can Yahoo define,  
 (Vile mongrel) yet we see  
 That libertines associate too,  
 (Fye shame) wi' filthy base Yahoos,  
 Tho' they cant' long agree ;  
 An' for this cause, the former's heart  
 Is not to feeling steel'd,  
 The latter's devil a' expert,  
 Hail Beelzebub unseal'd.

I fly baith, to eye laith,  
 I hope, repenting Whay,  
 'To love him, approve him,  
 Yet dread I,—muse away.  
 An' now, my dearest frien', adieu !  
 May we John Tamson's bairntime view ;  
 Approve an' disapprove :  
 Wi' real judgment quietly pass  
 Thro' life wi' James, or boldly class  
 Wi' Rab, a wee above.  
 Be quick wi' Rab, tho' it perplex  
 A villain to discern ;  
 Or quiet wi' James, for fear it vex,  
 Be fley'd ill news to learn,  
 'Bout sinking, shrinking,  
 Brow beat, wi' gen'rous soul ;  
 Or quietter, sedater,  
 That noble bent control.  
 Adieu, my frien' ! again adieu !  
 O may Britannia's females view,  
 Our Peggy, Ann, an' Jean.  
 Wi' Peggy soothe the husband's breast,  
 Wi' female saftness best exprest,  
 Whar it is acting, seen :  
 Or merrilie wi' Annie chear  
 A propos all around ;  
 Wi' repartee hurt Jamie dear,  
 Yet mak' him bless the wound.  
 Wi' sighs meet, O eye sweet,  
 Young virgins, pretty Jean.  
 I rest, Sir, confess'd, Sir,  
 Your's, an' my kintra's frien',

R. B.

*A PRAYER.*

ALMIGHTY Father, I to thee  
(For this is thy command,)  
Would, supplicating, bend the knee,  
And for my native land.

While Europe to it's centre's shook,  
Her thrones and empires quake,  
May Britons, eyeing the rebuke,  
In Thee their refuge take.

No doubt we have offended thee ;  
This, Lord, we not deny :  
None live from all offences free,  
Enthron'd, or such as I.

Yet, tho' all just, thy mercy is  
Thy attribute most fair,  
Therefore, tho' we have done amiss,  
Lord, we will not despair.

In thee we place our confidence !  
Shield thy anointed one ;  
Thou, Lord, his friend ; his sole defence,  
Firm as a rock his throne.

Disloyalty, who recommend,  
From hate, or from mistake ;  
From these, O Lord ! the power rend,  
Those from their dream awake.

The Nobles of the land, O teach  
Mild moderation, Lord !  
To all of us, I thee beseech,  
What's necessar' afford.

Those talents I from thee have got,  
Altho' they not excel,

I to my Country do devote,  
Sure of designing well.

If, with a warmth improper, I  
My feelings out have thrown,  
Let the intention, O Most High,  
For that my warmth, atone !

Since all, or more, or less, have err'd,  
High, low, and great, and small ;  
To thee our ruin have preferr'd,  
Thou'rt good,—and that is all.

---

THE  
GALLOVIDIAN BARD:  
OR  
PASTORALS, SONGS, ELEGIES, &c.

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY

THE SWAINS

ON THE

*Banks of the Luce, Tarf, Bladnoch, Maylee, Cree,  
&c. &c.*

‘Homo proprius esse verum inquisitio.’

---

I  
Y  
F  
S  
T  
A  
T  
S  
Y  
S  
E  
C  
N  
E  
S  
“  
“  
“



## THE GALLOVIDIAN BARD.

---

### BARD.

DEAR Sawney, frae the braes o' Scotia lang  
Ye hae been us'd wi' mony a bonie sang ;  
Fu' mony a hartsome pipe ye hae heard blawn,  
Sin' lang lang syne ye heard the pipe o' Gawn :  
The martial pipe o' Blair, wha Wallace sang ;  
An' yon braw pipe wi' royal Bruce that rang.  
The amiable Ramsay's muse ye loe'd ;  
Sweet Peggy stumbl'd while here Pate pursu'd :  
Ye loe'd him mair, an' frae the blast o' fame,  
Sweet Eglinton his patroness became.  
But oh ! for Ferguson I've heard ye wail,  
'Cause ye to aid him cou'd on nane prevail.  
Conscious Edina blushes at his name :  
Nor here Edina only is to blame.  
Braid Scotia, blushing, darena lift her e'e,  
But rins to Greece a precedent to gi'e.  
She owns her fau't, but tells you, ' by the by,  
‘ He wasna' the first tunefu' swain did ly  
‘ Neglected and forlorn : He wha flew high  
‘ On fancy's darin' wing aboon the sky,  
•

‘ An’ gar’d the gods declare, mair pomp to gi’c  
‘ To his Achilles, met sic fate as he.’  
That’s vera true, auld Scotia, vera true ;  
But here a question I wad spier at you :  
Did Jamie Tamson, wha sae sweetly sang,  
Meet frien’s, or met he but neglect and wrang ?  
I’ll had my tongue, auld Scotia wad reply ;  
Edina blushing, answers wi’ a sigh :  
Now real Sawney, for right mony claim  
Your name, my lad, an’ therefore are to blame ;  
I’m come to keep you just frae thinkin’ lang,  
To offer you my tributary sang.  
I sing my native streams that purlin’ rin  
Thro’ meads, ’mang craigs, or down a headlong linn.  
But ! Sawney say : what gars ye leuk sae dull,  
An’ upo’ me your tearfu’ e’e fix full ?  
I guess ye’er meanin’ lad, but never fash,  
Although but fractions fa’ the left o’ cash ;  
Hony’d content aft’ in fresh water rowls,  
Although a stranger in mair costly bowls.  
But no’ to keep ye langer in suspense  
’Bout witty povertie, or want o’ sense,  
I’ll let you hear a sang, ye’ll like the theme,  
Sung by a swain upon fair Luce’s stream.  
Dear natal stream ! glidin’ aslant the hills,  
Thy name wi’ rapture a’ my bosom fills.  
Upo’ thy banks the voice o’ nature speaks,  
Tho’ whiles thy youth descend on learned freaks ;  
But listen, Sandy, for methinks I hear  
A Lucean pipe come solemn on mine ear.

## DAY THOUGHTS, BY A LUCIAN SWAIN.

Who boast the influence of Pierian spring,  
Or Helicon, Parnass', or muses nine,  
Or Pegasean mounted, restive round  
The wilds, of fancy with unrein'd career :  
Account him not unsocial, who unknown,  
To fame, and all the elegance of song,  
Would tune his reed upon his native stream,  
Alike unknown, tho' deviating, he  
Solicit warmer influence to his lay.  
Source of benevolence, of every good,  
Thou who these daisys on my native plains  
Pours gentle yet luxurious ; modest, mild,  
Yellow profusion, sweet primrose decks  
The brier bank, or sunny underwood :  
Nor these alone, ten thousand thousand sweets  
In ev'ry dye endearing, bliss from thee,  
Far as mine eye can reach the banks of Luce,  
Pure stream to Him, whose inexhausted love,  
And lib'ral are thy source ; as soothing too,  
As are thy gentle murmurs, on the ear  
Of past'ral swain, who at the noon of day,  
Rests on thy banks, among his panting sheep :  
To Him I look, whose goodness overflows,  
(As thou thy banks at times) an universe.  
Yes, sov'reign Love, to thee I lift mine eye,  
And for assistance thou who didst inspire ;  
Isaiah till (strange truth), he by thine aid  
A prophet, sung in Evangelic strains.  
Since thou wast pleas'd upon me to bestow

The vein poetic, do thou with thy grace  
Adorn the gift, and thro' the winding lay  
May virtue reign conspicuous, garland rare,  
That does unite in one these flowers bloom,  
And by thine influence, Sun of righteousness,  
And by thine influence shall for ever bloom.

O divine Founder of the christian creed,  
Benign, whose base is mercy, goodness, love,  
Place Truth's fair form divine, conspicuous,  
Before mine eye, and give me fortitude  
To climb the steep ascent that to her leads !  
Thou guiding, not the devious paths of guile,  
Howe'er alluring, but I can defy.

Come, Sp'rit Divine ! thy saving influence lend,  
T' assist me in my song, a song which thou,  
O Holy Spirit ! can, were it thy will,  
Adorn with shining graces, graces fair  
As spangle yonder sky thy forming hand  
Did garnish with propitious globes of flame.

Great source of Good ! to thee I'd lift mine eye  
For aid to harmonise my humble song !  
Not so, thou aiding, glorious are my lays :  
Fire my genius', sublime my soul  
Above each earth-born thought, and fix mine eye,  
My mental eye, on thee, on thee alone,  
Who art my theme, my muse, my all in all !

Who quaff Pierian springs, disdain me not,  
Tho' thus I laugh your fabl'd aids to scorn,  
Your muses treat as airy nothings all,  
My theme and muse who arch'd yon azure sky.  
You smile, and whisp'ring, wink, ' enthusiast.'"  
Why, what is that to me ? so attic lore,

(Who were enthusiasts then?) did taunt Saint Paul.  
 You laugh aloud at the comparison;  
 The bard has still a precedent in store:  
 He you admire did once, Almighty Rome—  
 With what? with little Mantua compare.

But I will be polite to gain your smile,  
 Ye good, ye gen'rous, and but yours I prize:  
 Religion's true politeness? you reply,  
 O sure: why, that's the basis of my song.  
 If such the base, the structure bids for heav'n;  
 And if for heav'n, for immortality.  
 My song not proof, the subject of my song:  
 Fame's prostitutes at times can't boast so high.

To please you more, subordinate behold  
 Four little cherubs on my labours smile,  
 My mother's sons; their sainted mother too,  
 I live (so heav'n wills it) to bewail.  
 Who doom'd, as I, such relatives to mourn,  
 Not murmur at the bard's more serious song.

From which of all the foll'wers of the Nine,  
 Apollo's vot'ries, comes a soothing ray  
 Of cheering hope unto the woe-worn mind,  
 Who in this vale of tears, as I do, mourn.  
 My brethren dear, all to the grave gone down,  
 Heav'n wills not I forget our childish sports,  
 Our childish loves, nor wills I should forget  
 Her smiles approved sweet our infant glee.

Death, cruel death, unmatch'd Barbarian thou!  
 Begot by Satan on the human will,  
 At first voracious, and malignant, still  
 Preying unnat'ral on who gave thee birth.  
 Dread parricide, Satan thy father's head

Of consequence resounds the fated blow.

Who climb Parnassus' height, and tune the lyre  
To gayest airs Arcadic, O deny  
Not grief like mine one single stanza fraught  
With consolation,—I despair of joy.]

What! utter silence? yet 'tis gen'rous too,  
You not forbid me elsewhere to apply.  
How opportune! mild Seraph art thou there,  
Dear Christian Faith? of Heav'n the brightest ray.  
Yes, and she stretches forth her hand benign,  
And ope's (what glories burst upon my soul)  
The glorious prospect lies beyond the tomb!  
I gaze enraptur'd up, down, around;  
O boundless glare of bliss! nor up, nor down,  
But teems with: Say, mild Seraph, what are these?  
Thus she: 'These streams of ever-radiant light,  
' All unimpair'd thro' inexplored space,  
' Is the pure blaze of uncreated glore;  
' These wing'd myriads that you see recline  
' In heav'ly sweetness on the golden rays,  
' Are of nature angelic, and employ  
' Nine glorious orders in the rolls of bliss.  
' Hark! as the halleluiah dies away  
' From the first order, how the second catch,  
' Enraptur'd, still anew the melting lay;  
' Unceasing thus the halleluiah rings.  
' But, hark you rapt'rous hymn: "The chains of  
    death  
' Are broke; he rose triumphant from the grave;  
' Death pass'd on all, since all, or more, or less,  
' Had err'd against the monitor within:  
' But he did rise, his perfect rectitude

' Not death could claim :—Submissive, for our sakes  
 ' He gave his life, from death to set us free,—  
 ' And we are free ! O worthy is the Lamb,  
 ' That once was slain, all honour to receive,  
 ' Strength, wisdom, riches, power, glory, bliss.'  
 Join ev'ry living creature, or in heav'n,  
 In earth, or air, or sea, creation join  
 In giving honour, blessing, power, glore,  
 To the first cause of being, and to him  
 That being forfeited who did redeem :  
 Chorus, ye Angels, lend your harps to sing  
 Him from all people, kindreds, nations, tongues,  
 Redeem'd us, bless the friendly conqueror.  
 Death thou art chang'd from conqueror to drudge,  
 Thee Christian faith confounds, look here and see  
 Annihilation, immortality,  
 Annihilation, immortality !  
 Confounding to the infidel is true  
 As is the Christian scheme they call a lie.

You who the dark enigma, useful not  
 To true felicity, would still explore,  
 Prying the inner temple of the mind  
 Of deity, elect and reprobate,  
 Dread outrage ! man, the fav'rite of his God !  
 Away ! enough for me my mother was,—  
 I have her not, she lives for evermore :  
 I lov'd her, she deserv'd it, with my heart  
 I love her as a child, a child of dust,  
 Should love an Angel up above with God.  
 A parent's love, they tell me, is more strong  
 And for their offspring than is the reverse :  
 The Deity the name of parent claims

From man,—Our Father who in heav'n we pray :  
Shall not infinite mercy, mercy show,  
In character of parent, when a clod,  
With but a spark of animating fire,  
Can love a parent for her hope so high ?  
I once had brothers, now I have them not :  
They were, they are not, and now only are.

Predestinarians, dark and gloomy men,  
Away, your creed makes war on God and man.  
Is the Almighty partial ? that he is  
Your creed declares :—Blush, bigot, blush for shame :  
Who says, ' in ev'ry nation me who fears,  
' And werketh righteousness, I will approve'  
What ! mercy with stern justice reconcile !  
Omnipotence with goodness reconcile !  
Yet cannot reconcile omniscience  
With freedom or to chuse or to reject,  
In man ; and yet accountable, O fy !  
Locke thou wast lost here ; not thy eagle eye,  
Omniscience with free agency in man  
Could reconcile : that they were reconcil'd  
And act distinct, tho' demonstrative proof  
Is wanting, thy philosophy allows.

To search truth with a philosophic eye  
Is neither mine, nor is related here  
To the inquiry ; honest reason shows,  
To grant to me the blessings of his love :  
Design'd from all eternity as mine,  
And to withhold the blessings of his love !  
Design'd from all eternity not thine,  
Were nor to give me heav'n, nor hell to thee.

But if omniscience, from omniscience hid,  
Like justice' sword, held by mild mercy's arm,  
Can stop to act, or not act towards man  
For the small twinkling of six thousand years,  
Then all is just, impartial, harmony ;  
It is so : he has said it cannot err ;  
According to the deeds that we have done,  
And not according to a stern decree,  
Shall we be judg'd by him who judgeth right ;  
Or dwell with woe, or with bless'd angels dwell :  
With angels dwell, my brethren ; not with woe.  
The polish'd mirror, erst of shapeless dust,  
Was not, till from a rude confusion drawn,  
But now reflects its chymic maker, man :  
Man is too then, indeed is only then,  
When freed from all his clogs, his maker hails  
In him his image, on the shore of bliss.  
Heav'n ! blissful region ! where the virtuous soul  
Shall bloom, nor know decay : No godlike friends,  
No Jonathan and David, shall bewail,  
(Or those perhaps may please another ear)  
No Pythias and Damon, shall bewail  
Each others loss ; nor there a brother shall  
Bewail a brother ; there not virtuous love  
Shall mourn its object, nor the parents hearts  
Break for the prop of their declining years.  
Nor tender wife shall there a husband mourn,  
Nor husband mourn his faithful partner's loss :  
No public fathers shall their country mourn,  
Nor nations weep a patriot to the tomb :  
Epaminondas, Thebes shall not deplore,  
Nor Scotia view a Wallace' limbs expos'd ;

Nor there shall loyalty weep blood to see  
A royal Charles murder'd, O my God,  
Why did not thy whole vengeance ?--but I'm wrong--  
Mercy it is thy darling attribute ;  
And Cromwell's heart was open to thy view.  
In heav'n, no heart humane shall break to hear  
Of injur'd Mary, by the hounds of Hell  
Pursu'd to death, nor shall (alarming fact)  
Eliza, falsely fam'd for chastity,  
Second their views ; because the royal fair,  
As Rutland's Countess, thwarts her wrinkled love.  
Celestial bliss all boundless ! Saviour dear  
In thee I trust : I glory in the name  
Of Christian ; in that heav'nly creed I joy,  
Beyond the grave has open'd up a scene,  
A two fold scene, the one from vice to scare,  
The other to allure to virtue : both  
God's justice and his goodness to display.

Compared with the christian, hollow all  
Advanc'd by Egypt, or the Grecian sage.  
Phœnician Thales, true own'd diety,  
Eternal omniscient : who succeeds ?  
Anaximander,—tho' of Thales taught,  
‘ Said, Gods were num'rous as the twinkling stars,’  
Receiv'd their being, born like man to die.  
Anaximenes, in wild jargon taught,  
‘ The air was diety, because immense,  
‘ Because infinite, and in motion still.’  
Pythagoras for wisdom travels far,  
Yet how imperfect are his views of God,  
‘ Diffus'd and parcel'd thro' the works he made,  
‘ That human souls deriv'd from deity,

‘ Brutes animate :’ How hopeless, void of joy.  
From Italy return to Greece again,  
From Achelaus’ school : see blazing forth,  
At full meridian, human reason.—Free  
(O Socrates) of prejudice, of all  
The wild conceits were issu’d from the schools,  
‘ Pure unity of Deity,’ he taught,  
‘ Simple, omniscient, present, ev’ry where,  
‘ Almighty, good, and Virtue’s sure reward.’  
O, under such a teacher, Athens, thou  
Might have been taught a lesson the reverse  
Of that, which to thy everlasting shame  
Thou witness’d, when, with majesty of soul,  
Serene as heav’n, he drank the fatal cup,  
And fix’d his fam• immortal, than your gods.  
But what is reason ? what the brightest star,  
Before th’ ascending majesty of day ?  
Man altogether rectitude, and pure  
As angels, may with blessed angels dwell.  
The hope of reason this. But Socrates,  
What are their hopes from rectitude have stray’d ?  
Where’s the atonement ? where’s th’ enormous sum  
Can purchase freedom from the chains of death,  
More spotless make the penitent than thee ?

See Xenophon, ‘ persuasion on his lips,’  
From modesty perhaps, more likely from  
A doubt even of his glorious master’s creed,  
Which his last words to Crito might, alas !  
Leave on his previously settl’d mind,  
See him retiring to Scyllonta, there,  
In sweet retirement from the noisy schools,  
To Plato leave the academic toils,

How wildly diff'rent from mild Xenophon ;  
In Pleasure's lap the wild Cyrenian rolls.

O Aristippus ! taught of Socrates,  
Yet teach, ' As pest to fly the house of woe.'  
Soft mellowing source of all that is humane.

From doctrines such as thine what evils rise ?  
Or gods licentious ; or no pow'r Supreme.  
If Theodorus taught the last of these,  
He taught but what thy lessons did infer :  
And if he suffer'd for his impious creed,  
'Twas thee, thee only, that he had to blame.

In subtle logic, the Megarians pride,  
Or fine spun reasonings without an end,  
Bewilder'd 'midst the furor of their brain,  
They spurn Socratic simile away.  
Yet Euclid taught, ' The Deity was one,  
' Tho' diff'rent nations gave him diff'rent names ;  
' Nought opposite to goodness, to his will.'

The Eliac school next comes upon the stage :  
By Plato, Phædo's immortality.  
Establish'd firm, will flourish with his own ;  
And his shall flourish, while a spark divine  
Informs to reason ; while the balmy oil  
Of honey'd eloquence has pow'r to please.  
Behold the darling of persuasion sleep,  
Sweet infant, 'neath the myrtle's friendly shade :  
The queen of sweets, with all her subjects, wing  
Their way in air ; but not a flower round,  
Nor sweetly scented shrub, not all the sweets  
O'er which they humm'd, can their attention fix,  
Or from their airy roving can entice,  
Till, winging o'er where infant Plato lay,

Or rather infant Aristocles, they  
 In innocent succession on his lip  
 Do settle, (omen of his honey'd style)  
 Source of his surname, Apis Attica.

‘ One God ; his reason taught him to believe  
 ‘ The soul immortal ; spirits, ministers  
 ‘ Of their creator, those with this he taught,  
 ‘ Rewards and punishments await us all.’  
 But still, alas ! without the heav’nly aid  
 Of revelation, human reason errs  
 With the metempsychosis, (he imbib’d  
 And from Pythagoras) he sullied all.

While men have genius, and the tow’ring soul  
 Of Homer pleases, the Stagyrite too,  
 Shall please ; his task to guide the awful flight  
 Of epic bard, fledg’d for excursion bold  
 Thro’ all th’ aerial to the tow’r of fame.

But Aristotle’s ethics cannot please  
 The soul attun’d to virtue ; they adorn,  
 But ah, correct not man’s luxurious will.

Yet in his logic the Stagyrite’s soul  
 Probs to the bottom deep—the reas’ning art  
 In him its utmost limits surely found.—

But what, thou sage philosopher—O what  
 ‘ Eternal matter, longing for a form  
 ‘ The first of principles, the chief of three.’  
 Peripatetic labyrinth ! it’s here  
 Thou would’st bewilder, but I sigh, adieu.

Thy cynic snarlings I must disapprove—  
 Diogenes—I’m a frail erring man,—

Nor thou, severer still, with errors more  
 Must I approve—Chrysippus, medley strange,

Of contradictions form'd, as it would seem.  
Enact wise laws; with stoic firmness tread  
In Zeno's paths, (or Cicero must lie : )  
Yet make in thy philosophy the Gods  
To perish in the gen'ral wreck of things.  
Didst thou not see, that, from a creed like thine,  
Men were let loose to act the worst of crimes :  
They were let loose—yet, e'er thou own thy fault,  
Thou will admit, and of the worst of crimes,  
Self murder, incest,—shocking to repeat,  
Yea, by thy writings urg'd these on mankind.  
Yet thou, Chrysippus, of the pagan world  
Consider'd was the chief.—Since this is so,  
The pagan world I leave : I search in vain  
Thy creed the chief, for consolation there.  
Young minds beware : the fine enticing sounds  
Of satyrs, dryads, fawns, are all a lie.  
While Zenocrates, or Polemon, charms,  
O cautious weigh, and while you must approve,  
Learn too to disapprove : Yes, Plato chuse,  
But Plato also learn for to refuse.  
My mother is a tenant of the grave,  
But Socrates himself not soothes my woe.  
My brethren too : but the Stagyrite not  
Athwart the gloom affords one chearing ray.  
Down, down, thro' ages do I search in vain,  
Spurn I what's christian, I must be forlorn.  
And even 'mong those beneath its influence ;  
(But we will try) despair of finding joy,  
Tho' I'm convinc'd true joy is only there.  
Rousseau, what hast thou done, O cruel man,  
Thus in dove plumage our most deadly foe ?

What had poor man, thy brethren, done to thee,  
That thou of all mankind shouldst sap their bliss,  
And Oh ! of talents too that can attract  
And fix the whole attention, stealing mild  
Into the very heart : ah few can read,  
Ah, too too few who not thy converts prove,—  
Witness Alcander ; that brave gen'rous youth,  
Although his son that never knew to sigh,  
No, never knew to soothe a mind distress'd,  
Or give to sorrowing worth one drop of balm,  
Witness and blush : This amiable youth,  
No steely fence his father strove to rear  
Around his heart, the native current there,  
Of genuine benevolence could stop ;  
Made, O Rousseau, made cruel by thy creed.  
His mother, in his infant mind, instill'd  
That mild benevolence, must glow around  
All hearts, mild Saviour, justly taught from thee.  
She number'd now with Angels : sweet the youth  
The heav'nly dictates follow'd ; till, alas !  
His cruel father avaricious saw  
The tear of gratitude, surrounding sons  
Of woe worn merit, shed, would spoil his child ;  
Would stop at least advantaging by means  
Opposed to the precept, ' do to all,  
' As you would wish if circumstanc'd as they.'  
By duping mild simplicity the sire  
Had drawn a fortune, he had never gain'd  
From those in worldly cunning skill'd as he ;  
Nor did that wealth one fraction e'er decrease,  
By giving joy unto the child of woe.

To rob the son then of that sterling bliss  
 Arises in the mind from consciousness  
 The will of heav'n reveal'd we do obey,  
 To rob of this the father, O Rousseau !  
 Thy Wolmar put into Alcander's hand.

Almira, lovely virgin, was the child  
 Of Christian parents, in her artless soul  
 They planted seeds, unblighted, bloom in heav'n  
 Alcander saw her, lov'd her, but his soul  
 Now waver'd, Wolmar's character (supreme  
 In amiable deism) he thought  
 The very pinnacle of all was great.

' I may enjoy the loveliest of her sex,  
 ' He argu'd with himself, her love for me  
 ' So rules her soul, 'tis fully in my pow'r  
 ' To tread the steps of Wolmar : not for him  
 ' Had his Eloisa my Almira's love.'

And Wolmar's steps he follow'd, O Rousseau,  
 Seduc'd from virtue sweet Almira see !  
 Thou cannot ease her, no, thy arts are vain :  
 For like Eloisa's, not Almira's mind :  
 She felt, she sigh'd, her little darling's eyes  
 No sooner saw the light, than on her heart,  
 Her wounded bleeding and her broken heart,  
 The cold, the icy hand of death was laid !

Say, ye impartial, ye ingenuous souls,  
 Have sought for truth, coy glory shy retir'd,  
 Like Henry's rose in Labyrinthian maze :  
 Yet trac'd her out, while reason's guiding clue,  
 Directed in the laudable pursuit :  
 Say, honestly, if who we Saviour call  
 Was a state sycophant ? if his design



In all the system of morality  
He taught, and by example did explain,  
Was meant by him as ' merely an engine  
' Political, to keep mankind in awe ?'  
. Rousseau, I leave thee, for myself I judge,  
Nor for a thousand Indies would adopt,  
However specious, thy philosophy—

Nor thine, Voltaire, a late edition thou  
Of Epictetus, with additions strange,  
More to thy shame : Nor thine, Shaftesbury,  
The first of mankind that within my mind  
Could raise a doubt—' Goodness for goodness sake  
' In God ; virtue for virtue's sake in man,  
' Is sure of deism the true sublime.'

But, Priestly, who Socinus, Crellius,  
Leaves far behind, see like a giant comes  
Alone, and all the orthodox defies !  
Prodigious man—I know not what to say,  
Perhaps thy weapons may thee conquest give,  
Yet settl'd creeds 'tis dang'rous to impugn.

There is a God, I'm sure, impossible  
To look around me and to doubt of this.  
Effects to causes if we candid trace,  
We land ourselves at last in deity ;  
But has this great first cause of all reveal'd  
His will to man ? Yes, ev'ry nation cries,  
Yes, ev'ry creed, however, diff'rent cries,  
Among this vast variety, my soul !  
What shalt thou do ? where find, if found it may,  
Pure revelation ? Not the pagan maze  
Of endless fooleries can it contain.

Nor can a man, who boasts himself above  
The rank of bigot to his father's creed,  
Nor for himself enquiry ever made,  
Thine, Mahomet, adopt ; a paradise,  
Gross as the sensualist, can't reward  
The unincumber'd soul of virtue—No—

The Jewish system sounds a little harsh,  
Yet points, like tutor, with a brow severe,  
At some great end ; this the grammatic rule,  
Hard on the tyro, yet the glorious key  
Unlocks the grating door, that murmur'ring ope's—  
Slow, slow, yet op'ning still, until at last  
Thrown wide, the goodness of whole God appears,  
The promis'd SHILOH bursts upon the view ;  
To vindicate the deity, and shew  
That ours was not an unprotected world.  
And he is come, the glorious teacher's come !  
The Sent of God, of all his ways the chief !  
Yet Joseph's son—But tho' the scoff of fools,  
A crucified Jesus is my joy.  
'Tis here the infidel confounded stops,  
Dreading th' infringement of his grov'ling rules.  
Jesus his precepts all exemplify'd,  
Let mankind see 'twas possible to walk  
The path of rectitude, or, when no more  
Allow'd to do so, e'er we that forego,  
Choose, calm like him, for virtue's sake to die.  
Yet this the teacher tells the penitent,  
' O'er him heav'n joys, than numbers never stray'd,'  
Yet this the teacher tells, ' sincerity  
' Accepted for perfection is of God.'

O glorious tidings ! the Angelic hosts  
Hail'd human nature, when, with anthems sweet,  
They usher'd in the star attested Prince.  
Yes, he of heav'n exalted, is become  
A Saviour and a Prince to all mankind  
Thro' faith and patience on his coming wait.  
What all the sages of or Greece or Rome,  
Compar'd to him ? they dwindle to a foil.  
Great teacher, yet in sweet simplicity  
Of language, treats of subjects most sublime !  
He whole futurity lays op'n to the view,  
Heav'n's splendors, and the dread abodes of woe.  
A resurrection or to one of these  
He teaches to believe—comforting theme—  
Nor leaves this doubtful—for himself arose ;  
The bands of death he broke, and walk'd and talk'd  
For six whole weeks his disciples among :  
When lo ! descending Angels, like a cloud  
Of radiant glories, plainly to their view  
Receiv'd him on their plumes ; thus charioted,  
Escorted thus, their glorious master rose  
Slow in their view up the Etherial.

Gazing, as up he went, two Angels stood  
By his disciples, all in white array'd,  
And thus address'd them : ' Why stand gazing here,  
' Ye men of Galilee ? your master shall  
' From heav'n descend with Angels in his train,  
' In the same manner he ascendeth now.'  
My doubts are at an end : the Christian creed,  
Made up of goodness all, is worthy God.  
An advocate, with fellow feelings, now  
For our infirmities in heav'n we have,

Jesus ! the Mediator ! O my soul,  
 Bless God, the Lord,—to chear thee on thy way  
 Assures thee, He, who while he sojourn'd here  
 A man of sorrows was, and vers'd in woe,  
 Is now in heav'n, and there effectually  
 Does plead thy cause—And that he shall at last  
 Thee judge : while brother saints the jury form.

All all is goodness, who can hesitate  
 Commencing thy disciple, Saviour dear.  
 Who o'er the belly of such goodness runs  
 To scepticism, infidelity,  
 Is surely reft of reason—infidel !  
 Strange creature to incur deliberate  
 Good men's aversion in this world, and then  
 The frown of goodness in the world to come.

‘ Why thus rove from thy theme’ cries Phylothon,  
 ‘ Enthusiastic bard ? but still ’tis thus  
 ‘ Religious bigots dictate and condemn ;  
 ‘ I mean not now to enter on dispute,  
 ‘ But this I’ll say, of prejudices free,  
 ‘ What you call revelation I’ve perus’d,  
 ‘ And find it all a medley of confusion,  
 ‘ The thoughts all glaring puerilities,  
 ‘ Insipid bombast, repetitions dull ;  
 ‘ Convinc’d am I, that there are many men  
 ‘ Would blush to own it : How then of a God  
 ‘ (If such there be) is it the will reveal’d ?  
 Thy converse I not covet Phylothon,  
 It savours so of ignorance, if so  
 Thou really thinkest, I advise thee shun  
 Society with those who build above,  
 And herd with those who o'er their fodder low :

Whose language (for a conscious principle  
They have not) is more genuine than mine.

My Sinda, Liva, Quavo, and Arind,  
And she, dear mother of both them and me,  
Are, at this hour, to my remembrance dear,  
As when they look'd adieu ! and then, I'm sure,  
Dear to my wounded heart indeed they were.

This very memory, I am convinc'd,  
Affords strong proof they did survive the grave ;  
Else why reflection ? why not brute in full,  
Who spurn their offspring, one short month, away ?  
That disregard a shorter week from view.

‘ Your settl'd prejudices, Sir, defies  
‘ The force of argument, else could I bring,  
‘ Vouchers at least could overturn your creed,  
‘ Touching creation. The Egyptians told,  
‘ In hieroglyphics, many wondrous things ;  
‘ Witness that in his temple, fam'd of old,  
‘ Jupiter Ammon, where the rising sun  
‘ Is placed in the west, his setting rays  
‘ Adorn'd the east, of Hermes Trismigist,  
‘ These hieroglyphics form'd, or bear his name,  
‘ To Herodotus the Egyptian priests  
‘ Explain'd these figures in a wond'rous way..  
‘ How of a certainty it was the case,  
‘ That two such alterations had ta'en place  
‘ In the sun's course ; that is, he did set twice  
‘ In the same point where now he does arise ;  
‘ And twice in the same point he did arise  
‘ Where now he sets ; nor fables, Sir, are these ;  
‘ 'Tis a known fact, and you yourself well know  
‘ Astronomy demonstrates certainly,

‘ How nearly in twenty six thousand years,  
‘ These hieroglyphics certain fact explains.  
‘ If this phœnomenan th’ Egyptians had  
‘ From mere tradition, and without the aid  
‘ Of science astronomic, then ’tis sure  
‘ Mere obseration, and no learned trick  
‘ Urges this wondrous truth upon the world.  
‘ But if this was an obversation made,  
‘ And by astronomy, it must be own’d  
‘ The sciences in full perfection shone  
‘ In Egypt a full thousand years and more  
‘ Before the æra where you fix your flood ;  
‘ For Hermes, Trismigistes, all have own’d  
‘ Cotemporary nearly with the same.  
‘ Nor can you once alledge that Noah’s sons  
‘ Did bring this knowledge with them from their sires,  
‘ Th’ Antideluvians, else most certainly  
‘ They never had attempted to adorn  
‘ Their city with a tow’r, whose top might pierce  
‘ The blue ethereal, and o’ertop the sky.’

The sacred history, young man, has stood  
The ravages of time ; the best of men,  
The most refined geniuses too,  
Have from it borrow’d sentiments, and made  
Their names immortal by the plagiary ;  
(Witness Zoroaster, Plato too.)

In the beginning God created heav’n  
And earth : before was shapeless all and void.  
God’s spirit mov’d thro’ the chaotic bounds,  
And up rose worlds, and heav’ns, and suns, and seas ;  
How just, how bold, unhesitating all  
This fam’d commencement of a history.

On such a subject ! the ingenious mind  
Sees ev'ry word blaze a full sun of truth.  
But this plain way of argument, I know,  
Will not convince a grov'ling infidel.

Prophane historians here have greater weight,  
And these I think thine arguments o'erturn :  
I trace thy Trismigestian pillars back  
To those on Shinar's plains, by Noah's sons ;  
These the originals, mere copies those !  
On those on Shinar's plains we are assur'd  
The sons of Noah did th' accounts engrave  
They from their sires did receive ; if so,  
Then letters were invented e'er the flood,  
(Nor to Phœnicians ow'd their origin.)

Writers illustrious, and of famous **Greece**,  
Have told us of Deucalion, Ovid hence,  
Among the Latins, rears a wondrous tale :  
In short, 'tis universally allow'd  
That once a deluge did the nations drown :  
A deluge then did overwhelm the globe  
Before this period, it is just to think  
That men were men, and men whose genius too  
Rose to as gen'rous heights as ours their sons :  
This is allow'd ; tho' various the accounts  
Of what the Shinar columns treated, still  
It is allow'd such columns really were :  
Perhaps they treated of discoveries  
Even in astronomy : why not, I pray ?  
This to perfection more I can believe,  
Could have arriv'd from observation pure,  
By men who number'd near a thousand years,  
Than e'er a Newton's soul, tow'ring sublime,

Could comprehend, but blazing to threescore.  
What have not triflers, insects of a day,  
Who just did flutter in the glorious sun,  
And drooping, gave themselves to sport no more !  
What have they not attempted, not attain'd ?  
If almost miracles such could perform,  
What could they not, who more than half the space  
Since rose the christian aera did outlive ?

But not to hesitate : I must pronounce  
Your so renowned Egypt but a Dunce ;  
Else, why start so, at their meridian,  
For what a common school-boy can account—  
At an eclipse : nay, blush not, Phylothon.  
Egypt did gain a name in early times  
For learning, and the arts, nor less deserv'd ;  
From the more early columns on Shinar  
Egypt imbib'd all but religious lore ;  
Hence, imitating that on Shinar's plains,  
Their pyramids rose tow'ring to the sky :  
Neglecting him whom Noah did adore,  
Their God, ah ! low'd a fodder'd deity.  
Does Egypt's God, or chance, rule yonder orbs,  
That roll enormous thro' yon void of blue ?  
The least of which compar'd to this our world,  
(A star itself) As Atlas to my hand ?  
Who bids them roll, their various tours directs ?  
Each all immense,—to know his punctual round ?  
Who taught this little planet, on which we  
At present move, to move to yonder sun,  
And turn his sides alternate to his ray ?  
Who plac'd convenient out the flaming day,  
And bids him blaze within his awful orb,

And pour his casual ray, his genial heat,  
On all the worlds within his vast vortex.

And who, amazing, all confounding thought !  
Circl'd vortexes vaster far than ours,  
Hung suns and worlds out in their awful wombs—  
And who, thou child of chance, form'd Newton's soul,  
To give this information to mankind :  
What Newton might have spar'd, and still been man,  
Had made your god of Egypt rational.  
Yet, did this Newton own a deity,  
The bible own'd too, as his will reveal'd,  
And all will own it so, I'm confident,  
Whose taste is not deprav'd : I'll Moses try,  
Be so ingenious as to lend thine ear ?  
But first we note the sacred text is wrote,  
Chief to point out the path that leads to heav'n ;  
Of consequence, wrote also to deter  
From vice, whatever is unworthy man.  
Not meant to school us in the lower arts,  
Or yet the lib'r'al, tho' it not forbids  
A gen'rous emulation even in these.  
Hence, in the Pentateuch, we are inform'd  
Of all the greater events, with those truths  
All fundamental, which direct the soul  
In those pursuits that truly merit praise.  
Moses was not unversed in whate'er  
Thy wisest sages of learn'd Egypt knew :  
Rear'd up beneath the smiles of royalty,  
A royal education was his lot.  
His rank procur'd admittance to whate'er  
Were by them styl'd the sacred mysteries :

That he had genius, none have yet deny'd,  
Who yet deny his intercourse with heav'n.  
Yet where in all his writings do we find  
Geometry, the boast of Egypt trac'd :  
Or in the dust, or on the sandy shore,  
No treating matters of this nature, claim'd  
A genius less sublime : the tow'ring soul  
Of patriot rises far superior  
To triangles, rectangl'd, circumscrib'd ;  
Or triangles, right angl'd, and whose squar'd  
Hypotenuse is equal to the squares  
Form'd by the base and perpendicular :  
Give Thales and Pythagoras the praise  
Of these inventions, as they do deserve.  
Nor these can their Egyptian masters claim :  
But give to Moses, what no man withholds :  
The noblest title, ' Saviour of his Country.'  
Not all the prospects smiling from the throne  
Of mighty Pharaoh on him, can prevail,  
Can bias him from setting free his country,  
Or perish with her ; he did set her free,  
Gave her a code of laws, perhaps as good,  
Each circumstance consider'd, as was e'er  
Presented to a commonwealth on earth.  
What has your greatest characters done more,  
Your Wallaces, or your Gustavus Vasas,  
Your Solons, Dions, or your great Lycurgus ?  
Now for the amiabler traits of Moses,—  
His poetry's allow'd the boldest numbers,  
Or finest movements of a grateful soul,  
The book of Job, of which he is the author,

With lesser pieces, shew the truth of this.  
His astronomic knowledge, witness, where  
Arcturus' Orion, and the Pleiades,  
With others of the heav'nly bodies, shine  
With their true uses in his brighter page.

But you read Herodotus, so will I ;  
And richly does his works deserve perusal :  
He earn'd those genuine tears of joy his works  
Drew from Thucydides ; nor judg'd they wrong,  
At the Olympic games, when they bestow'd,  
Upon his works the title, ' Muses Nine.'

Both Thales and Pythagoras have prov'd  
The scientific ignorance of Egypt ;  
And of their deities we bring to prove  
Their grosser ignorance thy Herodotus ;  
Witness his sentiments of what the priests  
Of Heliopolis told him of the gods :  
' I am unwilling for to give the world  
' Their odd relations of their Deities,  
' Farther than of their Gods to give the name ;  
' And for this very reason ; all of them,  
' Or priests, or people, know of them alike.'  
That is, he means, they nothing of them knew :  
O modest, philosophic sentiment,  
Read Herodotus justly, Phylothon.

What Moses wrote not in a corner lay ;  
Yet who of his cotemporaries call  
In question once the truth of his assertions.  
Shrinks my Phylothon ? ' I not shrink ;  
' But this I know, my arguments were vain.  
' To reason with those of thy principles,  
' Is reas'ning with the wind, that headlong rolls

‘ In wild career, nor prudently beholds  
‘ The tow’ring pyramid full in its way,  
‘ That mocks the blusterer, and stands secure.  
‘ Nay more, to give my simile full way,  
‘ That Providence, you boast directing all  
‘ Below the moon, must surely rule the wind :  
‘ Yet by its force the temples of the gods  
‘ Lie levell’d with the dust ; and fields that court,  
‘ With golden show, the reaper’s eager hand,  
‘ Which nor the poor apparent, or distress  
‘ More real, did behold with longing eyes,  
‘ Lies useless rotting on th’ unthankful soil.  
‘ Yea, more, I’ve known the cottage of content,  
‘ Where liv’d your pious, levell’d with the ground ;  
‘ The consequence, the houseless child of want,  
‘ Or bury’d ’neath the ruins they expire :  
‘ The navies, too, of freedom, and her sons,  
‘ Dash’d by the fury of outrageous winds,  
‘ Against impending rocks, or overwhelm’d  
‘ By the high tilting billow.—Providence !  
‘ Ah ! man, man, man, thy giddy brain is fill’d  
‘ With wild confusions, worse than fairy dreams :  
‘ Thy providence, so careful o’er the just,  
‘ Defies a Newton’s soul to reconcile ;  
‘ Defies him, should he be allow’d (with all  
‘ His brother visionaries) for to take  
‘ Refuge in argument beyond the grave :  
‘ And for this obvious reason,—There, you say,  
‘ Stands Deity, who with uplifted arm  
‘ Will punish, and for ev’ry slight offence,  
‘ From which I’am convinc’d none of mankind,  
‘ (Your creed the truth) were ever wholly free.

' Like punishment my principles await.  
 ' Say which is best, continually in fear,  
 ' Debarr'd of ev'ry pleasure life can yield ;  
 ' Or, free from fear, enjoy the sweets of life,  
 ' When still to both the issue is the same.  
 ' A slave to thy wild ravings, not unlike  
 ' A man wheel'd down on an impetuous stream ;  
 ' A circling eddy next attracts, and round,  
 ' In whirl perpetual, flies the wretched man.  
 ' Ten thousand wild ideas crowd his brain ;  
 ' Resolves, and not resolves, now hopes, and then,  
 ' Tir'd or distracted, sinks in the abyss.  
 ' Strange similarity ! yet no less true ;  
 ' Therefore I shun thee, visionary man.'

Ay, and adieu sincerely, while thou spurnst  
 The hope of virtue, the foundation too  
 Of patience, sweet content, and sweeter prayer,  
 Which on us all the sacred text enjoins.  
 The sacred text fools mock at : to adore ;  
 In public ridicule, retir'd, admire,  
 Blasphemy hypocritic,—treble hell.

Bosom vicegerent of the Deity,  
 Or whisp'ring whiles, or monitor more stern,  
 Or sometimes sweet approver, thee I hail !  
 Nor shall my will, too perverse, e'er adopt  
 Schemes ripe for lunacy, thee to elude.  
 Nor will I list their converse, or be one  
 Among Circean bands ; base midnight herd !  
 Seeking to drown thy whispers, (mad resolve !)  
 Amid the dissonance of Bacchannals.  
 Nor with the fop I'll deck, and dance my time,  
 And giggle female characters away :

Nor with the deeper villain, sap their souls  
In tetes a tetes, the loudest laughs of hell :  
Nor to the hot brain'd blusterer oppose  
My precious life, to please his futile honour,  
Perhaps the savage soul of false cocquet.  
But, as at first observ'd by Phylothon,  
I run away,—I search for truth alone :  
Nor would I dictate, tho' I disapprove :  
I search for joy, my brethren are away,  
My mother too ! but, think with Phylothon,  
I mourn as those bereft of hope do mourn.

O that there should be found of Adam's race,  
A voice as his, a tongue so very bold,  
As, or deny who him a being gave,  
Or the forlorn rob of their only stay.  
You modern piddlers in philosophy,  
New-modelling the world to your minds,  
Avaunt, your cruel doctrines I disdain ;  
Nor would disdain so much, if cruelty  
To woe-worn misery they not convey'd :  
From human laws you may indeed get free,  
And, shameless, glory in the high disgrace ;  
But dare not, villains, for to tell mankind  
Jehovah is a scarecrow, rear'd aloft  
To frighten men to slav'ry, be the dupes  
Of tyrants, while you bind with huger chains.  
One day in seven Jehovah has allow'd  
The poor laborious, he can call his own :  
Nor those you tyrants call did this deny ;  
But you, ye cruel taskmasters, (and yet  
You, but you cannot blush, bawl liberty !)  
Drag forth to toil the poor laborious hind

For nine whole days on end, till, when no more,  
(For he's exhausted) can his task perform  
Reluctant on the tenth (without a ray  
Of heav'n to chear him) you do bid him sigh.

Oh ! that there should be found of Adam's race  
Such jarring voices, tongues so very bold,  
As to prescribe to Deity, or say,  
Why acteth thus Omnipotence ? poor worms,  
Whose goodness form'd you in the darksome womb ?  
What goodness; all amazing and supreme,  
Did influence Omniscience to form,  
With just proportion, those, who well he knew,  
Would, of their own accord, and in the face  
Of their own reason, exercise these limbs,  
And every gesture of that symmetry  
Of form, Omnipotence on them bestow'd,  
To a denying Him who on them shower'd  
These thousand blessings : O amazing goodness !  
Could form the tongue articulate, yet know  
That tongue was to deny his forming hand.  
Who plan'd th' idea nice, transparent, soft ?  
Or to reflect, or gently to receive  
The finest forms, all heav'nly and sublime ?  
Yet know, (O glorious knowledge worthy God,)  
Know that a traitor lurk'd in embryo,  
Yet cherish'd up the reptile to renown.  
One fibre of the brain had that nice hand  
Of forming nature but left out, or even  
Derang'd, had put it far out of his pow'r  
To mouth the heav'ns blasphemous, or give  
One squint reflection to the pow'r of God ;  
But, God in judging will be justifi'd ;

Double damnation, mercy infinite.  
' To vindicate my fame', Amyntor says,  
(And yet Amyntor owns the Christian creed,) )  
' I'd rush upon a sword, I'd quit with life'.  
Amyntor's wrong or conscience is a lie ;  
What says the restless thing ? why, let it speak ?  
I much mistake if she thy words approve.  
Conscience is not a neuter : ' Rush on swords  
To vindicate thy honour !' say, thy pride,  
Say rage, say vanity ; rush on a sword !  
Rush on the arm of deity ! thou fool !  
He, who is truth itself, fixes thy doom  
Among no common sharers of his frowns,  
As vain, resentful, base, vindictive, proud.  
A Christian thou ! no, know thy grand mistake,  
The divine founder of that heav'n struck plan  
In his example, or his precepts, owns  
No plan of conduct similar to this.  
He, suffering indignities, even he  
Thy great superior, with the arm of God,  
Nor grumbles nor resents, but, all serene,  
He for his foes pours out a fervent pray'r.  
And previous to this, his orders were  
Exactly of a piece with what he now  
To stubborns such as thee exemplified.  
Any revengeful villain, madman, fool,  
Scoundrel or fop, can curse, and foam, and fight,  
For bad give worse, or cut a brother's throat,  
But he can only claim the name of man,  
Can laugh a fop to scorn, the dark assassin  
Give to his country in a rope to swing,  
Or be an outcast, the disgrace of mankind :

True, we are justify'd, in self defence,  
To wrest the pow'r from a blood thirsty villain,  
Perhaps do more—but this not to the purpose :  
We know his orders, nothing left obscure,  
‘ Who has no sword let sell his coat and buy one’  
But with our all we part, mark the injunction,  
Even with our garments, e'er we take the pow'r  
Out of the hand of heav'n ; the very robber  
Is sacred from our touch, till once reduc'd  
To the alternative, or draw or die.

But you rush on a sword to vindicate  
Your character, and double your disgrace,  
By staking of your life against a liar :  
Fye, fye, Amyntor, surely you but jest,  
Or, if in earnest, you are to be pity'd.  
Hail, almost sacred, venerable names,  
Steele, Addison, and others as renown'd,  
Whose genius prompted you to pour contempt  
On this more honourable scheme of hell !  
Hail sacred laws, indeed, whose genius turns  
To plans all Christian, and a nation's glore,  
Her real glore, her fame, her real fame  
The smile of heav'n, the sacred text its will.  
Amyntor smiles ! why smiles my friend, say why ?  
‘ You force a smile from less jocund than me ;  
‘ Your hoary plans of conduct so do clash  
‘ With taste, with common gallantry, with all  
‘ That's honour term'd, and standards of the monde,  
‘ But chief with all defensive of our fame,  
‘ That who commence thy converts must incur  
‘ The gen'ral hiss, not undeservedly :  
‘ Why not ? some scound'rel with audacious brow

' In ev'ry public haunt, does use my name,  
 ' My character, in ways not to be borne ;  
 ' In vain I try by ev'ry art to screen  
 ' Myself from public scorn ; my very friends,  
 ' Poison'd by this invenom'd serpent's tongue,  
 ' Speak but a dry good day ; eyes wink, and point  
 ' A thousand fingers, as I pass along.  
 ' I'm shunn'd, or what is worse ten thousand times,  
 ' I meet mock pity, or false sorrow still :  
 ' Say, can I live and claim the name of man  
 ' Yet suffer such indignities ? my soul !  
 ' I'd summon out the rogue who shuns my frown,  
 ' I'd seize upon him, and or him or me  
 ' Should own the lie or fix it ever true.'  
 Ha ! saidst thou ever true ? two problems here,  
 Not intricate, that demonstration need :  
 The deity is truth, say is he not ?  
 Thou in the wrong thy sword unsheathe'd remains ?  
 Thou answers not, too hollow are thy plans,  
 Hollow and false as all satanic schemes—  
 The duel fought, thou in eternity,  
 What is the consequence ? thy opposite  
 Exults, or keen remorse preys on his soul :  
 His plan exulting, thou art not alive,  
 By future conduct to let mankind see  
 Thou could behave all contrair to his lie :  
 And more, thy mem'ry, with assiduous care  
 Is banished mankind—  
 His plan remorse, say, what avails it thee,  
 Now that thou art as to this world no more ?  
 Yea, stands indicted at the divine bar,  
 As one who foolishly enough could place

Thyself instead of deity, to crush,  
Chastise, or judge, as thy hot rage did prompt.

But, say you do chastise the slanderer,  
By sacrificing him to your revenge ;  
Nor sacrifice, nor deity, you'll find  
Upon reflection, but will sting your soul  
With keenest anguish ; and of this be sure  
There is a God more great than your revenge,  
Who can abhor all other Gods but one.  
Revenge ! hell's blackest fury, she a God !  
I blush, Amyntor, for you on my soul :  
A gnat, no not a gnat, my God allows  
Should satiate this fury, and I hope  
I as a Christian the true God adore.  
And more, the slanderer, in midst of crimes,  
Is sent out of the world by your arm,  
Push'd headlong, mad, in unrepented crimes  
Into eternity—while, had he liv'd,  
He might have prov'd a blessing to mankind,  
Liv'd to have seen the error of his ways,  
Repented, and have died a penitent ;  
And you thwart all these blessed prospects, all  
Mild Christianity anticipates.

Nor urge, society's rid of a pest :  
Nor urge, that if for such and such offence  
He then heav'n's frown met, he'd have met the same  
Die when he would ; or that his time was come.  
God may be merciful to whom he will,  
No thanks to you for that, you went as far  
As your short arm could reach, to give him hell  
But God will act to please himself not you.

How oft may one offend and I forgive ;  
 Until sev'n times ? was once a question ask'd  
 The most illustrious character appear'd  
 Below the sun ; mark you the answer well :  
 ' I do not say until seven times forgive,  
 ' But I say do so till seventy times seven.'  
 And mind, Amyntor, who this answer gave  
 Will be thy Judge, and for eternity,  
 And thee, as thou thy brother, will forgive :  
 ' Some reasons, Sir, I have for what you think,  
 ' Against right reason ; but my thanks you have ;  
 ' Ingratitude I hate, your friendship's leel,  
 ' I've prov'd it long, I'll ponder your remarks,  
 ' But for a while adieu ! what's urgent calls.

Adieu, young man : some gen'rous spirit shield  
 This sensible brave youth from calumny !  
 Or grant him fortitude, to take advice  
 From Plato, who belyed, answer'd thus,  
 ' I'll strive to live, as prove it for a lie.'  
 Ye modern academics, list your sire !  
 Ha ! laughs Encyro ! what incites thee, youth,  
 To risibility ? thy Plato nam'd  
 Thy fav'rite, and his academic groves ?  
 ' Therefore I laugh, I thought you stranger there.'  
 No, no, young man, that may not, must not be,  
 I'm to the sacred volume not a stranger ;  
 The worse my fate, its sentiments I spurn,  
 Its gen'rous sentiments, that bids me search  
 For real knowledge where it may be found,  
 Retain the sterling, not the dross retain.

How thro' the sacred volume trace St Paul :  
 Know his allusions, and their aptness know ?

His pertinent address to Attic lore  
How relish, if to Socrates unknown ?  
The beauties of his learn'd epistles, how  
Shall we e'er relish, strangers to the lands  
To which address'd their late theology,  
Mythology, and customs of their sires ?

How trace the Pythagorean notion, put  
For high solution to the Son of God ?  
‘ Was’t for his own, or for his parents sins,  
‘ Committed previous to his birth, he’s blind ? ’  
To know the answer in its bless’d extent,  
We first of all the Samian sage must know.

To Christianity we owe our all ;  
Feudal barbarity on its approach  
Has fled my native country ; mildly shines  
The sterling virtues, gratitude and love.  
But, chief of all, her head encircled round  
With rays of glory, Liberty appears :  
Sublim’d upon a throne, more precious far  
Than his at Agra, see the goddess sit,  
In converse with her fav’rite mighty George.  
Yes, there she sat, O I remember well,  
When faithless nations, with her rebel sons  
Leagu’d, to curtail her blessings to mankind.  
How she, disdainful, from her fav’rite’s hand  
The reins Columbic pull’d, and frowning said :  
‘ Ungrateful go, I nurs’d you in my lap,  
‘ I rear’d you to maturity, and shed  
‘ The blood of Britons, you to guard from harm.  
‘ But why, my good vicegerent, do you mourn ?  
‘ You bless’d them with my blessing to the full,  
‘ Till they forgot, (as who ’gainst Hea’n rebel,)

‘ Thy guardian goodness, rear’d them up to view,  
‘ Why mourn then that ingratitude disclaims  
‘ Thy rightful sway ? ingratitude, e’er now,  
‘ Has spurn’d Jehovah, for a furious Saul.  
‘ Dread not, my son, who the ungrateful prompt  
‘ To act rebellion, Britain is my home,  
‘ Thy throne I guard :—The Goddess said, and shook  
The world of waters to the welkins cheek,  
Louder than seven fold thunder, then her voice  
She rear’d, and cry’d, ‘ surrounding Europe hear,  
‘ Britannia is my home, here do I dwell,  
‘ Here tend my guardian oaks, and counsel George :’  
So saying, Britain’s thunder roar’d aloud,  
And hush’d a jarring world ; O glorious sound !  
Something like heav’ns, indeed, thy thunders speak  
Terror to insolence, to justice joy.  
O glorious sound indeed ! tho’ here I mourn  
A mother’s loss, the best, the kindest sure,  
E’er own’d the name ; and infant brothers four,  
Sweet little cherubs, liv’d not to offend.  
Tho’ these I jointly with a father mourn,  
(Whose character’s my glory—Honesty—  
Tho’ these with him I mourn) I’ve cause to joy  
Here on my native Luce, safe and secure  
I sigh my woe, among my fleecy care,  
Or cheer my drooping spirits with a hymn  
To him who gave me being, gave me more,  
Gave me to hope I meet with those again,  
For whom he not forbids me here to sigh :  
Yet bids me, if I love for whom I mourn,  
To live all christian we may meet with joy :  
And live I christian, I my King behold,

Tho' high exalted on Britannia's throne,  
Smiling like pow'rful angel once, whose foot  
The roaring world of waters had in vain,  
With all its owns, attempted for to shake :  
As vain the attempt, that on the Continent  
Had an assembled world try'd to move.  
In smiles, thus pow'rful (for a rightful reign  
Whole Godhead guards, with seraphs on a par)  
My King poor me (as great Argyle) protects ;  
As his my principles, and fleecy flock.

Great God, I thank thee I have tasted woe,  
It calms the mind, wild passions it subdues,  
And gives to reason back her sober sway,  
Gives to reflect, recount what I enjoy.  
And what am I, O divine goodness, what !  
That thou on me, unworthy me, has shovr'd  
Ten thousand blessings worthier than I,  
Yea worthier far, did lack, and wish'd in vain :  
To me, what nor or Egypt, Greece or Rome,  
Dar'd not to hope, thou gives in full to know :  
Not Ganges, Brumas purifying flood,  
Can boast admirers, native Luce, like thine :  
That, to the swains who in its waters lave  
Is deity, we thank who gave us thee.  
Who gives us all, even mental liberty :  
Nor speech demonstrates this, is stinted here.  
On thee my native stream, and free as thee  
I rove about unaw'd, my mind as pure,  
Or (thanks to heav'n, and to the genius too  
Of thee my country) when my troubled mind  
Like thee, dear river, bursts its proper mounds,  
I'm still secure—no ghostly fathers rear

The dread tribunal, inquisition fell,  
 Or on my shoulders throw the fatal robe,  
 Painted with upward flame, dread earnest soon,  
 Of what the painter wept, to represent.  
 No, British laws, like gen'rous British hearts,  
 Like heav'n its origin, can greatly good  
 Look o'er my failings, pity my mistakes,  
 My words unguarded know, but can reply :  
 ' What unto heav'n belongs is none of mine,  
 ' To his own master let him stand or fall.'  
 As thou, O native Luce, (in windings sweet  
 Thro' pleasant meads, o'er pebbles, headlong rocks,  
 Or shaded deep with brambles, tow'ring trees,  
 Or castle tow'ring gothic,) runneth on,  
 Until at mother ocean thou arrive.  
 So I as thou ; thro' many windings too :  
 (Thro' pleasant Greece, o'er Ind', and headlong Alps,  
 Or shaded whim, or lore, of Nilus land,  
 Or Gothic ruins of the human mind.)  
 May run until I land in Palestine:  
 And landed there, I'm still at liberty,  
 For to interpret, or Messiah's words,  
 Or his disciples', as my reason tells  
 Is likeliest their intention primary.  
 ' Of that day, or that hour, angel nor man,  
 ' Not even the Son, but he the Father knows.'  
 These words I may with Jesuits expound ;  
 Or with thee, awful Priestly, feel the rage  
 Of stormy bigots, never capable  
 To prob the flow'r, or suck the sweets as thou.  
 One thing is certain ; and for this I'd die :  
 There's one first cause, one faith, baptism one ;

These no enigmas ; and of this as sure  
Where mystery begins, religion ends.

Nor of the following truth convinced less :  
Who have a desp'rate cause are ever known  
To be the multitude : since time began  
This truth has held, perhaps it ever will,  
Who have a desp'rate cause, fair weapons lack,  
So with the Jews, vocif'rate 'crucify'  
But I'm a Britain ! mine is Britain's King !  
I will subject me to my Country's laws :  
My conscience, if but free as touching Heav'n,  
I as a Christian must these laws obey ;  
My conscience, then, is free as touching Heav'n,  
Therefore I'm subject to my Country's laws.  
Yes, free as he Britannia's sceptre sways,  
I search for truth upon my native stream :  
When found, or when I think I have her found,  
I may practise, secure beneath his sway.

Away then, discontented factious men,  
Your harsh discordancies, upon mine ear  
Grates as the rumbling sounds of Tophet, when  
Deluded parents gave their first-born sons  
To Moloch's burning bosom, to bespeak  
His favour, claim'd the cruel sacrifice :  
To give into your ravings, Heav'n declares  
Were to devote my offspring (Britons hear !)  
Unto a fate like theirs, more cruel far.

SANDY.—Your Lucean swain, bard, pleases unco  
weel ;  
He seems t'have been a weel informed chiel' :  
He seems his mither's memory to mourn,  
An' brithers four, wi' a instructive turn :

Grief looks about for hope, an' a' the min'  
 Ransacks, at hame o' comfort first to fin' ;  
 But doubts an' fears start up, for a before  
 In beuks or men, we chanced to explore,  
 Rise to our view, we eager grasp at a',  
 But if the bough be weak, we catch a fa' ;  
 Yet up again we start, an' grasp again,  
 That failing too, in doubt a wee remain :  
 We prob our doubtings to the bottom, now  
 We find them whim, our search again renew,  
 Till, at the last, returning hame we fin'  
 A', a' we sought for in an honest min'.  
 Frae the complexion o' his moral sang,  
 Your Lucean swain conducts him a' alang,  
 As I ha'e said : But wha are thae we see  
 Approaching there, wi' tears in ilka e'e ?

BARD — Its Gallovidia's genius : ah ! forlorn,  
 His train by a' his weeping peasants born :  
 But, Sandy, let us draw a little near,  
 Auld Gallovidia speaks ! O let us hear !

---

*GALLOVIDIA AND HIS PEASANTS MOURNING.*

AN ELEGY ON THE LATE EARL OF STAIR.

GAL.—WHEN Heav'n bestows upon a fav'rite land  
 Mild Sov'reigns, and a patriotic band ;  
 The distant Subjects of that empire find  
 'The circ'ling blessings with a grateful mind ;  
 Gratefully ardent the meanders trace,  
 And find the source in some illustrious race ;

Then musing, lift to Heav'n the glist'ning eye,  
 Mindful of fate, that man is born to die :  
 But mindful too, nay, it is their desire  
 George should look down superior to empire :  
 That Stair should rise superior to the smile  
 E'en of Britannia's King, her Statemens' guile ;  
 To where bold truth, that harsh in Courts appears,  
 Shall, as its divine origin, shine clear.  
 No subtle villains, no enthusiasts there,  
 Leagu'd into parties 'gainst th' immortal Stair ;  
 But Angels, Brunswicks, and Dalrymples join ;  
 Immortal names ! names only not divine,  
 Amid the rays of truth eternally to shine.

PEA.—Eternally to shine ! (exclaim aloud  
 The friends of virtue, and the weeping crowd ;)  
 Is our lov'd King, is steady Stair retir'd,\*  
 Are both, or either, gone where worth's admir'd ?

GAL.—Your King yet lives t' his grateful sub-  
 jects pray'r,

Heav'n proves propitious, but the virtuous Stair—

PEA.—Ah ! what of him ? but nay, O God, we

own

Thy goodness vast, since George yet wears the  
 Crown.

When thy two fav'rites thou removing were,  
 'Twas kind to leave us George, and take but Stair.

GAL.—Yet (selfish Gallovidia weeping cries,)  
 To bless us more I grudge my Stair the skies ;  
 A Father, Friend, Protector, ev'ry name  
 Sacred to virtue, all Heav'n's fav'rites claim :

\* His Majesty was indisposed at the time of his Lordship's  
 decease.

My public grievances he did redress  
 Or palliate, nay, did indeed make less :  
 The poor man's private friend,—nay, do'nt forbear,  
 Ye good distress'd, his mem'ry claims your tear.  
 Such tears as yours, e'en heav'n itself must view  
 With pleasure ; your emphatical adieu,  
 Stair must with pleasure hear, if saints can pause  
 The Hallelujah, heav'n has gen'rous laws.

PEA.—Yes, we must weep, our dear, dear, Lord  
 inurn'd,

When late his counsel our mad senate spurn'd ;  
 George had his tear, and he to us return'd,  
 And us he bless'd, and o'er Britannia mourn'd.  
 He, prudent sage, saw Britain madly throw  
 A world away, or to her nat'r'lae foe,  
 These arms victorious, his great Uncle \* bore,  
 Hero, renow'd to ev'ry hostile shore.  
 He saw Britannia 'gainst her offspring turn,  
 And civil war, Gauls laugh, most madly burn :  
 Great shade ! from thy exalted bliss look down,  
 For surely real bliss is all thine own.  
 Yet deign to look ? but why ? why thus ingrate,  
 Why wish thee happy at a later date ?  
 If public fathers private virtues are,  
 What constitute heav'n's fav'rites happy Stair.

GAL.—Just are your wailings, free as heav'n from  
 blame,  
 No wonder that your anguish is extreme ;

---

\* Field Marshall Stair, remarkable for his valour and for his splendid entry into Paris, when Ambassador to the Court of France.

Who, living, made the gen'ral good his aim,  
 The gen'ine tear at death must surely claim :  
 Heav'n's sweetest smile they have for Stair who sigh,  
 No incense meeter to a Gabriel's eye :  
 The tear of gratitude shines brighter far,  
 In heav'n's pure eye, than noon's resplendent star.  
 Indeed it does ; but see heav'n's gates expand  
 To welcome Stair, a grand celestial band,  
 Kings, patriots, virtuous senators, appear ;  
 A godlike race see smiling in the rear,  
 Who say " Our kinsman, welcome, may thy Son  
 " Find welcome here as thou and we have done :"  
 Hymn'd sweet the heav'nly band, I cease to gaze,  
 Virtue rewarded ! blaze vast glory, blaze.

SANDY.—God's will be done—yet oh the loss is sair,  
 We feel—sustain, in parting wi' our Stair ;  
 Yet if his son be still his virtue's heir,  
 But why a doubt—nought base can cleave to Stair.  
 Their title, like the Patriarch's ladder, stands,  
 Earth prop'd its top, held by an angel's hands,  
 On which the chiefs of the Dalrymple race,  
 Subliming, mount to heav'n their native place.  
 But, bard, what mean thae wailings I do hear  
 Upo' the banks o' Tarf, I fear, I fear  
 The rev'rend Hunter's taken up on high,  
 Sure nothing less my swains, thus could make sigh :  
 Thus weep, lament—Ah ! on Tarf's banks, see there  
 An ancient swain, he seems oppress'd wi' care ;  
 I dread, I dread, what makes him thus lament,  
 But hark, in words his sorrow he does vent.

TO  
THE MEMORY  
OF THE TRULY EXCELLENT MAN,  
THE REVEREND MR ROBERT HUNTER,  
LATE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IN KIRKOWAND,  
GALLOWAY.

---

Thou 'mongst the most illustrious names shalt stand,  
Bless'd humanizer of a savage band :  
Heav'n looking round among mankind, did view  
A race unsocial, a rough boist'rou\* crew.  
So lost to ev'ry feeling call'd humane,  
A brother's corp-e address'd their hearts in vain ;  
Their brutal fury o'er a father's urn  
Would burst indignant, in wild outrage burn.  
Thus, all inhuman were the barb'rous race,  
O'er whom heav'n did thee, awful Hunter, place ;  
Heav'n saw thee calculated to subdue,  
To civilize this all ferocious crew :  
Thy awful countenance, thy equal mind,  
Thy resolution, so by grace refin'd,  
Thou could, as heav'n unshaken, persevere,  
At last their minds subdued were to fear.  
Thy just delivery, thy discourses clear  
Nerv'd, with a pathos heav'nly, tho' severe :  
Thy subjects chosen and conducted so,  
(For thou thy whole parishioners did know.)  
All felt the gospel satire in their turn,  
(For rough's they were, they not the gospel spurn)

Unknown to myst'ry, thy discourses shone  
To pedantry, to all, not heav'n, unknown.  
Sometimes (thy heart in heav'n) thy words would  
glow

With raptures but a saint of God could know :  
Thy surly audience, at the last, began  
To think thee, tho' severe, a worthy man.  
Thou still persisting, steady, (labour vast !)  
The rough barbarians knew to blush at last.  
O wond'rous man ! could thus thyself invert,  
For frowns I know, were foreign to thy heart :  
Thy heart, the m'ldest milk of human love  
Contain'd, for those thy secret friendship prov'd.  
Yes, thou best copy of thy Master, knew  
Or when to frown, or to unknit thy brow.  
Like great Saint Paul, thou couldst to all mankind,  
Be that exact could lead to heav'n the mind :  
With moral worth in rags could jest and smile,  
But never wretch could thee to mirth beguile.  
For ever, ever, thou wast found the same,  
Unshaken still, unbiass'd in thy aim.  
A gen'rous, steady, an endearing friend ;  
To worth all balm, when bounty thou'd extend.  
The kindest husband, fondest parent too,  
As well, who stood in these relations, knew.  
These softer features of their Pastor shown  
To a few converts, proud they made it known.  
Others reform'd, to gain thy favour too  
All strove to be of the respected few ;  
Till, at the last, the emulation spread  
From man to man, from Hall to humble Shed :

Till heav'n and thee at last, delighted, saw  
 Thy flock subjected to the Moral Law,  
 All honest, orderly, and civiliz'd,  
 All Christians true, unmasked, undisguis'd :  
 No parish round half so humane as they ;  
 This well I know, and therefore well can say.  
 But thou thy high reward art reaping now ;  
 The work is done was given thee to do.  
 And yet, to keep us steady in the road,  
 We could have wish'd thee longer from thy God :  
 But I'm ungrateful ; your companion then,  
 Ye Angels take, our Pastor, best of men.

SANDY.—Nor to you, Angels, was it ever giv'n  
 To see a worthier tread the courts of heav'n.  
 But, Bard, some melancholy strains I hear,  
 From Bladnoch's banks, salute my willing ear.—

TO

## THE MEMORY

OF THAT

MUCH REGRETED, AND JUSTLY LAMENTED YOUTH,  
 BASIL WILLM. DOUGLAS, LORD DAER.

THE solemn eve, with silence all around,  
 Inspir'd with awe, with something so profound,  
 Methought I trode on consecrated ground ;

Be calm, my soul !

With fortitude inspir'd, serene delight !  
 I now advanc'd ; broad orb'd, the queen of night,  
 With all her starry train, rose on my sight

'Tween either pole ;

Thro' solemn shade of wide-spread ancient trees,  
Did, pausing, rustle to the passing breeze,  
With sparkling stars a-top ; by slow degrees  
I did advance.

Now Bladnoch's murmurs did salute mine ear,  
All moon and stars its purlings did appear,  
Deep, deeper glimm'ring as I drew more near,  
Vaulted expanse !

There stood I pond'ring, when by chance mine eye  
I turned upward to the twinkling sky,  
And, thence, descending, awed, did espy

A glorious light :

My heart here felt a momentary shock,  
A glorious form forth from the radiance broke,  
And, slow advancing, with a smile thus spoke :

‘ O the delight

‘ I feel, traversing up and down the sky :  
‘ At the commandment sweet of the most high,  
‘ From earth to heav'n, from heav'n to earth I fly,

‘ ‘ Enraptur'd still :

‘ My message now, to teach thy verse to glow,  
‘ Far other heights of elegiac woe  
‘ Than heretofore sublimer Bards could go,

‘ Or had the skill.

‘ The name of Douglass is a name renown'd,  
‘ Their fame familiar Europe all around ;  
‘ Where'er you turn their trophies do abound ;

‘ O wond'rous name !

‘ Trace Scotia's annals, and you there will find  
‘ In Douglas' name all virtues are combin'd,  
‘ The heroe by philanthropy refin'd,  
‘ Man's higest aim.

' I am the guardian of the Douglas' name,  
 ' Or, rather, pleas'd behold their ev'ry aim,  
 ' By which, e'er I, their virtues they proclaim  
     ' In heav'n above :  
 ' For there before me, tho' an angel I,  
 ' That in a moment can traverse the sky,  
 ' Their mighty virtues glance quick like the eye  
     ' Of piercing Jove.  
 ' This day to Heav'n I quick as lightning flew,  
 ' Its gates flew open, astonished I did view,  
 ' That ev'ry Angel well my Douglass knew  
     ' E'er he came there:  
 ' They chorus'd as we enter'd, " Angels sing  
 " Our darling's soul it is upon the wing,  
 " New joy to heav'n the glorious youth will bring,  
     " You're welcome, Daer."  
 The beauteous seraph scarce had utter'd Daer,  
 When a deep groan I heard behind me there,  
 Then, ' woe is me,' sigh'd heavy thro' the air,  
     I turned me round ;  
 When, lo ! in tears, before me full did stand  
 A venerable form, with air so grand,  
 He did my whole respect at once command ;  
     I quickly found  
 'Twas Gallovidia ; for, ' My darling's gone,'  
 He solemn said, then pausing, gave a groan.  
 ' Then oh ! my darling boy,' he sigh'd anon,  
     ' My pride, my joy.  
 ' Ah ! I had hop'd that bless'd millennium near,  
 ' When Heav'n transplanted from its native sphere,  
 ' Was to commence the blissful æra here,  
     ' My godlike boy !

“ ‘Twas thee, ‘twas thee did these fond hopes inspire,  
‘ So fraught with human kindness, a desire  
‘ All should be happy ; I thought the empire  
‘ All grace begun.

‘ For in that bless’d millennium I’m told,  
‘ Isaiah’s page the poets age of gold,  
‘ Is to be realiz’d a thousand fold.

‘ And thou my son

‘ Enraptur’d saw I, eye the humble cot,  
‘ (Where silent poverty, the narrow lot  
‘ Assign’d by Heav’n with not a tear did blot,)   
‘ Anon, alone.

‘ I saw thee enter, saw the strange surprise  
‘ That glistened grateful in mute virtue’s eyes,  
‘ I heard their pray’rs, for thee strip’d of disguise,

‘ When thou wast gone,

‘ I heard the child of poverty and care,  
Weep when alone,” “ Lord, bless thy darling Daer,”  
“ Our staff, our stay” (frail tott’ring age’s pray’r,)   
“ His life prolong.”

‘ I saw thee active, croud thy virtues by,  
‘ Fast, fast preparing for thy native sky ;  
‘ Thy mental vigour, like a prodigy,

‘ For ever strong.

‘ I saw thee, oh I saw thee, great, ‘tis true  
‘ By birth, but what ! this was below thy view.  
‘ Thy goodness,—oh ! sweet Angels, known to you

‘ He was my Daer.

‘ You have him now up in your bless’d abode,  
‘ As you the path benevolent he trode ;  
‘ I must not grudge him to a gracious God,

‘ Tho’ Selkirk’s heir’.

Ceas'd Gallovidia ; when within my view,  
Hundreds of poor, still weeping, nearer drew,  
O Daer, bless'd shade, dependants all on you ;  
They groan'd, they sigh'd,  
‘ What shall we do ? alas ! what shall we do ?’  
They cry'd ‘ and yet our darling's happy too,  
‘ But selfish we, thy goodness still review,  
‘ Our Daer, our pride.  
‘ Yet thou art where our pray'rs did wish thee to,  
‘ But sooner gone ;—O God our hearts thou knew,  
‘ And yet we cannot, cannot say adieu,  
‘ Our pray'rs to prove.  
‘ O he was good, his sweet humility,—  
‘ Meek copy of perfections self on high,  
‘ Who, while on earth, the good distressed's sigh,  
‘ Mild did remove.  
‘ Yes, Daer like him was humble, like him, too,  
‘ Could keep his station, none our darling knew,  
‘ But awed, pleas'd, did greatness, goodness view  
‘ In him combin'd.  
‘ But, gracious Heav'n, we will submissive be,  
‘ Though we despair such excellence to see  
‘ Again on earth :—No, no, O Daer, in thee  
‘ All virtues join'd.  
‘ Thou wast a benefactor, brother, friend,  
‘ A patriot.—Here the Angel did extend  
His hand, and said ; ‘ Ye sons of men attend,  
‘ An Angel, I,  
‘ Th' appointed guardian of the Douglas' name,  
‘ My pleasant task their actions to proclaim,  
‘ Their virtues I'd have said, but all's the same,  
‘ Above the sky.

“ The Angel there appointed to record  
 ‘ The virtues of your now deceased lord,  
 ‘ Proclaim’d :’ “ The book assign’d, another word  
     “ Cannot contain.”  
 ‘ He said, and instantly my orders were,  
 “ Swift fly to earth, bring home our darling Daer,  
 “ The work assign’d him’s done.” I cut the air  
     “ The earth to gain.  
 ‘ But scarcely half way down th’ ethereal,  
 ‘ When Daer I met, eager exploring all  
 ‘ The worlds around, with wing angelical,  
     ‘ In Co. we flew.  
 ‘ His active soul clay-clogged did surprise,  
 ‘ But then let free, from sun to sun he flies,  
 ‘ Soon versed in Creation ; quick we rise  
     ‘ Its source to view.  
 ‘ I shouted ; Angels ope’? A brother new !  
 ‘ Heav’ns gates flew wide, astonish’d I did view,  
 ‘ That not a seraph but my Douglas’ knew,  
     ‘ E’er he came there.  
 ‘ They chorus’d as we enter’d, “ Angels sing,  
 “ Our darling’s soul it is upon the wing,  
 “ New joy to Heav’n the glorious youth will bring,  
     “ Your’re welcome Daer.”

SANDY.—Luce’s, Tarf’s, Bladnoch’s swains hae tast-ed woe,

Now to the humble banks of Kett we go,  
 Sae modest, gurgling thro’ a fertile lan’,  
 Tho’ ancient Whithern on its banks does stan’.  
 Wi’ rev’rend ruins o’ thine ancient pile,  
 Holy saint Ninnian, raz’d by bigots vile ;  
 But listen, bard, methinks the strains o’ woe  
 I hear ; yes, yes, too soon the cause we’ll know.

TO  
 THE MEMORY  
 OF  
 A D M I R A L S T E W A R T,  
 LATE OF GLASSERTON, GALLOWAY.

---

Our best of friends, alas ! is now no more,  
 A seraph now he strikes the heav'nly lyre ;  
 Yet tho' thus bless'd, our loss we must deplore,  
 Yea, mourn the more that we his worth admire.

While yet a youth, his ardent bosom burn'd,  
 All hero, Britan's Navy charm'd his soul ;  
 Upon her guardian oaks his eyes he turn'd,  
 Whose thunders awe a world from pole to pole.

‘ Shall I,’ he cry'd, ‘ a loit'rer live unknown ?  
 ‘ Hence base inglorious thought,’ and active flew  
 To where Britannia's fleet in canvas shone,  
 And join'd himself unto the jovial crew.

His active mind, like lightning, instantly  
 Made ev'ry part of seaman-ship his own ;  
 He scorn'd degrees, to know progressively  
 Was to his active character unknown.

The day of danger ever found him brave,  
 Calm and determin'd, ever he appear'd,  
 Tho' quick as thought to act ; he orders gave  
 So cool, he to the crew himself endear'd.

The muse has heard of Britain's gallant sons,  
 Who under him pour'd thunder on the foe ;  
 Declare a braver tar, not Britain owns,  
 Than he whose urn has fill'd our hearts with woe.

Illustrious shade, thus the ingenious muse  
Recounts thy worth whilst thou did plow the main,  
And while thy character she thus reviews,  
Would lall her woes, to sigh afresh again.

But not intrepid valour on the main  
Completes thy character, illustrious shade !  
The amiable traits untouched, remain,  
And, peaceful muse, here lend thy gentle aid.

Thy country's welfare ruled all thy heart,  
Hence we behold around thy native seat  
Rich agriculture, prime of ev'ry art,  
Where Nature, smiling, glories to retreat.

Thy gardens too, that art's perfection show ;  
Thy roses blush to find the i'let near :  
All Nature did a strange amazement glow,  
When she beheld thee a new Eden rear.

Beneath thine eye, thy beauteous mansion rose,  
In boldest architecture, to the view,  
While round the justest elegancies shows  
Thy walks ; thy,—but thou art above them now.

Like him, the ornament of ancient Rome,  
The pinnacle of all was great thou knew ;  
Yea, like him too, around thy native dome,  
Thou with a hero's hands could guide the plough.

And what did add true dignity to all,  
What made thy glory ev'ry way compleat ?  
The voice of true distress did never call,  
But did in thee a benefactor meet.

O wondrous man ! alas ! a man no more,  
A seraph now thou strik'st the heav'ly lyre ;  
But, tho' thus bless'd, our loss we must deplore,  
Yea, mourn the more that we thy worth admire.

If that the laws of thy now bless'd abode—  
 Allow a visit to this vale of woe ;  
 O do, ask leave of thy indulgent God,  
 To help to dry these tears that for thee flow.

O in the pleasant dreams of those who weep  
 Their loss in thee, to cheer, unveil thy glore :  
 Thy amiable spouse and children keep,  
 Their Guardian pilot to the heav'nly shore.

Whiles thou approyes of gratitude the sigh,  
 Or while of theirs to whom thou wert most dear ;  
 Be pleas'd, bright soul, and from thy bliss on high,  
 T' approve the Elagiac muse's tear.

**SANDY.**—Bard, 'mang the wild heath, yet our  
 Maylee flows

Unvisited ; I feel her Naiads woes.  
 Neglected river ; yet it merits praise,  
 Not less than Dee did her Nathaniel's lays. \*

E'en now, when he's no more, the swains on Dee  
 Chant still his " Mary, weep no more for me."  
 His gentle lays posterity shall know,  
 Shall sweetly sing, till Dee shall cease to flow.  
 Mild philanthropic bard, yet strange to tell,  
 He sung neglected loves like Philomel.  
 But Nature's simple glories woo'd his soul,  
 And he admir'd, nor met he of control ;  
 Yea, his description of her sweeter charms,  
 Declar'd no prude, deserv'd to fill his arms.  
 But he's, alas ! nae mair, his lyre's unstrung,  
 Nane dares to tune it, and my Dee's unsung ;

---

\* Reverend Mr Nathaniel M'Kie, late minister of the Gospel Crossmichael, whose beautiful poems are well known.

Unsung, said I ? nay, sure her swains shall know  
To chant his lays, till \* Dee shall cease to flow.

BARD.—That Maylee claims as sweet a song as  
Dee

I do acknowledge ; but, alas, I see  
An inability to imitate  
The fair example ye before me set.  
But I will try, if but her Naiads smile,  
For Maylee's genius now is an exile,  
Self banish'd, but before he bid adieu,  
He thus address'd me : ' If, O bard, you view  
' My charge, my Maylee, chant her, sing her praise  
' For a' time past ; but these degen'rate days  
' O touch not ;' here his eyes wept blood, his hand  
He wav'd, an' sigh'd, ' adieu my native strand !'

SANDY.—Alack aday what dolefu' news ye tell,  
Has Maylee's genius bid his stream farewell ?  
O Bard, describe his form ; and if you know,  
O tell me a' the cause o' a' his woe.

BARD.—His gracefu' form should I aright describe,  
Too weak were a' the pens o' a' my tribe :  
Let it suffice that Maylee's Genius owes  
Little to art, in vain the blushing rose  
The most luxuriant fancy would adorn,  
Its native hue would laugh the fool to scorn.  
But this his simple dress apparent, I  
To's mental qualities dare not apply.  
The russet heath that on the wild waste grows,  
Contains more honey than the scarlet rose.  
In short, his dress and soul alike, were free  
From polish'd cunning and barbarity.

---

\* Dee, a river of Galloway.

The hour for genius is at early dawn,  
 E'er nature's shackled, or curs'd rules be drawn.  
 Witness the awful Ossian, mighty mind !  
 Auld Scotia's glory, tow'ring, unconfin'd :  
 Prodigious Bard ! a Morar \* may arise,  
 But ne'er an Ossian to immortalize.—  
 Impossible : since fate does not decree  
 Poetic fire to the banks of Maylee.  
 And e'en now there, the false refinements gain  
 Ground ev'ry day, and, ah ! their ground maintain :  
 As witness can the cause, the direful cause,  
 For which the genius of the stream withdraws.  
 Soon as he bid his murmur'ring charge adieu,  
 I ask'd at all I thought his reasons knew :  
 Some laugh'd uncouth, an' cry'd, ' Pugh, never  
 mind ;  
 ' The neigh'bring gallantries their way do find  
 ' To Maylee's banks : and, Bardie, soon you'll see  
 ' What *tete a tetes* will owe to our Maylee.'  
 Some sigh'd ; yet said too, lightly, ' Bard, this  
 storm  
 ' Of vice is dang'rous ; but we hope reform.'  
 Some weeping, cry'd, ' O Bard, why were we born,  
 ' To know the Genius of our stream forlorn ?  
 ' An exile, by a villain banished ;  
 ' But all in vain the bootless tears we shed.'—  
 But Maylee's swains approach us : lend your ear,  
 My Sandy, and the piteous tale you'll hear.

---

\* One of the heroes of the Bard of Moryen.

THE CHARACTER  
OF THE AGED POLEMON, (THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND)  
AND HIS WOES ARE FAITHFULLY DESCRIBED  
BY THE SWAINS, AS FOLLOWS :

---

OUR ag'd Polemon, learned swain ! complains ;  
Alas ! alas ! but we can't ease his pains.  
His silver hairs appear'd e'er he knew woe :  
His God he loves, his sire had taught him so :  
His sire our pastor was, and we his flock,  
Nor has the Shoot disgrac'd the Rev'rend Stock.  
No, no ; the Father's precepts still have sway'd,  
Nor has the Son from his example stray'd.  
When he with yonder sun rose, crook in hand,  
His dogs were ready too, nor knew command ;  
For e'en to them he was a gentle friend,  
And sportive ever they'd his steps attend,  
Sagacious breed ! Then, then as soon's we saw  
Him on the hill, he all of us would draw  
As by attraction, till down at his side  
We sat ; (how gently then our stream did glide !)  
When he, well knowing what we did expect,  
To tune his reed he would no time neglect ;  
But sung and play'd of many wond'rous things,  
About brave Poets, Patriots, and Kings :  
Some ane call'd Scipio he'd with rapture name,  
How he did treat a Celtiberian dame.  
This story many times has made us sigh,  
Wi' perfect joy draw tears frae ilka eye.  
Now, now he wad a noble contrast draw  
'Twixt Scipio, wha kend but nature's law,

An' us, wha meikle better things do know,  
E'en the true meaning o' the cloudy bow.  
He'd sweetly tell us, that our Maylee's stream  
Might be renowned by an honest fame ;  
E'en mair than some burn he did Tyber name,  
Was prais'd by Roman Poets to extreme.  
O' Virgil an' ane Horace he us taul',  
An' o' some cankard chiel, ca'd Juvenal.  
He tauld us o' the Romans a' alang,  
Frae Janus o' Etruria, wha, he sang,  
Built Janiculum : how frae Canaan came  
Too the Pelasgii, whan liv'd Abraham.  
O' mony ither Roman roots he'd sing,  
How Saturn, son of Achman, Phrygia's king,  
Frae his son Titan's rage was forc'd to run,  
But was assisted by a younger son,  
Nam'd Jupiter ; but yet the sire he grew  
O' him e'en jealous, and disguised flew  
To Italy, whar he did lurk and die,  
Hence nam'd Saturnia was Italy.  
About Æneas, too, a lad frae Troy,  
Wha Greece o' a' his race did not destroy :  
This lad, he said, did unto Latium gae,  
When Latinus at Latium did sway.  
Latinus, son o' Hercules, his child  
Lavinia, a lassie meek and mild,  
He to Æneas gave, to be his wife,  
Sae Rome's state's founded after meikle strife.  
Lang after this, Rhea, the only child  
O' ane Numitor, tho' a vestal stil'd,  
Had twa wee boys, for a' that, wha did prove  
Rome's founders ; hence mounts up the Bird o' Jove.

To tell you a' this story wad be lang,  
But this Polemon said, ' Perhaps the sang  
' Th' immortal Virgil o' Æneas made  
' Was but a glorious fiction, as his trade  
' Was to please ane Augustus, wha did sway  
' At Rome the warld's sceptre in his day.'  
But, oh ! we canna min' to tell the story  
About thae Romans, an' their awfu' glory ;  
How they did rise, guid bless us ! to a pow'r  
That will astonish fousk to time's last hour ;  
And how, frae their almighty greatness, they  
Did dwindle, to rude Goths an easy prey,  
As Greece to them. Polemon tauld us a'  
About Greece too, how she did rise an' fa'.  
Ane Hellen was their sire, and he the son  
O' some auld chiel they ca'd Deucalion,  
Wha maybe was auld Noah, and the man  
They named Hellen, Japhet's son, Javan,  
Or Janus : if sae, then baith them, and Rome,  
Frac ane an' the same stock o' fousk did come.  
But, oh ! my memory is no half lang,  
Else I could tell you what Polemon sang,  
About thae Grecians, their valour and sense,  
Frac Solon's Laws down to the Eloquence  
O' Demosthenes, wha his pow'r's employ'd  
'Gainst some ane Philip, wha's mad son destroy'd  
Greece an' the warld wide ; the daft lad's name  
Sawny the Great, at least, sae says daft Fame :  
But here wi' Fame Polemon wadna join,  
But said, ' The hungry, wha'd a crust purloin,  
Or wha by force wad tak a little gold,  
Tho' hang'd for't, yet some day he may behold

This Sawn<sup>r</sup> the Great in a war birth than he,  
Because the one had pure necessitie,  
The ither naething but a mad desire  
O' murd'ring fousk to widen his Empire.  
Just an outragious hempie, heav'n employ'd  
To humble fousk a' guidness had destroy'd ;  
Which task perform'd, at Babylon himsel  
He drank to dead, an' wi' the meanest sell :  
A' gaed to wrack the minute he did die,  
An' wi' him fell the Grecian Monarchie.'  
Polemon said, ' ane Cæsar was nae better,  
Whatever war, that durst presume to fetter  
Thae wha as meikle's him priz'd libertie,  
Therefore as him deserved to be free.'  
But not to wander, sage Polemon's sang,  
Cull'd mony bony flowers frae amang  
The gardens o' auld Greece ; the live long day  
O' Socrates he on his reed wad play  
To praise that God-like min' he never tir'd,  
Nor jok'd the Angel, Socrates inspir'd  
Wi' mair wit than his ain, but wad demand  
' How shone a Christian in yon clouded land ?'  
But much Polemon's character I wrang  
His knowledge to recount, does not belang  
To me ; suffice't to say, whate'er was grand  
In days o' yore or modern times, my hand  
Points not mair easy out the scenes around,  
Than he could thae ; but ah ! Polemon's wound  
Claims tears, nor wad I trust the stony heart,  
Inhuman kens his wrangs an' doesna smart.  
His lovely child Monimia, bless'd wi' a'  
The charms that to ae female's share could fa' ;

Her temper sweeter than I can express,  
 A' ken'd her, ca'd her perfect loveliness :  
 Bless'd was the parent o' the lovely rose,  
 An' still had he been happy, (my soul glows  
 Wi' indignation;) but a villain came,  
 Masked wi' friendship and a lover's flame.  
 And poison'd a' their happiness, alas !  
 The injur'd friend sees his dear child's disgrace,  
 In a' the gall o' agony he cries,  
 Wi' the judicious poet too replies.

' Nought can repair the virgin palace sack'd,  
 ' If once the wall of chastity be crack'd.'  
 ' What shall I do ? a wound like this doth crave,  
 ' That my grey hairs go sorrowing to the grave.  
 ' Ah, my lost child ! lost, ruin'd, and undone,  
 ' Thy sweet society I'm forc'd to shun  
 ' Thy body's shame's not all,—I fear thy mind,  
 ' Thy moral props are scatter'd with the wind.  
 ' The pestilential breath of villainy !  
 ' O ! for thy shame my darling I could die,  
 ' If that could raze thy guilt ; thy innocence  
 ' Restore to thee—but, vain ideas hence,  
 ' Ideas liars to my better sense.

' Thou art polluted, yes, indeed thou art,  
 ' Therefore from my abode make haste,—depart,—  
 ' Thy family are all disgrac'd in thee,  
 ' Shun, shun my eyes, nor more thy father see.—  
 ' There she obeys me, gone—lost—ruin'd child,  
 ' I'm a Barbarian—wretch ; she was beguil'd  
 ' With a false villain's vows ; my child return ?  
 ' Stay, stay with me ? we will united mourn—

‘ Complain to heav’n ; indulgent heav’n alone

‘ Can pity me, and for thy guilt atone.’

BARD.—Thus sang the swains of sage Polemon’s woes,

For this the genius of the stream foregoes,  
His murm’ring charge, Maylee delightfu’ stream,  
That Sandy last you choos’d out for my theme.

SANDY.—Alas ! alas ! for sage Polemon’s woes,  
But, still, my bard, our Cree neglected flows.

BARD.—Your will is mine, my Sandy, nor the muse  
What Sandy will’d did ever yet refuse.

And hark, a reed soft modulates the lay,  
Let’s list the sang that to the reed does play,

*A Swain on Cree sings.*

Ae morning I gaed out to tak’ the air,  
Waiscoat unbutton’d, an’ my shins were bare,  
My hair gaed touzlie wi’ the blawin win’  
My glowrers water’d leukan at the sinn ;  
Wha just aboon the edge began to glent,  
But soon wi’ sonsie face, glowr’d ev’n an’ sklent,  
The starns had ta’en their nests wi’ unco haste,  
An’ waefu’ Luna wore down to the west :  
The mist was waner aff the burns and loughs,  
An’ reekin’ brutes slow raise, raxan their houghs ;  
The sheep, delightfu’ charge, lay here an’ there,  
An’ lavrocks bit an’ bit sang up the air.  
Twa herds, wi’ braw blew bonnets on their heads,  
An’ on their shouthers bonie tartan plaids ;  
Young Willie’s collie, wi lugs cocked ran,  
An’ crously ey’d his master’s lib’ral han’ :  
Young Jamie neist, whiles rinnan, an’ whiles gawn,  
Cry’d ‘ Bawtie, Bawtie,’ Bawtie seem’d sweer drawn ;

Thae same twa herds, I wi' my e'e did trace,  
 Till fairly seated i' their usual place :  
 It was a pleasant know up in a moor,  
 I came behin' an' silently did coor,  
 To hear what might be said ; I stay'dna lang,  
 Whan thus began the sweet alternate sang.

## JAMIE AND WILLIE,—A PASTORAL.

ALAS ! my Willie, whither shall I fly,  
 Frae looe an' bonny Maggy's cruelty ;  
 Why stray'd my flock to Jamie Lauder's-grove,  
 Or sad or gay retreat for hate or love ?  
 Or why my stars decreed me to behold  
 Dear Peggy there, her hair o' downy gold ?  
 While fatal to my peace her lyre she strung,  
 An' seated 'mang the honey-suckles sung.  
 Ah ! sang sae sweet, sae ravishingly fine,  
 Till a my thrilling frame hail'd her divine.  
 But, ah ! nae sooner she my voice did hear,  
 Nae sooner to her view did I appear,  
 Than instantaneous as the morning ray  
 She fled, enchanting fair, fled quite away.

WILLIE.—My dearest frien', then, and is looe  
 thy foe ?  
 Too much then o' apiece, alas, our woe,  
 Ae morn as I my lambs leuk'd thro', I saw  
 My pair o' Pentland bleaters were awa' ;  
 Wi' strictest search thro' whin, broom, brier, an'  
 shaw  
 I sought, but a' in vain ; the hoodie-craw

Creak o'er my head, now did direct her flight,  
 Till nigh the dais'ie bank she did alight.  
 Wi' hasty steps I thitherward did hie,  
 An' there, oh ! sight distracting ! did espy  
 My Jeany, sittin', in her breast a rose,  
 Her cheeks mair lovely, striving to compose  
 My bleating wanderers by ev'ry mean  
 Could have been thought o' by a Shepherd Queen ;  
 Pan's lovely Queen, I cried, or yet mair fair,  
 How can a shepherd e'er repay thy care ?  
 Nae sooner had I spoke, than frae my sight  
 The loveliest o' her sex did vanish quite.

JAMIE.—I ferlie, Will, the smiling queen o' loves,  
 Wad lea' her vot'ries in the Cyprean groves,  
 Wad lea' the Paphian lasses constant smiles,  
 An' unsolicited pervade our isles.  
 The incense breathing East's sublime abodes,  
 Sure than Britannia's claim the smiling gods,  
 Yet Cupid on Britannia's plains is known,  
 This, my dear frien', as well as I, maun own,  
 While Venus seems her graces to infuse  
 Into our virgin forms ; O work profuse.

WILLIE.—Nor Venus, nor her son, pervades our  
 isles,  
 Nor sister graces wi' their fabled smiles ;  
 Believe me, shepherd, pure and innate worth  
 Is the mair pow'rful magnet in the north.  
 Sweet Maggy, not vague graces, gain'd your heart,  
 My Jeany's charms, not Venus, caus'd my smart ;  
 Nor arrow frae a fabl'd bow, nor dart,  
 But want of past'ral merit wounds our hearts.

We yet maun tune our pipes wi' greater skill,  
An' feed our flocks mair frequent near the rill ;  
Our madrigals to sweeter airs compose,  
Not gaining then their hearts fate maks us lose.

JAMIE.—Wisest o' shepherds that was ever known,  
To tune the past'ral pipe on Caledon ;  
O tell thy Jamie whar he'll gang to find  
Sic sense superiour as adorns thy mind.

WILLIE.—To beuks, my friend, to beuks you  
must apply,  
Wi' these our British swains can you supply ;  
Nor think our island's genius dissallows,  
We should at times admire a foreign muse.

JAMIE.—Unskill'd in beuks, I kennae whilk to  
read,

But taught by you, in safety I proceed.

WILLIE.—A fav'rite anes, an' o' a favour'd muse,  
As touching beuks, thus in his wish doth choose ;  
Here let the sacred volume stand array'd  
In simple garb : wi' Clio, lovely maid,  
An' fair Urania, an' the Stratford child.  
Nature's gay fav'rite wi' his woodnotes wild,  
Wi' unambitious Cowley, Pope, an' Gay,  
Arbuthnot, Swift, Rowe, Young, Steele, Garth,  
an' Gray.

Wi' Waller saft reclining in the shade,  
An' Brown's dear pages rev'rently array'd ;  
Wi' Strowan chanting ignorant of fear,  
An' sweetest Tamson singin' roun' the year ;  
Wi' Homer, pouring frae his fraughted soul  
The rolling Iliad great above controul.

Wi' Virgil, stricter bard, wi' Ovid's lines,  
 Chaucer liel dymond, newlyns frae the mynes ;  
 Than thae nae shepherds e'er Arcadia own'd,  
 Kend how to gie the past'ral pipe to sound.

JAMIE.—Thanks t'ye swain, to imitate I'll try  
 Thae masters, O persuasive melody ;  
 But ha, dear swain, our flocks I can descry  
 To steal upo' Polemon's property.

SANDY.—Lord help me bard, ye mak baith blythe  
 an' wae,  
 You Bards hae monie times made Sandy sae ;  
 Puir tunefu' pack, my ver'a saul ye grieve,  
 Your worth tho' ken'd, few will your wants relieve ;  
 Nay, blush not, Bardie, for experience tells  
 That competence not in a garret dwells.  
 Tho' ye yoursel do feel 'bove a' mankind  
 Their faultless wants, by fair misfortune pin'd,  
 When first I listen'd to your youthfu' sang'  
 An' in my ears your Earl William rang,  
 I honestly declare, my vera heart  
 Was like to brak, kenan how ye did smart  
 Beneath misfortune's rod, an' yet an' yet  
 Ye ay can sing, tho' ay wi' want beset,  
 While monie glunchan mules, wi' countless cash,  
 Think ae hour's mirth, or social sang, a fash.  
 But oh, what need I tauk ; there's nameles joys  
 Within the Poet's grasp, that never cloys :  
 There's gen'rous feelings, thoughts sublime, an' a'  
 That dear delight frae whilk we canna fa'.  
 An' tho' ye live unheeded an' forlorn,  
 Ye die lamented ; while your praise is born

On swelling Fame's high tow'ring wing around,  
 Rousing new Miltos to immortal sounds ;  
 While Addisons judicious, will be found,  
 In justest ways, to vindicate profound.  
 Sae, Bardie, let your saul unfetter'd soar  
 'Bove mercenary views, to real glore.  
 Please heav'n, an' be content : but I think lang  
 To hear anither Pastoral or Sang.

BARD.—I will, dear frien', I will maist cheerfully,  
 Wi' what I wish'd, wi' your request comply.  
 Your bidding fires a' my pow'r's o' sang,  
 Or Pastoral ideas come ding dang.  
 What I'm now gawn to sing my heart did cheer,  
 As I on Bladnoch's stream my course did steer :  
 Gay stream, propitious to my youthfu' Muse,  
 Wha's scenes romantic she did often choose  
 To rouse my fancy, how my saul expands,  
 While I recall that spot where I did stand,  
 An' saw my Maggie pass : O happy day !  
 My Maggie listen'd to her shepherd's lay..

*BONNY MAGGY*—A SONG.

Tune,—*Bess is but a Gawkie.*

---

Ae morn my Maggy, bonnie lass,  
 Sweet to my view, did blythsome pass,  
 Her polish'd feet, the verdant grass  
 Seem'd fond to find impressing,  
 My fleecy care wide-scatter'd lay,  
 And young Apollo's squinted ray  
 Beam'd glory ; but Apollo, say,  
 Shone not mair bright, my Maggy.

Ah, yes ! my silent lambkins there,  
 Prove that my Maggy shone mair fair,  
 Else why turn from thy beams, an' stare  
 Wi' extacy on Maggy.

Gaze on, my lambs, cease not to gaze,  
 Tho' Maggy's eyes shine bright, their rays  
 Will do no harm to you, their blaze

My heart, not yours, approaches.

'Tis true, within your master's heart  
 A flame they've kindled maks me smart ;  
 Nae fabled Cupid's gouden dart,

But Maggy's eyes have done so.

See how she walks, the heav'ly maid,  
 Secure in innocence array'd,  
 The Zephyrs saft her breast pervade,  
 Caress her form at pleasure.

Stop there, too happy breezes, hear !  
 That lovely virgin is my dear ;  
 Too happy you, while I sae near,

Scarce dare to eye the charmer :  
 Scarce dare to eye her ? foolish I !  
 Awa false, hurtfu' modesty,  
 This moment after her I'll hie,

I'll ken my fate this morning.

Stop, lovely maid, a shepherd ca's,  
 A love-sick swain here prostrate fa's,  
 Delightful maid, nor is this a',

I lo'e thee, sweetest Maggy.

My crook an' scrip are thrown aside,  
 My trusty dog here by my side,  
 Shares not my lo'e as usual, wide

Stray my puir lambs unheeded.

MAGGY.—What says my shepherd? why complain?  
Say, who is it that gives thee pain?  
Not Maggy, sure,—I'm nae sae vain  
As to gi'e cause of sorrow.  
Rise, rise, dear youth, I can't endure  
To see thee thus; if I can cure  
Thy grief, dear swain, o' this be sure,  
I will do my endeavour.

SANDY.—Guid sooth now, Bard, ye sing a sang  
right weel,  
I guess your heart did Maggy's answer feel  
Wi' mair than common joy: fair Maggy's name,  
An Virtue's, lang were ilka poet's theme:  
Ilk pipe, ilk blythsome whistle, madrigal,  
Were tun'd or lilted, Maggy's name was all,  
The live lang day, ilk hill an' pleasant vale,  
Burthen'd wi' Maggy ev'ry passing gale:  
But now the Zephyrs dully puff alang,  
As if regardless o' ilk shepherd's sang.  
Some day short syne, the Genius o' the stream  
Ye Bladnoch ca', Pelgauny is his name;  
His bonnet set wi' water lilies round,  
A girdle o' sma' reeds his raiment bound,  
His raiment grey; an' in his train appear'd  
Ten thousand Naiads; in his face, which cheer'd,  
The lineaments o' round domestic health,  
O' calm industry, an' o' honest wealth.  
Quoth he, 'Weel, Sawney, my braw bairn-time seem  
' Quite spiritless, nor chaunt their ancient stream:  
' Our murmurings, our meand'rings, an' our banks,  
' Our swains eye pensive, nor return us thanks.

‘ Something, I fear, o’ late has taken place  
 ‘ To hurt our honour, an’ disturb their peace.  
 ‘ Our Nymph, sweet Maggy, too, nae pipes regard,  
 ‘ Except the Bard’s, whase rude essays ye guard.  
 ‘ But, Sawny, fare-ye-well, support his cause ;  
 ‘ If Maggy’s his, all’s weel, nor broke our laws.’  
 Bard, meikle joy t’ye, if the bous row sae,  
 But letna Hymen be the Muse’s fae.

BARD.—I hope not : tho’ my Maggy gi’es her  
 charms,

By chaste consent unto my longing arms,  
 Freeing my heart frae a’ thae little fears,  
 Rivals might breed, an’ a’ my life endears :  
 Yet Hymen’s torch on us yet never blaz’d,  
 Nor has his eyes on our embraces gaz’d.

SANDY.—Then, then ye’re in right tift, tune up  
 your reed,

Lay out your scene, an’ sing a sang wi’ speed.

BARD.—Your will is mine, an’ sae I thus agree,  
 What comes was sung first on the banks o’ Cree :  
 River renown’d ! upon whase pleasant banks  
 The patriot Wallace aft’ the martial ranks  
 O mighty England broke, or overthrew,  
 While they o’er broken faith their fate renew,  
 Whar Edward Bruce, that matchless hero, shone  
 In burnish’d arms, an’ Buttle bravely won.  
 That awful Hold, wha’s frowning ruins still  
 Can rouse the hero, or the coward chill.  
 Tho’ now the virtuous Hanoverian Line  
 Rule mild on Cree as Thames, on Forth as Tyne.  
 Thank heav’n for this, unthankfu’ were to sinn ;  
 But len’ your lugs, for I my sang begin :

AE morning as I all alone did rove  
Beneath the shady boughs o' yonder grove,  
Sweet Solitude's ain scene, the sylvan pride,  
Near whar the past'ral Pan lo'ed to abide,  
Gi'in' his aiten instrument to sound,  
While a' his charge stand listening around ;  
While Fawns, and Dryads, in perpetual ring,  
Rous'd to the sound, did dance, or sweetly sing :  
The chrystal Naiads o' the neighb'ring strand,  
Wi lily kirtl'd sisters i' their band,  
Caus'd a' their rills tinkle the rocks amang,  
While thousands woodland's joined i' the sang :  
Sweet Philomela, frae the poplar bough,  
The concert crown'd in Daphne's fate anew,  
Nor now o' Tereus in her sang complains,  
But sang thus Tereus fav'rite o' the Swains,  
A voice like mine peculiar was to thee,  
To thee alone thou flow'r o' courtesie,  
If any more in mournfu' strains I sing,  
It is o' root-bound Daphne, pleasant phring,  
For her alone I raise the mournfu' strain,  
(O satire dire on young Apollo's reign,)  
Whar these scenes center'd, Sandy I did spy,  
(While Phœbus mounting blaz'd frae th' eastern  
sky.)

Twa shepherd Swains, advancin' frae the plain,  
(Their bleating charge brooz'd white o'er the cham-  
paign ;)

The friendly pair, wi' heedless steps, anon.  
Came near whar in the grove I mus'd alone  
Look'd a convénient bow'r whar they might lye,  
Whar at ae glance their flocks they might espy ;

Which found, spot friendly to my list'ning ear,  
 Within the shade lay down the friendly pair ;  
 Here lay their scrips, and there their crooks did lie,  
 And there wi' ears erect, an' sleepy eye  
 Their little watchfu' dogs (O guiltless scenes !  
 Nae wonder scepter'd Kings turn'd shepherd swains)  
 Thus plac'd, the swains to tune their reeds began,  
 An' sweet in aiten stops first praised Pan,  
 An' then the past'ral Queen, then strains o' love,  
 Pleasant alternatives, flew thro' the grove :  
 First Amaryllis thus the silence broke,  
 While young Amyntor listen'd as he spoke.

## AMYNTOR AND AMARYLLIS :

A PASTORAL.



AMARYLLIS.—Tell me, Amyntor, tell me, dearest  
 swain,  
 The meaning of thy sighing, thus amain ?  
 What ills unknown to me can thee molest  
 Or mud the wonted calm within thy breast ?  
 Hast thou of late miss'd any of thy rams ?  
 Or has the wolf bereft thee of thy lambs ?  
 Has any wedder slipped from thy fold ?  
 O, hast thou kids to sate our tyrant sold ?

AMYNTOR.—What boots it, Amaryllis, thee to  
 know,

What if thou should not mitigates my woe ?  
 'Tis not stray'd wedders, sold goats, or mis'd rams,  
 Or, what were worse, death of wolf murder'd  
 lambs,—

Ah ! none of these could thus my peace annoy,  
Nay, though the wolf should all my flock destroy,  
Leaving their torn limbs, scatter'd o'er the plain,  
Compar'd with what I feel would scarce cause pain :  
Let it not then concern thee, swain, to know  
What, if thou should not mitigates my woe.

AMARYLLIS.—It much concerns me, swain, indeed to share

With thee or pain, or pleasure, joy, or care,  
The heav'ns can witness to my faithful heart,  
I could for thee, dear swain, each joy invert—  
Then what, Amyntor, what of late hast thou  
In Amaryllis found thou shouldest now  
Conceal from him the cause of all thy grief,  
Whose pipe I've heard thee say was cares relief

AMYNTOR.—Till now, dear swain, Pan only made  
me moan,

But now young Cupid makes me sigh and groan,

AMARYLLIS.—Ha ! and is love the source of all  
thy pain,

Well, sure 'gainst love each shepherd strives in vain.

AMYNTOR.—My former life, dear shepherd, well  
you know,

Was free from love, and so was free from woe ;  
Nor knew I change of temper or of mein,  
Till lately chancing on Alexis green,  
I saw, oh, fatal moment to my peace !  
I saw the fair Amanda's lovely face :  
Her ev'ry beauty, arm, neck, foot, and waist,  
Her azure eyes, and snowy heaving breast,  
Her ev'ry look of sweet timidity,

I saw, too, oh ! around her waist the arm  
Of Corydon, whose pipe can rage disarm :  
Blest swain ! thought I, high favour'd Corydon,  
Heav'n's fav'rite sure is old Alexis son.

Now, Amaryllis, that thou knows my heart,  
Thou pity mayst, but cannot ease my smart.

AMARYLLIS.—Indeed, dear swain, by what from  
books I learn

Of love, and from what I in thee discern ;  
By what I feel for these our harmless flocks,  
Suff'ring the fury of the rav'ning fox,  
By what I of the fair Amanda know,  
I must lack pity to make light thy woe.  
But when I think of Corydon mild swain  
As my Amyntor's rival, then, oh then,  
I for thy sake can envy even the lot  
Of Pyramus, whom my old Ovid quotes.

AMYNTOR.—Ah, Amaryllis, what are strongest  
walls,

Tho' no propitious rent should ease the thrall  
To a successful rival ; why compare  
My woes to Pyramus, or that fam'd fair  
Who wrought his woe, unto the lovely dear  
Who not as yet has caus'd me shed a tear.  
No more of this, my friend, for no compare  
My woes admit of, and no nymph the fair.  
And wherefore, shepherd, to increase my pain,  
Didst thou but now name Corydon, mild swain,  
My hated rival ; sure no friend of mine  
Could thus above me cause my rival shine.  
But why, heav'n, earth, and hell, are all combin'd  
To urge despair upon my troubled mind.

Why, cruel Cupid, why, ye stern decrees,  
Why thus wreck all your rage on wretched me ;  
Why can't I,—but alas ! I strive in vain,  
Why cannot I break the alluring chain ?  
Ah 'tis too strong, for love has reason's aid,  
And both cry out, Amanda, charming maid ;  
Yea, and she is a most enchanting fair,  
But I'm advised for to court despair.  
Not Tartarean rage more ways could find,  
To add of horror to my troubled mind ;  
Than do my friends, whom true engagements bind,  
But friends are false, are fickle as the wind.

AMARYLLIS.—Why, dear Amyntor, why that angry glance

Shot from thine eye ? why chang'd thy countenance,  
That us'd, when venting forth or grief, or joy  
Serene, or milder graces to employ,  
Behold me, friend, my whole behaviour eye,  
Own me thy friend, or give thy heart the lie.  
Hence, stubborn anger, does my friend invert !  
Come, reason, gain the empire of his heart :  
Yes reason, come, thou offspring of our Jove,  
Come ? smile benign upon a virtuous love.  
No rude ideas are, if reason sway,  
But all is clear, serene, unclouded day.  
Rouse up, my friend ! why thus appear lovelorne,  
This hated melancholy treat with scorn,  
Confess thy former self, be blythe, be gay,  
Or tune thy reed, or chant a roundelay,  
Yet, if the goddess opportunity  
Offer to thee, Amanda's company,

A a

Compose thy heart, and, with an open air,  
Half blythe, half solemn, half thy love declare.  
And if, perchance, as you chat with your love,  
(For lovers speeches will at random rove)  
If chance of Corydon you mention make,  
Let not his name you from your purpose shake,  
Nor one aspersion on his conduct throw,  
(This is not in the pow'r of truth, you know)  
Moreover, friend, Amanda's virtue, too,  
Must give to honest merit all its due :  
But why this talk ? my friend's a gen'rous swain,  
His rival's gen'rous, too ; can envy stain  
My friend's fair suit, then ? surely no, my heart  
Tells me Amyntor can act no such part,  
If I advise thee wrong, may heav'n above  
Deprive me ever of Amyntor's love.

AMYNTOR.—My friend, I'm all confusion : to my  
arms !

Thy pipe, like Corydon's, even rage disarms.  
Forgive me, Amaryllis, O forgive,  
(Ungrateful that I am !) and, while I live,  
I will with greater caution passion bound,  
Nor more will I thy faithful bosom wound.

AMARYLLIS.—I frankly may forgive for no  
offence,  
Dispel, but friendship, each idea hence :  
And now, my friend, since all serene thy heart,  
I will unto thee certainly impart  
One secret turn in love, the secret I  
Had from Menalcas ; but I can descry  
Our hoary sire from the height descend,  
Perhaps our flocks do rally, come, my friend

Let's take our crooks, our scraps, and each our plaid,  
Come, little harmless things, \* come to our aid.

BARD.—Sae saying, frae the grove they teuk their  
way,

Chanting a madrigal, while back I stray,  
Rejoic'd at heart, nor wad my feet delay  
Till I'd repeat to you the past'ral fray.

SANDY:—Muckle am I your debtor, Bardie dear,  
Your Amaryllis is well form'd to cheer  
Dispairing lovers, but he's only drest  
To cuil by reason, his way's nae doubt best  
Suited to a' Amyntor's wha wad rear,  
An' grow mad angry under lover's fears :  
Then, like a' surly fouk, maun e'en get leave  
To storm themsels to reason, syne to grieve  
Their wayward gaits,—but I like best the love  
That sweetly melts an' mourns, like cooing dove,  
Alane an' pensive : or, in melting lines,  
Doth sweetly sigh, yet to the chain inclines.

BARD.—The banks o' Tarf, then, dearest Sandy,  
you

Maun haunt wi' me, whilk, kiff ye deign to do,  
Ye'll hear what nae doubt ye'll be pleas'd to hear,  
The gen'rous Jamie's wishes for his dear,  
The bonie Maggy, fairest o' her sex,  
Yet wha seems pleas'd young Jamie for to vex.  
Hark, the dear youth has just begun to sing,  
While, leuk ye, Maggy wallops roun' the ring  
Wi' ither youths,—but, list ! I'll say nae mair  
Young Jamie's reed's tun'd to a plaintive air.

---

\* To the dogs.

## JAMIE'S WISH,

O thou bright charmer, an' my soul's delight,  
 The fav'rite of thy heart I long to know,  
 I wish I knew of thy love thoughts the flight,  
 That I might curb my muse or let her go :  
 ' Thy muse' my guardian Angel calls aloud,  
 ' A false Idalian vot'ry art thou then,  
 ' Such mean resources suit a pagan croud  
 ' But mighty ill befits a British swain.'

Ha ! guardian cherub, I thy pardon crave,  
 (The conscious blush here on my cheek appears)  
 ' Blush not, my care (the seraph said) you have  
 ' My pardon and assistance, hush thy fears,  
 ' I do approve thy choice, young mortal, too,  
 ' Thy choice is noble, bord'ring on divine,  
 ' Among thy fellow mortals there are few  
 ' Of the fair sex like her thou wishes thine.  
 ' My fellow servant the Celestial,  
 ' That guards her form, oft' tells me with delight  
 ' The pleasure of his task ; nor is this all,  
 ' He hopes her choice his guardian care wont slight.  
 ' If 'tis your lot to gain the lovely fair,  
 ' Nor him, nor me, shall disapprove the choice ;  
 ' Nay, thus far I'm allow'd for to declare,  
 ' Your mutual vows will not decrease our joys.'

Thus far the seraph, Peggy, left the swain,  
 The swain, thou lovely fair, that dies for thee ;  
 O listen, nor my gen'rous suit disdain,  
 But do, approve my wishes, love, and me,

To wish I were thy guardian cherub, sure  
 Cannot incur, what most I dread, thy frown

And if it gain thy smile, thy smile, all pure,  
My bliss will nearly be complete, I own.

Oh then, that I thy Guardian Angel, I  
When sleep, soft pow'r, does gently glide away,  
Folding his silky charm, and thy fair eyes  
Appear extinguishing the growing day.

When thy unconscious form to motion tends,  
And stricter charms of watchful honour warms  
Thy almost sacred frame, thy pretty hands  
Outstretch'd,—all bare too thy fair polis'd arms.

Were I thy Guardian when thou sweet, each morn,  
O heay'nly sweet! would from thy couch arise,  
To dress, in stricter weed, thy mellow form,  
A higher bliss I'd only not despise.

Yes, lovely dear, were I thy Guardian,  
Might no assaults unseemly come thee nigh;  
Thy hallow'd form, th' unhallow'd hand of man  
Should never touch,—my charge, my property..

I'd guard thee then, my darling, all the day,  
I'd still behold thy unaffected walk,  
I'd view enraptur'd all thy winning ways,  
And list with extacy thy artless talk.

Thy ev'ry motion I would watch with awe,  
Till night arriv'd, thy footsteps I'd attend,  
And O, when night did sable curtains draw  
Athwart the sky, I'd doubly thee befriend.

Thy bed I'd spread with roses, and thy room  
With myrrh and thyme, and ev'ry fragrant smell,  
Arabia's groves I'd rifle for perfume,  
But why? thy breath, my dear, would all excell..

Yes, lovely dear, thy balmy innocence,  
More blooming roses far would round thee shed,,

Perfumes regaling to each nobler sense ;  
Thy innocence spreads roses o'er thy bed.

Whilst thou, thou darling, did thyself undress,  
Altho' thy Guardian Angel, I'd look shy,  
Yet still wouldest thou, rich with substantial bliss,  
Unveil thy form,—O what, what extacy !

Thy heaving breasts, white like the virgin snow,  
Disrobed now ev'n of the snowy lawn,  
Insensibly primæval wouldest thou show,  
Nearly like lovely Eve at Nature's dawn.

Now, now my arms, my dear, I'd clasp around  
Thy angel form, and kiss thy killing charms ;  
And when upon thy couch of softest down,  
I would, my darling, lye within my arms.

While sleep did strew his poppies thee around,  
With thee between the snowy sheets I'd hide,  
And touch thy limbs each, where with awe profound,  
Nor wouldest thy awful virtue know to chide.

Thy polish'd form, my love, amatively  
I'd clasp within my arms, and thus defend  
Thy virgin flow'r, nor wouldest thy modesty  
Once know, thus lay thy Guardian and thy friend.

At times too, I would hover o'er thy face,  
And kiss thy modest brow, thy cheeks, and all,  
Then breast to breast, and lip to lip I'd place,  
And there remain for ever,—blissful thrall !

Yes, O my love, I'd guard thee thus unknown,  
Throughout the night, yet not disturb thy rest ;  
And when the sun would chace away the dawn,  
I'd flutter round, or riot on thy breast.

My darling, were I thus thy Guardian,  
I happy were ; but, ah ! this may not be :

But if you please, far happier I can,—  
Thy husband—but I dare not be too free.

SANDY.—Puir Jamie's ceas'd, ay yon'er down he lies,

Forfoughten to gi'e vent t' his heart in sighs.

Puir youth, his lo'e seems vera violent,

I doubt he'll die giff Meg doona relent.

His modestie, puir man, is great, I ween,

His lo'e sincere : what ails the dory quean.

Light headed jute, I'm sure the like o' James

Tunes nae a reed between the Tarf and Thames:

BARD.—Indeed, my friend, an' ye hae said the truth;

Jamie is surely an ingenious youth ;

Ye'll say it if he chance to tune his reed

Anither time, he weel deserves to speed,

To gain that which he langts for, Maggy's heart,

An' sure she'll act a maist ungen'rous part,

If she her pity grant nae at the least,

To soothe his care, and calm his troubled breast.

Dear youth, the noble candour o' his soul,

While conscious o' his worth ill brooks controul

Frae worthless rivals ; yea, it grieves his min'

The lovely dear he doats on he should fin'

Sae undiscerning, as to gi'e her charms

Up to some fop or clown's unpolish'd arms.

This, this to ane, wha's loe's sae chaste an' pure,

Is hard, is cruel hard for to endure.

SANDY.—True what ye say, O Bard ! description  
keen

As Jamie ye describe I anes hae been.

O giddy woman ! ever they mistake,  
 Hoot at true worth, yet fold the clown or rake—  
 But mark ye, Jamie cuts the aiten reed  
 Wi' gentle slope, and tunes it : O gi'e heed.

## JAMIE TO PEGGY.—A SONG.

—  
 Why dost thou still, fair lovely maid,  
 In charming negligence persist ?  
 Why still adopt these winning ways,  
 That did attract my heart at first ?

Why, these I hope, thy reasons are ;  
 Conscious thy unaffected charms  
 Did take me captive, therefore thou  
 Persists, and with expanded arms,

Sweet waits t' embrace me, am'rous swain,  
 Who lives but for thy hop'd embrace,  
 When thy snow bosom fast to mine  
 I'd hold, and gaze upon thy face ;

Thy snowy bosom ! there, perhaps  
 I've hit the truth too fully now,  
 Thy bosom claims its hue indeed ;  
 But ah ! it suits its coldness too ;

What pity that so fair a form,  
 Fair blooming ever in my view,  
 Should, after all my vows of love,  
 Turn graceful round, yet frown adieu.

Dear creature, lovely in thy frowns,  
 Act not like many of thy kind ;  
 To spurn the youth of choicer parts,  
 Perhaps to gain a savage kind..

More probably some gaudy beau,  
Whose merit's all flutter and paw,  
Whose garb is all he holds most dear,  
Perhaps does thy attention draw.

Dear maid ! some time take to reflect,  
E'er thou yield up thy lovely frame  
Unto the rough or vain embrace  
That undervalue may the same.

I love thee dearly, I must own ;  
Yet here I solemnly do vow  
I'd stand unmov'd, to see thee wed  
To one I thought thy value knew.

SANDY.—Heav'n bliss the youth, and melt the  
cruel maid,

Worse than Hyena, tho' in charms array'd:  
That but the body preys on,—this the mind ;  
Strange giddy nymph, mair foolish than unkind,  
Whar, whar sic merit can she hope to find,  
As dwells in him to whom she proves unkind' :  
O that young Jamie could advice endure,  
I would advise him to a sov'reign cure ;  
I would advise to treat wi' sov'reign scorn  
This haughty maid, although his heart were torn  
In the exertion : but my words are vain.  
Come, bard, e'er we leave off, some rural strain  
Chaunt to the eve, some ancient roundelay,  
'To chear the heart and drive dull care away.

BARD.—I will, my friend, the shepherd's ancient  
lay  
Has cheer'd the banks o' Luce this monie a day ;  
Dear stream, smoothe glit'rin' thro' the rural waste,  
Or rushing down the rocks wi' headlang haste.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.—A SONG.  
—

The dawning morn without a cloud,  
Makes sportive lambs together croud ;  
Some skip around, some bleat aloud,

    Thus welcoming the day.

The feather'd nation sweet an' gay,  
Cause music ring from ev'ry spray ;  
Their plumage, glossy like the day,

    Reflect the rising ray.

The opening flow'ers the morning meet,  
Their spreading leaves unfold each sweet,  
The warmth of sunny beams thy seek,

    Their beauties to increase ;

And, as the sun advances, they,  
In glossy fragrance hail his ray,  
While dewy pearls twinkling gay,

    Glow lustre o'er their dress.

All nature meets the coming morn,  
All with fresh fragrance she adorns ;  
The brightest sons of art she scorns,

    Proud of her rightful sway :

A proof of this, even now I see,  
In that wing'd architect the bee—  
Ha ! there,—peace, heart ! approaches me

    My Chloe in array.

Sweet lovely maid, will you be mine ?  
She answers ; “ faultless love like thine,  
“ How fairest thy reply define ; ”

    “ Why shepherd, as you please ? ”

Luce, that but now did roar along,  
Like Egypt's river fam'd in song,  
Within the bounds to't did belong,  
Slip'd curling to the breeze.

SANDY.—Now, bard, I'm happy Gallovidia's  
streams,

Nae mair neglected, boast a' poet's theme ;  
Delighted at my leisure, ev'ry scene  
That you have sung I'll tread an' sing again ;  
In dear idea almost realize  
In your descriptions what did bless mine eyes.  
Adore great Nature form'd, and will maintain  
To bless my wandrings ilka happy scene.  
Great Power ! teach us to adore aright  
Thy wondrous self, wha shines sae dazzling bright  
In yonder sun : wha fouk, in days o' yore,  
Mistook for Thee, an' fervent did adore.  
Thou glorious too, in safter radiance shines  
In night's propitious queen or stars benign :  
In yonder ocean too, thou great appears,  
Whan glass the surface, or whan mountains rear ;  
In liquid pomp their roaring size, nor is  
Thy glory less, whan sinks the wild abyss ;  
And roaring winds, wild howling furious, sweep  
The seas in heaps, the bottom o' the deep  
Revealed lies, anon, the furious swell  
Wi' mighty fury rushes to repel  
The sacrilegious gaze : nor is thy glore  
Revealed less, when loud thy thunders roar,  
Or rage along heav'n's pavement, while the glare  
O' livid lightnin' wildly mak's us stare.  
In these great scenes thy glory strikes wi' awe,

But safter scenes the finer feelings draw.  
The groves, the lawns, the streams, the vallies fair,  
The shepherd's madrigal, the rural air,  
Compos'd for rural beauty, sic the sang  
That now to Bladnoch's pleasant banks belong,  
The rosy lass allows her swain to sip,  
For this the balm frae aff her lovely lip ;  
Hence, ancient hathorns, down in ilka dale,  
If they could speak, could tell a pretty tale.  
How happy the endearing sae appear'd,  
How Willie lo'ed an' how his heart was clear'd,  
Dear pair, the feather'd flutterers around :  
Less joyfu' on the tickling sprays are found,  
If ever heav'n, in our depraved days,  
Lets fa' o' happiness the pristine rays  
Upo' the human heart, that bliss is found  
Whar lo'e's saft flame twa youth hearts plays round  
Congenial.—Sic the pastoral address  
Won Maggie's heart on Bladenoch, I guess ;  
Their hearts endearing, pair now knit in one,  
Heav'n's cement : But, dear bard, I must have done.  
What shall I say, then, be as guid's ye can,  
If not guid poet, be the better man ;  
In gratitude to heav'n, what's ill eschew,  
An' sae my bard adieu, adieu, adieu.

---

## DETACHED PIECES :

OR

### POETICAL EPISTLES, SONGS, &c.

*Hac te donamus Cicuta.*

---

To ROBERT HANNAH of SHANANTON, Esq.

---

SIR,

THE regard I have all along had for you, and the Gratitude I owe you, have induced me to dedicate the following Pieces to you.

And am, SIR, with all regard,

your most obedient humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

---

---

## DETACHED PIECES, &c.

---

---

*On seeing the STONE erected by ROBERT BURNS,  
at the GRAVE of ROBERT FERGUSON, in  
the Canongate Church-yard, Edinburgh.*

---

---

**S**OFT!—what is this?—a something that endears,  
And yet like woe:—the passing zephyrs breathe  
In gentler sighs: a melancholy mild  
Glides thro' my frame:—it gains upon my heart,  
And sweetly heaves my bosom to a sigh.

What art thou, sprightly vision, gliding by,  
So agile form'd, and yet of look so sad?

Hah!—sighing!—Gentle spirit, that thou art,  
For nothing mortal claims a form like thine,  
O tell thy cause of woe, I'll do my best  
To soothe thy heav'nly bosom into peace.

‘ I'm Ferguson: nor think it strange, I here  
‘ From fields of immortality, do muse  
‘ This fav'rite spot. The gen'rous laws that rule  
‘ The realms of bliss at times not dissallow  
‘ The halleluiah an harmonious pause.  
‘ The Bards high mansion late resounded joy  
‘ (As Bards in immortality rejoice)  
‘ To see their Burns united to their host:  
‘ He join'd our chorus heav'nly, but methought—  
‘ (Though he his place took smiling by my side)

‘ Methought he knew alloy ; (for even minds  
‘ Immortal feel, and feel refin’d as free,  
‘ For those they lov’d, on earth who suffer woe)  
‘ Methought the Bard, who o’er my ashes rear’d  
‘ The Monument that tells who lies below,  
‘ Did, tho’ he chorus’d sweetly the Most High,  
‘ Pause with a pathos not distinct from woe.  
‘ No questioning in bliss we are allow’d  
‘ The reasonable wish to satisfy :  
‘ And, oh ! I find the darlings of his heart,  
‘ His little infants, on their mother gaze,  
‘ Mute as look cherubs, when not yet acquaint  
‘ With what has caus’d some distant harp to pause,  
‘ Be calm, dear woman, Caledonia’s sons,  
‘ As they Edina visit, to refine  
‘ The native vigour of their northern souls,  
‘ All gen’rous, muse all pensive o’er my grave,  
‘ And eye the monument erected there.  
‘ The consequence is thine ; thy wants retire ;  
‘ Thy prattling darlings see their table spread,  
‘ And all their little souls, th’ example thine,  
‘ Do, grateful past expression, soar to heav’n.”

Thus spake the heav’ly vision ; when expand,  
From furls all heav’ly, the transparent wing  
Took up the sky : a while I musing stood  
All wrapt in meditation :—Could I more ?  
Heav’n knows my heart :—but I can heave a sigh,  
Ah ! sighs are unavailing. You who feel,  
And have the power—Do I dictate ?—No :  
I only vent the feelings of my heart.

ON  
FIRST SIGHT  
OF  
HOLYROOD-HOUSE.

---

WHERE am I ?—Silence there, ye breezes :—hush,  
My beating bosom :—calm as Angels breathe :—  
Let nothing here dare to be un-serene.—  
'Tis the abode of Kings ! of purpl'd pomp !  
Here only Monarchs or stern Statesmen dare !  
Or gallant Warrior from the field of death  
Comes laurel'd : or in beauty 'yond compare  
(If misery perhaps could not excel)  
A lovely Queen does walk, and by the hand  
Leads Britain's future Monarch, while her maids,  
Of flushing honour, wait upon her wish.

Ha ! rude intruder !—harshly stamps along—  
Clumsy, dread hag, unpolish'd, roaring so  
Thy goods, in harsh discordance to my heart,  
Away !—Away ungraceful ! To the ear  
Of royal virgins, nothing like thy voice  
Dares jarring—here the Graces only move  
In swimming silks, harmonious—as their lutes,  
In modulations heav'ly, touch the soul.  
Thou Bard, retire ; dare not another step ;  
Kings Courts are hallow'd from an air like thine :  
In Palaces are seen but mighty hands,  
That hold the helm of Empire,—that o'erturn  
Lentious armies :—geniuses keen,  
That pry into the grand mysterious maze,  
Th' Arcana Regni. Tell me, O ye Guards,

Fierce sons of war, dare here a stranger tread,  
 Unpolish'd in his manner, tho' his heart  
 Boasts finer feelings ? I admittance find—  
 What's this ? Almighty providence ! who's here ?  
 Fops in erroneous Clodipolean, tread  
 Wild imitation, sure of all that's found  
 In palaces illustrious : Tell me, thou  
 Whose air boasts surely of dread royalty :  
 Tell me, are such as I see hodging here,  
 Fit forms for Courts ? what ? nothing but a sigh ?  
 Are sighs in palaces ? 'Tis wondrous all,  
 A mighty mystery. Say, hind, who gave  
 Thy brogues admittance to the walks of kings ?  
 Rude clown !—he laughs uncouth, nor seems afraid  
 His cough's vile phlegm to leave unblotted there.

Perplexing scenes, I surely am awake,  
 Reason is not suspended ; true I came  
 From the rough skirts of Scotia, and perhaps  
 Had notions form'd from books, a little rais'd  
 Above the truth, but yet I cannot think  
 Books could exaggerate to such extreme :

Thou youth, whose pocket seemeth proud to own  
 The gilded volume ; tell me ? ease my mind ?  
 Is this the palace of our Scottish Kings ?

‘ You are a stranger, sir, I apprehend,  
 ‘ Good hearts, I know, are very apt to feel  
 ‘ On such occasions, Palaces and Thrones  
 ‘ Deserted, wondrously affect the mind,  
 ‘ But”—Hold, young man, harsh, harsh upon my  
 heart

Thy words grate : Saidst thou Palaces and Thrones

Deserted,—dread vacuity!—severe,  
 O wound me not: 'I would not be severe:  
 ' Thy country flourishes, nor is unking'd,  
 ' The Majesty of Britain draws his claim  
 ' From Caledonian royalty.' Enough—  
 I have it all,—I thank thee, gentle youth.  
 My mind perplexed, gains its wonted calm,  
 The truths of history recur again:  
 I am a British subject, will rejoice.  
 Twin nations, far remov'd from cruel broil,  
 Have, by a blessed Union, declar'd  
 Their interests the same.—Edina, see  
 And just at hand, one social glass or so,  
 Beneath some of her tow'ring roofs, will clear  
 Our hearts to joy.—Here then, God save the King,  
 May all that's good watch o'er him, and direct!  
 May his descendants Protestant, till time  
 Shall cease to roll, Britannia's sceptre sway!

—

*On reading in the HERALD and CHRONICLE of the Victory gained over the SPANIARDS, by the Fleet under ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JERVIS.*

DEAR muse, foush ca' me bashfu' cull,  
 Obscure and blate, an' maybe dull;  
 For anes drive blateness frae my skull,  
 That I may lilt it smartly.  
 Tell blateness then to let me be,  
 Allow for anes to chant it free,

To cock my pat, an' glance my e'e,  
An' sing my sang alertly.  
Yon meikle e'e stares frae aboon,  
Out glarin' e'en the vera moon,  
Whase praise lang syne the fousk did tune,  
Lang e'enning rays was sklentin'  
Within my lane I musin' sat,  
On guid or ill I watna what,  
A pipe my gab alternate, that  
Suck puff sae freely ventin'.  
Thus seated, enter'd at my door  
Twa chielts † I aft had seen before,  
Yet, like some sang o' sweet encore,  
Aye new ilk time it chanted.  
Fuff, pipe, now frae my wick amain,  
I spat an' flang't on the back stane ;  
The lads I welcom'd, fidgin' fain,  
Syne by the ingle planted.  
What news, quo I, wi' rapt'rous glow  
O words, they gae me for to know,  
Ane Jervis had a glorious blow,  
Struck far awa' by Lagus.  
That whan attak'd by brave Sir John,  
Saint's namesakes, o' the haughty Don,  
Might just as weel been ca'd anon,  
For graceless Simon Magus.  
Come, Britons, then the social glass  
Round to the gallant Jervis pass,  
Ane deil confound the sulky ass  
To drink his heal' refuses.

---

† The Herald and Chronicle.

To Neilson neist, and Calder too,  
 An' ilka gallant jovial crew  
 The haughty Spaniards did subdue,  
 An' rott him pleads excuses.  
 But, Britons, tho' its wisely doon,  
 To laud brave Jervis to the moon,  
 An' toast our tars a' late and soon,  
 Wha wi' him fought sae brawly :—  
 Yet still, to prove our joy sincere,  
 Let's join our efforts, let's appear  
 Wi' ilka ane a threatnin' spear,  
 Or sword, sae braid an' waly.  
 Yes, let us a' wi' heart in han',  
 For wives an' weans, and native lan',  
 Yon Gallic infidels gainstan',  
 That wi' invasion threat us.  
 Let's shaw oursel's the sons o' those  
 Wha cou'd e'en awfu' Rome oppose ;  
 Teach Gaul, as Rome mair pow'rful foes,  
 Submissive to intreat us.  
 Your sires, (whan the loud alarms  
 Frae swarthy Denmark's thickning swarms  
 Upo' our shore's,) in burnish'd arms  
 Soon shone they a' sae glorious.  
 Unanimous syne, ane an' a',  
 They shouted ' now for Scotia,  
 ' Let's for her fight, or for her fa !'  
 An' quickly were victorious.  
 An' will ye, whan a fae the same,  
 In ilka way that ye can name,  
 Does threaten, will ye,—fye for shame !  
 Ingloriously tame a'—

Like puny reptiles, cringe an' bow,  
 An' Gallic anarchists allow  
 To dictate to you, or subdue !

Rouse Britons, rouse for shame a'.  
 Rouse, for the sake o' a' that's dear  
 Rouse, dash aside a' dread or fear,  
 Let's shaw the warld far an' near,

We're o' the hardy race a',  
 Anes like the lordly lion a'  
 In gold they on their standards saw,  
 Could on their faes like fury fa',

An' dash them to disgrace a'.  
 An' lo thy sons auld Scotia see,  
 Like lions to their standards flee,  
 The hardy race still valiant, free,

Brave, gen'rous an' bold a'.  
 Joy on your hearts, my pretty lads,  
 Weel may ye brook your braw cockades :  
 And liel descendants o' your dads,

Prove aye my hearts o' gold a' !  
 Hear how they shout their brave reply !  
 ' We'll for our King an' kintra die,  
 ' Or rather a' victoriously  
 ' Our faes to reason bring a',  
 ' As did our sires lang ago,  
 ' Couragiously we'll meet the foe,'  
 ' An' shout, to gar our ardour glow,  
 ' Our kintra an' our King a' !

## ON A FIRST VIEW OF EDINBURGH.

—

A weel, auld Reeky, how gaes a' ?  
 O but I lang't to see you ;  
 They say your turnin' won'rous braw,  
 An' regular, an' free now ;  
 They say ye're wampasins, an' wynds,  
 An' thro'ther jeuks a' vanish,  
 O cou'd thy rulers thrawart minds  
 As expeditious banish.  
 They sae ye hae a *bonie bairn*,  
 Ap'n, regular an' free a'  
 But soon the truth o' a' I'll learn,  
 For soon I mean to see a'.

Ay, ay, auld vet'ran, \* there ye stan',  
 I've heard o' you before, boy,  
 Your name's weel kend thro' a' the lan'  
 Frae center to the shore boy.  
 Fu' mony awfu' brunts ye stuid,  
 In dreadfu' days o' yore, boy.  
 Your sides, a' red wi' vet'ran bluid,  
 Yet ay ye'r to the fore, boy.  
 To see thee, rouses up the bluid,  
 Anes heart beats a' heroic.  
 The stours thou hast for freedom stuid,  
 Damps ilka scheme Neroic.  
 But, honest veteran, adieu,  
 My min' is bent on pryin'

---

\* The Castle.

Ay hopin' wishin' something new  
 Ay eager to be eyin'.  
 Ha ! Charles, † in equestrian pride,  
 In sooth weel executed,  
 Ilk Cromwell dread the name, an' hide  
 Your guilty heads polluted.  
 An' there auld Scotia's P—m—t  
 Wi' monie a braw wig in't,  
 Wha a' on truth sae eager bent,  
 They'll tauk, hech, sirs ! how big in't.  
 How can ye, purple shouthert wigs,  
 How can ye patient hear a',  
 How be up to their diff'rent rigs,  
 I doubt ye're won'rous queer a' ?  
 But whatna pile o' ruin's this, ‡  
 Just like the auld Palmyra,  
 Or still mair elegant, I wiss,  
 What devil gars ye sneer a' ?  
 Auld Scotia's genius, wi' a sneer,  
 Cries, Bard, ' ye're i' the hous a',  
 ' Or else ye wi' intention jeer  
 ' My vain an' spen'thrift gows a'.  
 ' Here my daft bairn time had design'd  
 ' The sciences shou'd dwell a'  
 ' Wi' a' the arts o' peace, refin'd,  
 ' As is the outward shell a'  
 ' But, pugh ! they had o'er monie ways  
 ' Their siller for to squan'er,  
 ' O'er monie balls, an' cards an' plays,  
 ' An' foreign climes to dan'er.

† King Charles's equestrian statue in the Parliament Square.

‡ New College.

' Although, to their eternal shame,  
 ' They can unfinish'd shaw there  
 ' The sciences unroofed hame,  
 ' Expos'd to sneer o' a' there :  
 ' Wha, everlasting monument  
 ' O' poverty an' pride, cry,  
 ' Sure Hell can little less torment,  
 ' Diels little less to chide try'.

Thus spak auld Scotia's genius, then  
 He added, ' I'll gae hide, yes,  
 ' In some puir reeky Lapland den,  
 ' For, oh ! wha can abide this ?  
 ' Ye puir, low, mean, an' bastard race,  
 ' Could vainly thus procure a'  
 ' Ye're ain an' kintra's black disgrace,  
 ' Yea meaner still endure a'.  
 ' Whar's now the brave an' lib'ral sauls,  
 ' Rear'd ilka structure glorious ?'  
 Whores loud in Billing's lingo bawls,  
 ' Plague rott your thighs ! explore us.  
 ' Compar'd to us, what signifies,  
 ' Dern'd thoughtfu' College classes,  
 ' Ae touch o' our endearing thighs,  
 ' A Euclid's knots surpasses.'  
 But I'll awa, I canna leuk  
 Wi' patience ony langer,  
 An' something near, \* seems to rebuke  
 Me for my ' highlan' anger.'  
 The puir infirm, an' good distress'd,  
 I see wi' won'rous care a',

---

\* Royal Infirmary,

Attended here, O guidness bless'd,  
O glorious affair a'.

But whatna ancient structure's yon ? \*

Dear sirs, an' what o' weans too,

A' clean an' tight, aweel upon

My saul, nae wee sustains you.

He surely had a gen'rous heart,

Yea, and a guid likewise, man,

Wha cou'd wi' a' his sil'er part,

For purposes sae wise, man.

His name it will remember'd be,

Whan a' the spen'thrift coofs, man,

Will be forgot as far's the flee

First buzz'd out o'er the roof, man.

Anither house, † an' near han' by,

In modest garb appeareth,

Bless'd be their memorys ! say I,

Sic glorious structures reareth.

An' here an' there, an' round an' round,

Wharever I can gang, man,

Sic gen'rous structures do abound,

Edina a' amang man.

But what is yon ‡ that strikes my e'e,

Wow, sirs ! is yon a brig a',

An' o'er dry grun'—o' vanitie,

What freaks flee frae thy wig a' ?

A house § too, at thy frosty en'

Nae doubt sae gay an' airy,

\* Herriot's Hospital.

† Merchants Hospital. † North Bridge. § Register Office.

To register the usefu' men's  
Deeds, aft'n thy arches carry :  
To register daft Meg an' Jane,  
Wha canna, oh ! alas, man,  
Wha canna gang, puir things, their lane,  
But jogg a' in a case man.  
Had I the dealin' o' your meat,  
Ye lazy, idle sluts a'  
Mind I wad gar you tak' your feet,  
Or gang wi' hungry gutts a'  
Gae hame, ye idle, gipsys ! hame !  
Tak' to your wheels, an' spin now,  
Ye idle randys, it's a shame  
To see you, an' a sin too,  
A bonie brak o' you, nae doubt,  
Nest o'er i' that new town there,  
Wha yet ne'er wash'd yoursel's a clout,  
Or span yoursel's a gown e'er.  
I won'er what ye think yoursel's !  
Pugh, nae doubt o' high birth a'  
Deil haet, ye'r but daft Megs an' Nells,  
Meer cyphers on the earth a'.  
But I might stan', O vanitie,  
Upo' thy meikle brig here,  
An' *preach*, an' ne'er the wiser be,  
They carena for't a fig here.  
But mony idle rascal I  
See passes an' repasses,  
Wi' powthert pows, yet, by the by,  
A' guid for naething asses.  
I won'er what they're seekin' thus,  
Ay rinnan here an' there a'?

The answer wad a *Baird* nonplus,  
 His logic an' his lear a'  
 But I'll awa' to Reeky's bairn,  
 The frouk a' cry 's sae bonie,  
 Hegh, Sirs ! weel faigs I can discern  
 Like this towns are nae monie:  
 O kiff this town war fu' o' looms,  
 But it wad be endearin',  
 But oh ! instead o' thae the rooms—  
 But its no worth the hearin'.  
 Sae, useless town, an' useless a'  
 Thy race, fare, fare-ye-well a',  
 May soon within thy ilka ha'  
 Mair usefu' beings dwell a'  
 Auld honest Reeky, too, adieu,  
 Soon may thy tow'ring roofs a'  
 Northward amang yon dronish crew  
 Spue idle sluts an' cuifs a'.  
 An' now the bardie will conclude,  
 He wadna spin out lang, man,  
 'Tis better to be short an' guid,  
 Therefore I en' my sang, man.

## ON

## A LOOK THROUGH EDINBURGH CASTLE.

TIR'D of thy streets, Edina, and the throng  
 Who pass repass eternally along,  
 I to thy hoary fortress will repair  
 All, all is free from anxious bustle there.

Freed from the anxious world's delusive toys,  
 The brave old soldier here himself enjoys,  
 Talks o'er the deeds of valour he has seen,  
 Or bares his scars, to show where he has been ;  
 Warms on each passage of his thud'ring tale,  
 Or stops some gallant comrade to bewail :  
 An oath, perhaps, instead of pray give heed,  
 Bursts, on recital of some glorious deed,  
 His heart's the gen'rous soldier's ne'ertheless,  
 Nor would I now his gallant warmth repress.  
 The hero, who has for his country fought,  
 Whose gallant arm has her salvation wrought,  
 Is he not blameless, tho' his warmth betray  
 'T assertions more robust than simple yea ?

The untry'd hero, too, I here behold,  
 Whose ardent heart beats high with courage bold.  
 Who as he lists the hoary hero tell  
 What he has done, is eager to excell.  
 Brave, gen'rous race of men, op'n hearted, free,  
 Heav'n bless you still with palms of victorie ;  
 May you ne'er fall but in a glorious cause,  
 Such as for Britain and her righteous laws.

---

### WELCOME ALE, AND FAREWELL WHISKY.

A NEW SONG.

Tune,—*Haughs o' Cromdell.*

THE bardie wan'rin' up an' down,  
 By mony Clauchan village town,

Forgather'd wi' a kintra clown,  
 Formin' the riggs for barley.  
 I spierd at him what news he had,  
 He answer'd, cap'rin like ane mad,  
 O at our meetin', but I'm glad  
     Here on the riggs for barley.  
 For O, quo' he, an' here he shuik  
 My han', and i' my face did leuk,  
 ' 'Tis you, 'tis you that can rebuke  
     Our wicked waste o' barley.  
 ' Nae won'er we shou'd hunger dree,  
 ' Whan now to tak' my aith I'm free,  
 ' Mair grain is turn'd to whisky lee,  
     I mean the grain o' barley,  
 ' Than what wad feed a' Scotland wide  
 ' This year an' mair ; may ill betide  
 ' Wha first thro' stills and worms convey'd  
     The usefu' scon' o' barley.  
 ' But tho' bear scones are guid enough,  
 ' I wadna follow thus the plough,  
 ' Thus thro' thick thin ahint her sough,  
     Merely for scones o' barley.'  
 Quo' I, the time is drawin' near  
 Frien', maybe whan a waught o' beer,  
 Will patiently yet gar you steer  
     Thro' thick an' thin for barley.  
 ' That, Bardie, that's what chears my heart,  
 ' Mak's me this day sae blythe, alert ;  
 ' The vera thoughts o't glad my heart,  
     Dear feamin brue o' barley.  
 ' For noble brown October, boy,  
 ' For amber March can never cloy,

‘ For thae, thro’ thick an’ thin wi’ joy

‘ I’d form the riggs for barley.

‘ The burnin’ whisky’s taen awa,’

‘ Thanks to the makers o’ the law ;

‘ But beer, auld Scotia’s feamin spa,

‘ Comes halesome frae the barley.

‘ Sae, Bardie, yet we’ll sit an’ sing,

‘ An’ knock, the tither bottle bring,

‘ Shak han’s, and’ out the corkie wring,

‘ An’ swat the brue o’ barley.

‘ Gang to the door, our blathers toom,

‘ Back in again to Maggy’s room,

‘ An’ drown sour care an’ ilka gloom,

‘ In feamin brue o’ barley.

‘ But, bardie, fare ye weel a while,

‘ First time we meet at the kirk-style,

‘ We will an hour or twa beguile

‘ Out o’er the brue o’ barley.’

Adieu, adieu, my honest chiel,

In deed an’ truth I wiss thee weel ;

A fig for fortune’s fickle wheel,

He’s happy ploughs for barley.

True, he has greys an’ clouted shoon,

Yet diel a king this day at noon,

Or lord sae happy, late or soon,

As he wha ploughs for barley.

Not mighty George, whase gentle sway,

Glads banks o’ Boyne, Thames, Invermay,

E’er felt his heart sae light an’ gay,

As he wha’ plows for barley.

Then wi’ him join, bards, ane an’ a’

Chief brither bards o’ Scotia,

An' chorus wi' a tan-ta-ra.

The feamin' brue o' barley.

But, first shak' han's, like brithers dear,  
Now jolly sauls, our pipes to clear,  
Let's tak' a slock'ning waught o' Beer ;

Here's to thee, Johnie barley.

Na mair for whisky let us ca',  
But for the bottle, whence sae braw  
Comes ale an' beer, fal, lal, de' ra,

Dear gen'rous juice o' barley.

Then, whisky stills, an' worms, adieu,  
Diel burn the fingers black an' blue !

Vile trash, wha for the sake o' you,

First steeps ae pile o' barley.

Wha first gars whisky, fiery dirt,  
In steam thro' lug o' stills now flirt,  
Thro' thrawn worms drap dribble squirt,

O ! wicked waste o' barley.

While corked stumpie's sittin' near,  
An' thrapple fu' o' ale or beer,  
May he first whisky's price does spear,

Ne'er chew a scon' o' barley.

But he, wha lo'es adown his throat  
To fin' the brown October float ;  
May he ne'er want anither groat,

Or yet a scon' o' barley.

Then, Britons, join baith ane an' a,  
Chief thou my native Scotia,  
An' chorus wi' a tan-ta-ra,

The feamin' brue o' barley.

## TO THE REV. MR. — — —

REV. SIR,

I'VE read your Ramsay's Cyrus, grand,  
And wond'rous libral thoughts I fand

Brak in upo' my saul ;  
I see that superstition was,  
An' is the only cursed cause,  
Mak's Kings and Empires fall.

A martyr'd Charles Britain saw ;

An' late at Paris fell

A royal Roy—and pray, what law  
Did Stewart's race expel ?

Nay, Jesus, to ease us  
Frae a sad lade o' guilt,  
His bluid was, in guid cause,  
By superstition spilt.

An' sure I am, if Christ this day,

As usual, clad in human clay

Shou'd come upo' the eard,  
Nae greater faes, Sir, wad he meet  
Than thae wry creatures wha ay greet,

An' texts quote wi' a gird ;  
An' syne, wi' holy upturn'd een,  
White like a shillin' glancin',  
Will moan, ' Oh ! graceless youth, you've been  
' Late i' the braid road dancin'.

A weddin', a beddin',  
Crown'd wi' a social bowl,  
They'll fry at, an' wry at,  
An' moan it hurts the soul.  
Wherefore, I'm sure, if He divine

Wha social mirth did not decline,  
 For proof, note Cana's feast,  
 If he shou'd do the like again,  
 To lengthen the convivial scene,  
 He'd be a drunken beast.  
 The bigots wha cry up their faith,  
 An' in his merits trust,  
 Wad be the first the sword t' unsheathe,  
 An' in his heart it thrust.  
 His free ways, their slie ways  
 Wad utterly condemn,  
 They'd grumble, and mumble,  
 An' 's character contemn.  
 The sweetest moments o' my life,  
 Before I gat my dainty wife,  
 Were spent wi' frien's select,  
 When blythe the circlin' glass gae'd round,  
 An' wit unstinted did abound,  
 O sweet for to reflect !  
 An' yet, but fortune's frowns forbid,  
 I'd lea' domestic love,  
 An' o' ilk carkan care get rid,  
 Exhilirate, improve.  
 My mind ay inclin'd ay  
 Unto the social glass,  
 Whan frien'ly an' kin'ly  
 It uncompuls'd does pass.  
 Nor less the Christian wad I prove,  
 Nor yet forfeit the guid man's love ;  
 But why shou'd I complain ?  
 Heav'n has deny'd me but in part,  
 What wad just suit, I think, my heart,  
 An' hope does still remain :

I hae a dainty wife in store,  
 Four pratlin' little boys,  
 Ae sweet wee lass ; than riches more,  
 My beuks that never cloys.  
 My actions, my fractions,  
 My heart, shall ay approve,  
 While you, Sir, I vow, Sir,  
 Shall ay share in my love.

---

*To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, who had got the  
 Loan of SHAFESBURY'S CHARACTERISTICS from me.*

SIR,

Pardon this; but I'm sae stately  
 As to require the beuks I lately  
 Lent you for to peruse ; they're featly  
 Bound up in red,  
 An' what's within the breds mair neatly  
 In genius cled.  
 They are three fav'rite beuks o' mine,  
 They flatten superstition's whine,  
 The haly cant, wi' nice engine  
 Characteristic,  
 In words rich as Golconda's Mine,  
 An' nae way mystic,  
 Is put out o' a countenance ;  
 An' trouth, wha is't has common sense,  
 Wadna peruse auld Lucky Spence  
 Or Robin Hood,  
 Than sit and hear, in heav'n's defence,  
 The foamin' mood.

O' stampin', stormin', thumpin' zeal,  
 Whan he his heaps o' Grace does deal,  
 Till a' his haly frame does fail,  
 An' he's clean spent,  
 An' weepin' bodies fald (Saint's Seal)  
 The text, an' faint.  
 If thae puir bodies wad but read,  
 If they their honest hearts wad feed  
 Wi' proper beuks, built on their creed  
 O' Christian love,  
 I'll pawn my hat, a hat indeed,  
 Or swear by Jove  
 That they wad nae mair turn their een  
 White glancin' like a saxpence sheen,  
 Or sigh an' grane, an' ay brak teen  
 On blythsome fouk,  
 Their auld wry gaits they wad quat clean,  
 An' tak' the joke.  
 If they wad read Milton's bauld muse,  
 An' nae mair Shakespeare's page refuse,  
 Or Tamson's lovely Seasons choose,  
 Or Cowley dear,  
 Thae wad sic gen'rous thoughts infuse,  
 They'd nae mair hear  
 The wild enthusiastic fools,  
 Whase haill religion lies in stools  
 Black for repentance, or the dools  
 O' Bodel Brigg,  
 Or Pentland hills, whar York's sad tools  
 Fell'd mony a Whig.  
 But then, instead o' sic like beuks  
 As I hae nam'd, their boles an' neuks

Are cram'd wi' Welsh, Cargill, an' Crook  
O' th' Lot, and Ghee  
On Magistracy, an' grace heuks  
At a bawbee.

Think not by this I court your talk,  
Think not by this I'd stap your walk,  
Think not by this I'd hae ye jauk  
Wi' me ava',  
The beuks I've read, gleg like a hauk,  
Join ane an' a'.

In saying in a private way,  
Wi' my superiors I may play,  
But i' the ap'n front o' day,  
A' honour gi'e.

An' if they rin aff wisdom's way,  
What's that to me ?

Nor think by this I do endeavour,  
To win upo' ye, gain your favour,  
Na, cringing has an' ugly savour,  
I can't allow't,

A filthy Sycophantic 'avour  
I hate to view't.'

True, ey since I cou'd ken to pray,  
I'd suppliant to my Maker say,  
Gi'e me support frae day to day ;  
Gi'e sweet content,

An' whan I chance to rin astray,  
Teach to repent.

Grant that my life may usefu' be,  
In whatever societie,  
Thy providence, Lord, may place me  
Wi' character ;

Aboon malicious tongues, (tee ! hee !  
Ye're laughin', sir.)  
Grant to my wiss, a virtous wife,  
To soothe the rugged paths o' life,  
In whase sweet breast, whan woes are ripe,  
I'll comfort find ;  
In whom, when torn wi' fortune's strife,  
I'll solace find.  
And grant, to share my hamely bowl,  
Some prattlin' dears to chear my soul,  
An' routh o' beuks, that nae controul  
Frae fortune's flings  
May ever gar me mourn or growl,  
Or feel her stings.  
An' I hae reason to thank heav'n,  
That a' I wiss'd, an' mair, is giv'n ;  
An' while I can the year keep ev'n,  
I'll never grudge.  
An' now I've seen years twenty sev'n,  
Wi' honest trudge.  
An' now, sir, in a pleasant mood,  
This my epistle I conclude,  
An' hopes, while I can chew my cood,  
Lying or stannan',  
I'll you an' a fouk wiss what's good,

ROBIN BUCHANAN.

*On OCTOBER 1796, in a LETTER to a FRIEND.*

SEE how October sits on ebon throne,  
The trees surround him, half their verdure gone ;  
The foliage languishes unto decay,  
Nor chears the od'rous plant the wonted ray.  
For, ah ! in Scorpio Phœbus now doth reign,  
The fields are stripp'd, or stripping, of their grain ;  
The rural nymphs and swains the axle load,  
And to the barns the grain sweep from abroad.  
The barns now fill'd, the precious grain secure  
To pyramids is form'd, neat to endure  
And brave the coming winter ; thatch and rope  
The artful peasant's pride, adorns the slope.  
All round, wherever I can turn mine eyes,  
The barns are fill'd, the corns in tow'rs arise.  
Indulgent Heav'n ! our gratitude is due  
To thee, while we thy wond'rous goodness view.

But, ah ! what's all this plenty to the poor !  
The seasons, good or bad, they must endure  
The pangs of griping want, the sordid souls  
Whom God entrusts, their God's desire controul.  
The man whose modest worth will not allow  
Him to the proud imperious wretch to bow,  
Feels fortune's keener frowns, and 'tis in vain,  
Nor soothes his woes, that earth is cloth'd with grain.  
The man who knows, (by education taught,  
Whose op'n gen'rous soul's with feeling fraught,)  
Who knows the base, the mercenary views  
Of scoundrels in parade, will ne'er abuse  
The tale of virtue, when too well he knows,

The wretches would but flout him and his woes.  
Aware of this, retires within for aid,  
His soul's still pure, he's therefore undismay'd ;  
He lives unheeded, yea, perhaps despis'd,  
Nor pines to see a wretch in gold disguis'd.  
No ; for the wretches in that ore encas'd,  
He knows, have hearts corroded and harras'd ;  
Sees still, tho' gold's their bane, for it they pine,  
Hence, sordid wretches, still in gold they shine.  
He knows not what to think, he knows the breast  
With ev'ry virtue fraught, with want's oppress'd,  
Sighs, ' God of love, why is it so ? I rave !  
' God never can the virtuous man deceive,  
' And yet, my dearest wife, my children dear,  
' In want of food, myself. All gracious, hear,  
' My dearest wife, my children, O befriend,  
' Relief, relief, my dear Creator send.  
' All seeing eye, thou know'st my inmost soul,  
' Thou knows, I care not should thou dash the bowl  
' Of worldly comforts still aside from me,  
' Could my dear wife and children happy be !  
' They will be fed, God has his promise giv'n,  
' And shall I disbelieve the word of heav'n.  
' Shall he the ravens answers when they cry,  
' Yet food unto my hungry dears deny ;  
' The rose and lily, see, he does array  
' In glossy scarlet, and in silver gay ;  
' Heav'n's glowing wardrobe thus the flow'r's array,  
' And, sure, my darlings shall not naked stray.  
' Look down in pity, O my God, to thee  
' Are known my woes, my children thou dost see ;

' Unto my partner's sighs, thine ear O lend,  
 ' And thy best blessings on my darlings send.  
 ' Then, sweet content, give that meek ray divine,  
 ' And cause it ever in their bosoms shine ;  
 ' A harsh unfeeling world they engage,  
 ' With wondrous difficulties war they wage.  
 ' I knew it well,—but I will not complain,  
 ' For thou Jehovah over all dost reign.'  
 Thus, to their Maker's will, we ever find,  
 Distressed worth can nobly be resign'd.  
 Then hail, propitious month, the hope of all,  
 The year with plenty crownest thou ; nor shall  
 The muse refuse, on thy return again,  
 To raise to thee her most exalted strain.

But, O my friend, I had forgot ! I owe  
 To you a deal, my comforters below ;  
 Your books, too long I've kept them, but I know  
 You can forgive, (I have enough of woe,)  
 Heav'n bless you, this is all I have to give.  
 And in this wish I hope I not deceive  
 You or myself ; your spouse, your lovely boy,  
 In both I wish you an increase of joy.

To Mr. —————.

SIR,

I your favour did receive,  
 An honour I could never crave,  
 Which mak's it double, I confess,  
 And thanks you for that happiness.



There's monie ane that's rich like you,  
 Wad never thought o'—less allow  
 Themsel's to write to like o' me ;  
 But what care I ? I e'en maun dree  
 Their distant 'haviour, thankfu' still  
 I ne'er deserv'd ae saul's ill will.

There's some, too, court my companie  
 For naething but an hour's glee ;  
 Syne gang awa, and, laughin', say,  
 ' I wi' the Poet drank to-day,  
 ' He seems a clever sort o' chiel,  
 ' But for his poverty I feel.'  
 But, Sir, I count them a' my foes  
 Wha can my poverty expose.  
 At you, dear Sir, I doona point,  
 For ye compose that sing'lar joint,  
 That links the puir man's wants an' woes  
 Wi' affluence, an' a heart that knows,  
 By sweet experience, what it is  
 T' assist distressed worth, o' bliss.  
 My familie ye want to know,—  
 That in a minute, Sir, I'll show :  
 I hae a wife, a dainty one,  
 Wha never shor'd at my shin bone,  
 Wha never scauls ; nor, do I think,  
 She'll ever me wi' horns hood-wink :  
 An' tho' she's no o' gentle bluid,  
 Yet faith for me, Sir, she's o'er guid.  
 I hae four sweet wee prattlin' boys,  
 That yield to me a fund o' joys ;  
 Ae wi' bit lassie I like weel,  
 An', Sir, mysel a clever chiel.

I like my wife an' prattlin' dears,  
 Tho' doubts o' future whiles brings tears.  
 My sweet wee weans, o' God o' love,  
 Shield frae ilk wrang my harmless doves !  
 Gi'e them, except his foibles, all  
 Their Father's ev'ry turn o' saul :  
 Teach them, tho' puir, yet not to fawn,  
 Teach them, as soon as reason dawns  
 In their wee breasts, to learn, like me,  
 That beuks are the best companie ;  
 Teach to prefer merit in rags  
 To titled villains wi' their bags.

This turn o' min', Sir, suits me ill,  
 For this queer warld, I lack the skill  
 To fawn,—and flatt'ry is a lie,  
 Whilk or I do—But, Sir, good bye.

P. S. Guid bless you, Sir, an' I do hope  
 Ye'll ay hae the desire o' Pope :  
 That is, three words guid in ilk sense :  
 To wit, Health, Peace, an' Competence,  
 To heav'n, at last, I wis' you fervent,  
 An sae again, your humble servant.

—  
 To MR J — S — EDINBURGH.

Sir,

PARDON this, the last (say best)  
 Rude essay o' the Bard, tho' drest  
 In Caledonian lay ;  
 Tho' our acquaintance be but new,  
 The time may come whan friendship's clew,  
 In its divinest way,

May sweetly warp roun' you an' I,  
I'm sure I've nae exceptions,  
Nor deal I in hypocrisy,  
The parent o' deceptions.

'Tis sweet, Sir, 'tis meet, Sir,  
That friendship shou'd exist,  
In spite, Sir, the mite, Sir,  
Wi' which my lot is blest.

But what need I o' fortune tauk,  
Fouks best frien's by the gate may jauk,  
Yet hae a full design,  
To pay a visit fortune may,  
Therefore, for ought that I can say,  
Yet mak her dwallin' mine.

But stap a wee, I'm maybe wrang,  
O guid fortune there's twa kin's,  
An' happy he can lilt his sang,  
An' say he baith the twa fin's :  
My choice, tho', my voice, tho'  
Shall evermair extoll  
The kin' that we fin' that  
Yields true delight o' soul.

An' I think, but I'm maybe wrang,  
I ought to lilt a joyfu' sang  
To all indulgent heav'n,  
Wha unto me a trusty wife,  
The joy an' comfort o' my life,  
An' hopefu' children's giv'n.

Ay, an' a raff contented mind,  
Wi' no a' groat o' debt ;  
A purse whar seldom goud has shin'd,  
Wi' orders not to fret.

A' thae, Sir, an' mae, Sir,  
 Orders and blessings pure,  
 By heav'n, Sir, are giv'n, Sir,  
 Nae doubt for to allure.

Flumina jam lactis, jam flu-  
 mina nectaris ibant, thou,

An' the next line to thee.

Flavaque de viridi stil-  
 labant illice melle, will

Be scenes I'll never see.

Ah, me ! the flow'ry scenes are fled,  
 I did imbibe at schuil,  
 Thou Mantuan swain, thou Ovid bred  
 Me up a perfect ful.

At hame, too, I blame too,  
 Sweet Tamson, Milton, Young ;  
 Wha' fine trade, my min' clad,  
 As I their numbers sung.

Now pardon, Sir, this last, (say best)  
 Rude essay, whar I stan' confess'd ;

Just as my heart I'd show,  
 I'm nat'rally a feeling ful,  
 Nor has attendance at the schuil

Kept me frae tasting woe.  
 But honesty's a heav'nly a',  
 O' which I Sir can boast,  
 An' L—d I wadna throw't awa',  
 To own haill Agra's coast.

An' now Sir, adieu Sir,  
 For sittin', lyin', stanan,  
 I'll duly, an' truly,  
 Remain yours, ROB BUCHANAN..

## TO THE REV. DR. — — —.

SIR,

WHEN I ages that are past review,  
Illustrious characters, alas ! how few,  
How very few ; but this were to be borne,  
But living, how their characters were torn ;  
Yea, but their deaths could satiate the rage  
Of superstitious swarming ev'ry age,  
But this not stops souls virtuous still to wing,  
Thro' poison'd tongues ,to their Almighty King.  
Tho' thorns bestrew the narrow heav'nly road,  
Yet giant virtue braves, and eyes its God ;  
That God who paints as difficult the way,  
That leads to him and but the brave must stray.  
And brave they must; muse, great with freedom, run,  
No prejudice shall clog, tho' furies stunn  
Mine ears : Fly muse, then, and without respect,  
As yonder sun bright virtue's rays collect ?  
Th' united blaze hold up to human view,  
And boldly ask if merit had its due ?  
MUSE, ' One Socrates the pagan world could boast,  
One Socrates the pagan world at most.  
Th' Athenian glory, say, did heaven raise  
That grand republic, by whose Attic rays  
A world sublim'd, that she might from her height  
Her pinnacle of greatness, up to sight  
Hold flaming virtue, at whose awful rays  
Astonish'd mankind scarce presum'd to gaze.  
A few admir'd and could with rapture tell,  
What from their master's lips Socratic fell ;

This truth mild Xenophon will ever prove,  
 As also Plato's Academic grove.  
 A few could act his precepts all sublime,  
 Witness great Aritheus, who the prime  
 Of virtues, namely, friendship, could obey,  
 Nor did Eudamidas's trust betray.  
 His friend's ag'd mother he did tend with care,  
 And as his own, his friends dear child did fare. \*
 The Hemlock draught for Socrates, (all fair  
 The question sure) inform who did prepare !  
 Were they the good, the gen'rous, the humane,  
 Or were they those black with each vicious stain ?  
 Were they of narrow, or of lib'ral views,  
 Drove Plato from the Court of Syracuse ?  
 Was it his country's saviour, Dion, say ?  
 Or those their country could in ashes lay ?  
 For all his valour, say, ye Grecians, say,  
 How did you gallant Xenophon repay ?  
 Or the retreat of the ten thousand, give  
 We to the winds, from you did he receive,  
 What to his private virtues did belong ?  
 Alas ! your answer would degrade my song !  
 'Tis true in Plato's academic groves,  
 A wild Speusippus more at random roves.  
 But then his brave successor's \* winning way,  
 Could him + reclaim from virtue's paths did stray,

\* Eudamidas, the scholar of Socrates, dying poor, by his will bequeathed to two of his school fellows the following legacy, viz. To one ' I bequeath the care of my aged mother, and to the other the care of my infant daughter ;' with what joy this amazing legacy was accepted, I leave (not to the narrow soul'd Bigot,) but to the liberal mind to determine.

\* Xenocrates.      † Polemon.

The debauchee abash'd virtue admir'd,  
 And gen'rous to his master's height aspir'd.  
 But Greece we leave, and thro' a world we hie,  
 And godlike smile on virtue as we fly ;  
 Mark vile Apostates, as we soar along,  
 Or mourn meek merit that has suffer'd wrong.  
 See Ganges, India's purifying wave,  
 Where Brumma's pious disciples do lave,  
 I strange to Brumma who this rite made known,  
 Or wonder more who make this rite their own.  
 With simple truth are Brumma's doctrines fraught ?  
 Or dark enigmas has he partly taught ?  
 Who boast superior creeds must own the same ;  
 Bigot additions only are to blame.  
 ' The unity of God (has Brumma taught)  
 ' His nature with infinite goodness fraught.  
 ' That gratitude to heav'n from man is due  
 ' If with the social virtue's linked too.'  
 A few poor Bramins share this sacred creed,  
 In gen'ral spurn'd, ye casts of India dread.  
 The Persian gulf, see ! wave impelling wave !  
 Proud still th' Zoroastrian banks to lave,  
 Here once, tho' needful deem'd the sacrifice,  
 The vot'ries will did ne'ertheless suffice :  
 No victims blood did Oromazes claim,  
 Nor smock'd one victim from his hallow'd flame,  
 ' Oromazes, Zoroaster taught  
 ' As one,' his doctrines much like Brumma's fraught.  
 O Persia, what infatuation's this,  
 That you for Alla quit Oromazes ?  
 Did Daniel's lessons charm the Samian sage ?  
 Yea, but for this he suffer'd all the rage

Of fools, did him his native land expell,  
 And drove into a distant land to dwell.  
 The Bigot bawls, ' with Brumma's faults he join'd,  
 ' The truths he but from Daniel purloin'd.'  
 Who's blameless ? but, say, virtue, temp'rance,  
 friends,  
 Did not Crotona own he made amends  
 For ev'ry failing ? Italy uprears  
 Her head unblushing from the faults of years.

When, ' What is God ?' was ask'd another name,\*  
 Who as Pythagoras is known to fame,  
 The lib'ral soul the answer can admire,  
 Nor more of information will desire.  
 ' That which had no beginning nor will end'  
 Sons of dissension ! this belief amend !

Some who can Egypt's Hieroglyphics read,  
 Say Trismigestian columns, own the creed  
 Of Israel's legislator ; be it so,  
 Truth's ne'er the worse that Egypt did it know.  
 Nor Moses' turn of mind, less gen'rous shows,  
 He of his sentiments to Egypt owes ;  
 Nor theirs + less gen'rous, (do we backward turn)  
 Imbib'd of wisdom from Ab'ram's sojourn.  
 Nor now to blame, tho' ah ! reduc'd so low,  
 As not thy name Sesostris even to know,  
 For stern the creed of haughty Osman's line,  
 Could rear o'er even that of Constantine.  
 'The zealot storms, and cries, ' his faith shall rise  
 ' Superior yet o'er all beneath the skies ;'  
 I doubt it much, since 'tis disputed still,  
 Whither constrain'd, or free, the human will.

\* Thales.      † Egypt and India.

But this I know, in all the world around,  
(Wherever human nature's to be found;) )  
Who feareth God and worketh righteousness,  
My creed insures eternal happiness.  
In furious Aix a horrid voice replies,  
Heav'ns! how his teeth do gnash, how flames his  
eyes!

' Our bible's truth, all truth, but you'd disguise  
' The most important texts, to blind our eyes.  
' Messiah's death you'd make a common good,  
' To heathens you'd apply atoning blood;  
' Soon thus the points of faith approved most,  
' Soon thus all that is orthodox were lost,  
' Election, reprobation, ev'ry thing  
' On which the faith of ev'ry saint does hing.'  
True, but on what hang all the prophets? say,  
On what the law, more perfect still than they?  
On love of God, and of our neighbour, sure,  
But to yourself alone you'd heav'n secure:  
You cry, your bible's truth,—I know it well;  
I oft, half bless'd, upon its comforts dwell:  
The bible truth! who does deny the same?  
Yea, from its rules who deviates, I blame;  
Or Pagan, Turk, or Christian, or Jew,  
Or son of Cant; nor is this doctrine new;  
But it is dang'rous, O ye whining tribe,  
Blush red, for know my pen denies a bribe.

The founder of the system of pure love  
And social intercourse, here could I prove  
Suff'ring and dying: by the hand of who?  
Say, butcher superstition, was it you?

Yes you it was, for on his gen'rous ways,  
Askance you look'd with a malicious gaze ;  
You saw his amiable manners tend,  
That superstition's gloom should have an end.  
At least to the observing good, and wise,  
He'd lovely virtue, free of all disguise,  
Hold naked up unto their wond'ring eyes : }  
Yet still but a disinterested few,  
The value of his life and doctrines knew.  
For even what first his mission prov'd divine,  
I mean his speaking water into wine ;  
What went to lengthen out (endearing thought)  
Convivial love was his first wonder wrought.  
The social glass went round, the heart appear'd,  
Stripp'd of disguise, and so the more endear'd ;  
The saviour's miracle thus friends detain,  
And social joy did crown the nuptial scene.  
But soon this op'n, this gen'rous conduct brought,  
Upon him foes, but just the foes it ought ;  
Th' unsocial narrow hearted canting race,  
Who smiling virtue term morose grimace.  
These thro' his love, as he forgiving smil'd,  
Transfix'd his heart, and him wine-bibber stil'd,  
Nor here their malice ends, his foll'wers still,  
Feel the effects of their malicious will.  
I mean his gen'ine foll'wers, candid, free,  
Such as sojourning while on earth was he :  
Such Bigots as (I tell it to your face,)  
Your blood stain'd annals all along disgrace.  
Say Britain, say, (the muse now Britain treads,)  
From Charles who struck the anointed head ;

And say, oh gloomy superstition, say,  
Who struck a saint to heaven at Fothringay,  
Mary the beautiful, unfortunate !  
In short, who act for hell in ev'ry state ?  
Why gloomy grumbler who to good pretend,  
But who with heav'ns, hell's horrid int'rests blend.

Say Caladonia, 'now the muse her wings  
For Scotia nerves,) what wondrous fury rings  
Full in my ears ? I surely do mistake,  
Methinks I hear th' ungen'rous accents break,  
In surely bell'wings, from the mouths of men,  
Teachers of peace profess'd !—'tis so ! what then ?  
Indignant superstition oft before,  
O Scotia ! has dy'd thy plains with gore,  
Tho' now, neglect, that most expressive rod  
For chastising enthusiasts, is the mode,  
The gen'ine Christian mode, the more severe,  
Hence yon stentorian bigots how they stare,  
And from their wild predestinarian code,  
Reproaches pour upon the church of God.

But Gallovidia, chief, the muse bewails,  
For there fanaticism chief prevails ;  
Inexplicable doctrines there the muse  
Of late has heard, dark, mystical, profuse ;  
The preacher's aim, in these, I cannot say,  
But this I know, they tend to steal away  
The mind from virtue's plain and obvious road ;  
Thro' Lab'rinths twisting strange Almighty God :  
Perhaps grand truths ; but truths more foreign far  
To the plain Christian doctrines, than the star  
That highest up in whole creation stands,  
Is distant from \* Laputa's fabl'd lands.

---

\* Alluding to Swift's flying island of Laputa.

A partial tyrant, they the God of love  
Describe, while they their wilds of myst'ry rove,  
And loud, and long, and fearful threats they pour,  
Yea, all their hell they open to devour,  
Who not unto their creed will say amen,  
Or christian doctrines diff'rently explain,  
Who for himself dare think, or act, or say,  
But—There the muse indignant turns away ;  
Nor sooner on the wing, than peace and love  
Heav'ns sterling candidates, benignly move  
In gen'ine goodness, meek full in my eye,  
Muse one select, and bless me e'er I die,  
By placing in my view some worthy man,  
A Christian pastor, one who goodness can,  
And that alone, find in the Christian plan.

The muse obeys—and D—d—n on thee  
I turn mine eye, more than half bless'd to see  
A Christian teacher can unbiass'd tread  
The paths endearing of the church's head ;  
Who Christian doctrines dares in justest light,  
So just all that is reason owns thou'rt right.  
In vain our mode of faith, I've heard thee say,  
If we do from the paths of virtue stray ;  
Vain our pretences to the Christian name,  
If that the Christian test can put to shame.  
And that is (free of all that's dark and odd,)  
Who loves his brother not, loves not his God :  
Who not relieves a brother in distress,  
And yet pretend to goodness ne'ertheless,  
May in the world bear the Christian name,  
But who at last its founder will disclaim :

Religion stamp'd all heav'n!—good Sir, proceed!  
 Nor humour fools to hurt the Christian creed,  
 Preach charity and love as heav'n begun,  
 The lib'ral soul paint brighter than the sun,  
 Yea brighter far! for in its sphere this ray,  
 Eclipse eternal knows the God of day.

Just, reverend Sir, do as you still have done,  
 Preach just as heretofore, the garland's won,  
 Tho' mutters of dark whim you should endure,  
 Th' applause of honest virtue you procure;  
 Tho' prejudiced swarms should hostile roar,  
 A virtuous few will bless you still the more,  
 And few indeed upon a just review,  
 The virtuous will be found; nor is it new,  
 This observation Socrates alone,  
 In moral rectitude, at Athens shone:  
 What tho' but few were lighten'd by his shine,  
 What tho' but one, that one was near divine,  
 Nor is his fate the worse, the sophist fry  
 Said, 'drink the hemlock draught, thou God, and  
 'die.'



*To the same.*

SINCE flatt'ry is a stranger to my breast,  
 Since from my soul I fawning do detest,  
 Since selfish motives are below my muse,  
 Since my proud heart can spurn all grov'ling views,  
 Since base duplicity my soul can hate,  
 Since virtuous men I wish to imitate,

In short, since I one virtuous man and wise,  
More than ten thousand idiots can prize,  
Since it is so, O muse my soul inspire  
With still one spark more of poetic fire ;  
Like him I sing with closs ideas bliss,  
My words like his all sterling, nought amiss.  
Vain invocation, I might just as well  
Ask aid some Angel's harp for to excell.  
Then, muse, assist my weak attempt to show  
The heights to which the good and great can go,  
When they some wondrous data do explain,  
Free of that wild luxuriance, does remain  
E'en in discourses that we have been told,  
Were polish'd in the most refined mold,  
For human nature seldom is refin'd ;  
So as to strictly keep the path design'd,  
The truth of this assertion all must know,  
Who disquisitions philosophic know ;  
For, tho' the idea justly were impress'd,  
And method that idea were express'd.  
Still but th' outlines appear : discussion claims  
The crowding aids that own a thousand names ;  
Mistakes, objections, commentaries, all  
The wondrous lumber that we learning call.  
All must remov'd be, answer'd or receiv'd,  
The checquer'd work none had at first believ'd,  
Could have been necessary in the case.  
But this were pleasure to what comes, alas !  
The soul perplexed, backward does recoil,  
And dreads t' explore the interwoven soil.  
Intricate mazes to the mental eye  
Present themselves, while truth appears to lye

Coy at the end of each ; we name each maze,  
We note them down, collect the soul and gaze  
On one with hope ; again, like yonder stream,  
The one we study, branches into names  
More multifarious, than at first the mind,  
With all the subject, could have thought combin'd.  
Thus seems the source in wondrous mazes lost,  
Behind in wondrous ocean strangely toss'd.

What wondrous pow'rs of soul confus'd appear,  
Great powers sure, when all within was clear,  
Transparent, regular, when reason's shine  
Was as the Sun's, and round her scene divine !  
Rang'd fair her subject band, now disarrang'd,  
The gold is dim become, the fine gold chang'd.  
Thus, greatest geniuses in days of yore,  
The mind's wild glorious ruins did deplore ;  
Some have the fabric try'd with wondrous care,  
To clear of weeds, and gen'rously repair.  
Thus, Hutchison's enquiries nicely spun,  
In polished philosophy did run,  
Clear up unto the source of harmony,  
And prov'd the great design of novelty.  
Yea, noblest theorem of all, did prove  
‘ Benevolence no offspring of self love,  
‘ That the most slender thread cannot unite  
‘ Self-interest, to what is fit and right.’

Thus, Shaftesbury would the mind allure,  
To own a system in itself impure,  
Which yet I think, (tho' undesign'd) does prove  
Thy system, Jesus, plan'd in Heav'n above.  
‘ Goodness for goodness sake,’ is certainly  
The purest order, justest harmony,

The finest source of action ; yea, 'tis here  
 What God himself in loveliest light appears,  
 This, more than all his attributes him unto us en- }  
 dears.

Thus, Jamieson's essay does justly try,  
 If virtue only be true harmony,  
 And on this noble thesis, can renew  
 A truth, tho' old, we ought to have in view.  
 ' That properly, not what we' reason name,  
 ' But some pure ray, some heav'n enlivening beam,  
 ' The love of goodness in the human heart  
 ' Does kindle, and the heav'nly aid impart,  
 ' That animates, all steady to pursue  
 ' The path of right, with ardour ever new.'

And thus, the man I sing, with brevity,  
 And what is more, with regularity,  
 Describ'd th' eternal source, from whence doth flow  
 Benevolence, with all its kindred glow  
 Of beamy rays divine, truly divine :  
 See, yonder sun, how glorious its shine,  
 Where are the little orbs, lately their light  
 Did glimmer under favour of the night ;  
 Lost in his flame, their little glitter's o'er,  
 Or should they try, the sun has flame in store.  
 So on my heart (while searching out the spring  
 Of lovely virtue,) shone the man I sing ;  
 The little lights perhaps had pleas'd before,  
 Were all eclips'd, perhaps to please no more.  
 That spotless ray, in heav'n's own plumage veil'd,  
 Erst at Creation o'er the waters sail'd,  
 That did descend, bless'd Jesus, then on thee,  
 When thou acknowledg'd was of Deity.

His well beloved Son, that also came,  
Amazing sight ! in cloven tongues of flame,  
On thy disciples Jesus : this same pow'r,  
But in what way, or in what wondrous hour,  
No tongue of man could tell, takes up abode  
In those thrice happy souls approv'd of God.  
(Approv'd of God, because he sees that they,  
At least desire to walk in virtue's way,)   
And not in portions like mechanic art,  
But infant plants, form'd just in ev'ry part,  
Or seeds in embryo, in which the eye  
Will find it an impossibility  
To trace perfection, yet perfection's there :  
Teach, gracious Heav'n, to cultivate with care.  
For we can sin yet still, and that, alas !  
E'en to the quenching of the sp'rit of grace.  
Alarming fact, alarming more and more,  
When we thy words O Jesus ! do explore  
' That not infinite goodness, can alas !  
' Forgive, who sin against the spirit of grace.

---

## A PRAYER.

Our Father, (O endearing name !)  
In Heav'n, whose watchful eye  
Observes thy ev'ry creature's aim  
On earth, or 'bove the sky.  
Thou knowst I wish to do thy will,  
Tho' often led astray,  
Yet, treading in the path of ill,  
I love the better way.

Resolved when to sin no more,  
Some syren's lure prevail'd,  
Till down I heedless as before,  
The stream of pleasure sail'd.  
Repenting, deviating still,  
With feelings soft and fine,  
Irresolute, I try thy will,  
Yet err not from design.  
Premeditated guilt, thou knowst  
I would abhorrent fly,  
A moment's thought can vice expose,  
A monster to mine eye.  
But giddy, thoughtless, unawares,  
Attacked I give way,  
The strangely pleasing lure ensnares,  
No pow'r I've to gainsay.  
Fountain of mercy, thus to thee,  
I my confession make ;  
Nor urge will I another plea,  
But for thine own name's sake.  
Pure goodness, and for goodness' sake,  
Me first a being gave,  
And to this goodness I betake,  
Who made at first, can save.

---

## TO THE MORNING.

How lovely is the blushing morn,  
How calm the scenes around,  
While blue and purple deck the sky,  
Dew pearls deck the ground.

Aurora, hail ! the scenes thou givest,  
Displays that sov'reign love,  
That wondrous goodness, which as there,  
Our op'ning eyes do prove.

Yet we're ungrateful to the hand  
Gives us, Aurora, thee ;  
Unthankful for the prospects fair  
Thou givest us to see ;

And charming prospects thou dost give  
Harmoniously gay.

May order thus our souls pervade,  
From grace's milder ray,  
Then all around will milder shew ;  
Then all that meets the eye

Will prove the academic truth,  
' Virtue is harmony.'

Impurpl'd East, or dost thou blush  
To light ungrateful I,  
To loll at ease in guilty sloth,  
While time doth swiftly fly ;

Or dost thou glow in purple vest,  
On virtue's fairer train,  
Who ev'ry moment of their lives  
Employ,—but not in vain.

O man, awake ! shake off thy sloth ?  
Methinks I hear thee say,  
Save man, all Nature to her lord  
Does morning homage pay.

What diff'rent airs of melting sounds  
To the nocturnal sky,  
Hath the sweet nightingale pour'd forth  
Modell'd harmoniously.

And now, e'en now, with joyful wing  
The larks sing up the sky,  
The feather'd nation pour around  
A flood of melody :  
The mavis, chief of all, attend,  
The sweetest linyt hear,  
And at thy silence blush, O man—  
But Phœbus doth appear !—  
And, hark, the cattle's honest lowe  
The echoes do resound,  
The harmless lambs, in gambols bleat,  
The little hillocks round.  
All, all praise nature, genial pow'r,  
And she her sov'reign lord,  
Join, man, for shame, the chorus join,  
Be not the jaring chord !

---

## TO THE RISING SUN.

HAIL, glorious creature ! I salute  
Thy rising glory, source of day !  
E'en vegetation hails thy beams,  
And give their bosom to thy ray.  
Sweet flowers deck'd in fair array  
As if with reason's self endow'd,  
Turn on their stalks with thee around,  
And hail thee in expressive mood ;  
Yea, more, they are gratefully good,  
Thy squinted rays their whole perfume,  
They give to drink while thou repays,  
By forming honey in its room.

Which, tho' bees suck, they not consume  
Their greatest pride their glowing dress ;  
The humming commonwealth also  
In prudent foresight strange, confess  
Their gratitude to thee, nor less  
Ought their insatiate plunderers.  
Praise him who gives thy beams to shine,  
And all inactive matter stirs  
To motion, spirit, life, and theirs  
Thy vast effects, prolific soul.  
May I live gen'ine gratitude  
While here on earth, nor know controul  
From passion, and the wild misrule  
That darkens oft' the human mind.  
But, Sun of righteousness, to thee  
May I be calm as grace resign'd,  
So by thy grace my soul refin'd ;  
'Bove all that's mean, shall soar above,  
And hail in thee a brighter son,  
Whom less than reason, praise and love,  
Each beast, each warbler of the grove,  
Each reptile plac'd on leaf or spray,  
Each blade, each flower, ope their bloom  
Unto thy vivifying ray.  
E'en thou thyself, regent of day,  
But blazest forth, to give him praise ;  
As do the moon and stars who shine,  
But to proclaim their borrow'd rays.



## TO THE SETTING SUN.

IN Thetis' lap, avaunt ye foolish dreams,  
To chear the globe with never fading beams,  
To chear my distant breth'ren of mankind,  
Perhaps as I, strong prejudices blind,  
Whom yet, thank heaven, I can wish so well,  
As pray, ' may they in all that's good excel :'  
Be happiness where'er the sun doth shine,  
Beneath the frigid zone or burning line,  
Happy be Afric's jett, Columbia's brown,  
May Europe's fairer children blessings crown.  
Where rul'd the tow'ring Czar, prodigious mind,  
Or where rules milder George : nor less confin'd  
Be sterling bliss, than are thy beams, O sun.  
But may the blessed news of Jesus run  
With thee around the globe, as thou dost shine  
Night to dispel : so may His grace divine  
Dispel that darker gloom that clouds the mind,  
May Adam's sons all here an int'rest find.

Adieu, great Lamp, a while I'll slumber sweet,  
Till from the East thy squinted rays I greet ;  
Then, in thy blaze, may I a brighter sun  
Hail, whose bright errand thou dost ever run.  
May I, who share a brighter beam than thee,  
The ray of reason, spark of deity,—  
May I, as thou, the path mark'd out by heav'n,  
Rejoicing run : and as the planets seven  
Wheel round thee to receive thy cheering rays,  
Till time shall cease, when thy attractive blaze

Shall swallow them, enormous ; so may I  
 Still hold my course, still keep a steady eye  
 On the pure blaze of uncreated glore,  
 Till his attractive graces shall restore  
 Souls to their origin, then shall I shine  
 In bliss complete, ineffable divine.



*The amiable HUSBAND, while leaning on his dear-  
 ly beloved WIFE'S Bosom.—In imitation of SIR  
 HENERY WOTTON, on the same subject.*

ON thy breast, sweet lovely dear,  
 While my cheek I lean, I hear  
 Thy heart sweetly beat to love ;  
 O'er thy matchless charms I rove:  
 Leaning here, I envy not  
 Heroes conquests ; no, my lot  
 Has to me true conquest giv'n :  
 Thy fond heart is mine—kind Heav'n !  
 Dearest love, my precious store,  
 Unenvy'd miser, hug thy ore ;  
 More to me this balmy kiss,  
 Than thy hoards to thee,—O bliss !  
 Proud ambition, gain thy aim :  
 Fret I will not, here's my fame,  
 Here I hold it all secure,  
 Stranger to one thought impure.  
 Did the libertine but know,  
 What from virtuous love does flow,

What I now experience here  
 On the bosom of my dear ;  
 He'd no more heav'n's law deny,  
 Blissful wedlock's holy tye.  
 Base reflection,—and below  
 What here from my heart should flow :  
 Then, my dear, the thought I'll kiss  
 Quite away, O sterling bliss :  
 Anchor of my glowing soul.  
 Heav'n born passion,—no controul !  
 Let me hold in love sincere  
 To my heart, my lovely dear.  
 Now my ravish'd senses drink  
 Sterling joys—I cannot think.

—  
 THE ROSE AND LILY,—A DIALOGUE,  
*By a doubting mind.—*

ROSE.—Say, lily, bright and fair,  
 Will we who seem so rare,  
 E'er lose that bloom ?  
 Will this resplendent dress  
 Which we now posses,  
 E'er fade or flavour less  
 Will our perfume ?

LILY.—Yes, rose, thou crimson blush,  
 Our beauties now so flush  
 Of red and white,  
 Our bright, our radiant hues,  
 That polish'd art subdues

In philosophic views,  
Must sink in night.

ROSE.—When will this scene of woe,  
Which we must undergo,  
Sweet lily, come?

LILY.—Thou beauteous glowing rose,  
Before this evening close,  
Our beauties we may lose,  
Also perfume.

ROSE.—Those godlike forms who walk  
Among our nodding stalks,  
Shall they survive?

LILY.—Their triumph soon is cross'd,  
Soon they must fall to dust,  
Their sparkling wit's soon lost  
To all alive.

ROSE.—Shall Nature then soon end,  
Shall she her work soon blend  
With chaos vile?

LILY.—No, no, another race  
Shall fill each empty space,  
Gay roses yet shall grace  
These budding piles.

ROSE.—But Nature ne'er inclines  
That we ourselves should shine  
From out the tomb.

REFLECTION.—And shall such elegance,  
So much magnificence,  
E'er fill (ideas hence)  
Oblivion's womb.

*Written during a THUNDER STORM on the  
26th of July 1785.*

THE thunder roars, earth shakes, the groaning  
clouds

Return, tremendous, the rolling peal ;  
Echo the mountains !—hush the human race !  
The flashy blaze includes the distant poles.

Hail, thou majestic God of thunders, hail,  
Fall prostrate and adore, ye sons of Eve ;  
This is his voice that bends yon sweepy bow,  
His arrows are yon lightning's speedy flash.

Again he speaks, again Creation hears,  
The trembling Athiest shrieks, my God ;  
He who e'er while, whom neither heav'n nor hell,  
Nor labour'd arguments, nor oracles  
Divine could move, nay not e'en Calvary,  
His knees now smite. He Bethlehem's manager  
owns

Contain'd indeed his well-beloved Son,  
He trembling hears now thund'ring thro' the sky.

Wonder of wonders, that of Adam's sons,  
For whom the Godhead did submit to pain,  
There should be one so lost to gratitude,  
As to deny who him a being gave,  
Or he the dear Redeemer to contemn,  
And place himself (but sure it cannot be)  
Upon a level with the very brute.

Yes, yes, alas ! there's such in words, at least.  
God, who notes blasphemy, best knows the heart.

Hark ! louder still ! heav'ns ! what a stream of fire

Runs on the side long hill, yon hideous crack,  
As heav'ns artillery were all discharg'd,  
Bellows thro' ev'ry cloud a strained roar,  
While ev'ry cloud, like millions arquebuse,  
Re-echoes to its source th' enlarged roar.

Descends, as launch'd from an almighty arm,  
The flashy bolt with sudden jolt, and tears  
Then aked promontory's ragged brow,  
Along the ground the fiery vengeance runs,  
A nimble furrow ope's to give it way.  
Again, again the vollying thunder,  
That massy cloud is rent, down pours the rain,  
Threatens a deluge, flash, crack, roar prolong'd,  
Eternal Pow'r ! shield me, I'm all alarm'd :  
The clouds dissolve, now scatt'ring to the verge,  
Ceases the rain, more low the thunder grows,  
Yet grumbling at a distance still I hear.  
I hear no more, the sky clears up apace,  
A pleasant day ensues :—O mighty God,  
Teach me to fear thee, yea, and love thee more,  
Who can exert such pow'r, and yet protect,  
But those thou loves are safe, mid wreck of worlds.

---

*On the behaviour of a CERTAIN COMPANY on SUN-  
DAY, 27th April, 1785.*

OH, shocking news ! or is it all a dream,  
Infus'd by him, mock sov'reign of hell,

Into my working fancy, to contract  
 The high opinion which my willing mind  
 Long since imbib'd (nor would forego) of man ;  
 Of man, my fellow man, on whom kind heav'n  
 Let fall the image of pure deity ?

Ah no ! too real ! crushing to reflect !

My friend but now (like him \* the woeworn man,  
 Who wail'd his lamentations o'er like sins,  
 And their dire effects on his native land)  
 All drown'd in tears inform'd me, (but alas !)  
 How could I what he told me here repeat,  
 But for the hope, the wish, it may detain  
 From such a bold defiance of heav'n's law,  
 The future sons of Britain, if perchance  
 My lays outlive the present vices there :)  
 My friend in tears inform'd me, how the day  
 Devoted by heav'n's glorious Majesty  
 To his immediate service, was debauch'd  
 To worst of purposes,—the laugh of fiends.

The cards were spread, the fancy on the rack,  
 The cup went round, incessant while the toast,  
 Blasphemous, issu'd to the wild huzza !

The viol tun'd to ev'ry drunken air,  
 Inflam'd outrageous to the roaring song ;  
 Till up they got, in awkward measures jump'd,  
 And dreadfully enjoy'd their bachannal.

Here (but the little mean philosopher,  
 Who, petty piddler, would great nature bring  
 Within the limits of his narrow ken,  
 May call me snarling Cynic ;) here, I say,

---

\* Jeremiah the prophet.      † Job.

A sudden flash of light'ning interven'd,  
 And for a moment dash'd the mad cabal.  
 But suddenly the wild erroneous laugh,  
 At the expence e'en of the forked flame,  
 In bawling vocifration shook the dome :  
 Burst came the thunder and they dash'd again,  
 And threat'ning awful rolled o'er their heads,  
 But, what ? a voice in thunder not appall'd  
 Our fashionable club, they roar'd aloud,  
 They would outdo that vile unmeaning din,  
 That chance-confused elements produce.

Not so the far fam'd patient eastern Prince  
 Conceiv'd of the dread whirlwind that twin'd,  
 Round him and his companions, the debate  
 Silenc'd at once, a voice the sages heard.  
 As also did their royal opponent,  
 Immersed as he was in tenfold woe ;  
 How properly they of that voice conceiv'd,  
 Whoever lists to read can be inform'd.

---

### CORYDON'S COMPLAINT.

By a murmur'ring river lying,  
 Corydon I listen'd sighing,  
 To the passing gale his woe ;  
 Thus pathetic he complained,  
 ' What's my fault that I have gained,  
   ' Fortune's frowns, relentless foe.  
 ' To mankind I've done my duty,  
 ' In my sphere, why persecute me ?  
   ' Why, relentless goddess, why ?

‘ Pests of society pass by me  
 ‘ In thy smiles, and those deny me,  
     ‘ Once I thought had ne’er been shy.  
 ‘ The eternal’s word sustaining,  
 ‘ And his law strictly ordaining,  
     ‘ Keeps from cutting short my span ;  
 ‘ Else I’m sure my honest reason,  
 ‘ Would defy another season,  
     ‘ Of thy strangely partial plan.  
 ‘ Strange to me, that divine power  
 ‘ Gives to man one single hour,  
     ‘ More than what he can enjoy !’  
 ‘ Patience is a virtue shining’  
 Revelation cries, ‘ combining  
     ‘ From thy breast to chace alloy.’



*To one who had fix’d an EPITAPH, full of LAMPOON,  
 on a GRAVE.*

A grave ! O solemn thing ! what witling dare  
 Approach thy boundaries with idiot stare ?  
 Dare his lampoon’s fix on the turf that lies  
 On that pale form, can’t e’en resent with sighs,  
 O cruel insult ! savage, stand aloof !  
 Lift up thine eyes, observe yon starry roof,  
 Far ‘bove yon orbs she thou insults dost dwell,  
 Or art thou God to doom one soul to hell ?  
 Lie quiet, ye harmless ashes of the dead,  
 Of you I’m not ashamed nor yet afraid ;  
 You, you are harmless, take, ye weary, rest,  
 Not wickedness itself will here molest.

Here the mean slave as much himself enjoys  
 As he who less esteem'd him than his toys.  
 Here cruel Cortezes promiscuous lye  
 With Montezumas, neither rich as I ;  
 Here age, here youth, here wit and dulness lye,  
 Here proud ambition knows not to envy.  
 A grave ! how solemn ! here, here, let me walk,  
 Here think of God, or of my frailty talk :  
 Save I myself, all's guiltless in the scene  
 Save mine, here ev'ry bosom is serene ;  
 No tott'ring drunkard here is to be found,  
 No swearer here the modest ear to wound.  
 No wretches here decoy meek innocence,  
 A tenant of the grave is all defence ;  
 None are so brave as view the midnight cells,  
 Where some dead female whom he ruin'd dwells.

Then, daring infidel ! (nought else thou art,  
 Dares place thy scribblings on a grave) depart ?  
 I say, inhuman railer, go ! begone !  
 Nor thus abuse the harmless dead and gone,  
 None but a coward would insult the dead,  
 'Tis all a coward dare,—beware thy head !  
 For lo a stroke from an unerring arm,  
 Soon, soon shall make thee cease from ev'ry harm.



### A VISIT TO BEDLAM,—A SONG.

*Imitated from the Man of Feeling.*

A merchant's daughter lately,  
 In Scotland, as 'tis known

An amiable creature,  
    Into despair was thrown:  
I went into th' apartment,  
    In Bedlam, where she lay,  
And her first words, on seeing me,  
    Were, ' where is Billy Grey ?'  
She laugh'd a little wildly,  
    Soon as these words she said,  
And then to bitter wailing  
    Began the lovely maid.  
But here I was so moved,  
    I not one word could say,  
Till once she sobbing said again,  
    ' Oh ?' where is Billy Grey ?  
I said, and stepp'd up to her,  
    And took her by the hand.  
‘ Could you, dear lovely creature,  
    ‘ Could you yourself command,  
‘ I'd take the greatest pleasure  
    ‘ To soothe you while I stay ;  
‘ And knew I where to find him,  
    ‘ I'd bring you Billy Grey.  
‘ My father, Sir, can tell you  
    ‘ Where you'll my Billy find,  
‘ And Billy was just like you,  
    ‘ And like you too was kind :  
‘ His gen'rous heart, at parting,  
    ‘ Did tears of love betray,  
‘ Such tears as you now shed, dear Sir,  
    ‘ Shed then my Billy Grey.  
‘ Sir, do you weep for Billy ?  
    ‘ I'll love you, if you do,’

‘ Yes, I do weep for Billy,  
‘ I also weep for you.’  
And here I took her other hand,  
But quick she drew’t away,  
And said, ‘ O sir, don’t touch that hand,  
‘ For it is Billy Grey’s :  
‘ Indeed, indeed, it is, sir,  
‘ I gave it, and my heart,  
‘ Unto my dearest Billy,  
‘ The last time we did part :  
‘ My little heart ! sir, feel it,  
‘ ’Tis harmless, feel it, pray ?  
‘ It ne’er did harm to any but  
‘ My poor dear Billy Grey.  
‘ Lie still, my little beating heart,  
‘ My Billy loves thee still :  
‘ O sir, I love my Billy,  
‘ And ever, ever will.  
‘ You, sir, would never love me,  
‘ Nor with me thus would stay,  
‘ If I one moment could forget  
‘ My poor dear Billy Grey.  
‘ This locket here, sir, view it,  
‘ Contains a ringlet fair,  
‘ But, sir, you must not get it,  
‘ ’Tis my dear Billy’s hair.  
‘ My Billy was my darling,  
‘ Nor shall my poor heart stray,  
‘ Nay, hark ! ’tis just now beating for  
‘ My own dear Billy Grey.’

## POLYDORE AND MARIA.—A SONG.

ONE evening, recreating myself in yonder grove,  
Sweet solitude still courting, or sciences or love,  
I heard a voice at distance singing melodiously,  
‘ O dear enchanting young man, sure for thy sake  
I’ll die.’

Softly behind the covert of intervening trees,  
Each branch of which assisted, soft rustling to the  
breeze,

I nearer did approach, where th’ enchanting voice  
did flow. (show

While Cynthia, still propitious to lovers, there did  
A maid of form harmonious, walking herself alone,  
Within her hand a book she held, and thus she made  
her moan :

‘ My guardian Angel, whisper, O whisper in his ear,  
‘ That I do really love him, and with a heart sincere,  
‘ Tell him, that lovely scholar, that Academic groves  
‘ Has no ungen’rous rival within the bow’rs of love :  
‘ Tell him, ’tis all a fable, for love refines the mind,  
‘ Tell him, without foundation young love is paint-  
‘ ed blind ;  
‘ For sure I am a lover, and since a lover I  
‘ Of him whom I admire, I prove it all a lie,  
‘ I charms now see in merit, that I ne’er saw before,  
‘ And all these charms inherit the breast of Polydore.  
‘ O Polydore, enchanting sweet appellation,  
‘ Still as I do repeat it, more sweet my voice’s tone,  
‘ There’s something so endearing about that lovely ke,  
‘ My blood a wondrous flow knew when first I did  
‘ him see :

' My face a wondrous warmth knew, mine eyes did  
 ' confess  
 The pow'r that all endearing flow'd from his fine  
 ' address ;  
 ' A soft confusion also methought shone in his eye,  
 ' Tell him, my guardian angel, for love of him I die.'  
 Here the dear creature ended, I quickly to her hied,  
 And in my arms I clasp'd her, ' your name, my  
 ' dear ? I cried. (grove ?)  
 ' Maria is my name, sir, how chanc'd you in the  
 Said I, ' your guardian angel invited me, my love,  
 ' Could I refuse Maria, could I at all deny,  
 ' When ev'n an Angel told me, that loving me  
 ' you'd die. (reply'd.)  
 ' I know not what to say, sir,' the peerless maid  
 My wife now more endearing, by holy vows ally'd.



## TRUE PIETY REWARDED,

OR

CHING-TANG *Emperor of China's behaviour,  
when his Country was visited with a Famine.*

LISTEN, ye kings, ye mighty rulers, hear,  
 Your equal, if not more, demands your ear ;  
 As well as vulgar, there are sov'reign fools,  
 And ignorant most versant in the schools.  
 But yet 'tis possible example may  
 Draw latent virtues to the light of day.  
 Then, kings, give ear : on you alone I call,  
 Who rule majestic round this earthly ball.

Listen and learn, give ear and wiser grow,  
 A king's example on you I bestow.  
 For why? the pedant's stiff and ill tim'd rules,  
 Or flattering preceptors from the schools,  
 But half bewilder or reluctance breed,  
 But free alike from both, I will proceed.

The royal Ching-tang China did obey,  
 And happiness enjoy'd beneath his sway,  
 Long liv'd the Monarch, grateful ever saw  
 His subjects mild observers of the law;  
 But more supremely grateful to that pow'r,  
 Did plenteous blessings on his people show'r.  
 From China's, he his happiness receiv'd,  
 For China's woes, not for his own, he griev'd:  
 If China mourn'd, its Royal parent mourn'd,  
 Nor knew of joy, but groan for groan return'd.  
 But if himself afflicted was, he'd say,  
 ' Heav'n thou art just, for I have gone astray,  
 ' Thanks to Lao-kun,  $\ddagger$  justly visits me,  
 ' Thus may my blameless subjects still be free,  
 ' From all gen'ral woes which guilty kings  
 ' Upon the blameless subject often brings.'

Pure friendship, while subjection scarce was known,  
 Alternate flew 'twixt China and her throne.  
 If sickness seiz'd their king, the meanest kind  
 Deny'd, but grief, and for their Monarch pin'd:  
 ' Our king, our father, dear by ev'ry tye  
 ' Of love or virtue,' was their constant cry.  
 ' Our vices have procured him this distress,  
 ' Lao-kun pity! we we must confess,

---

$\ddagger$  The ancient name given by the Chinese to the Deity.

' Deserve of punishment, but oh ! our king,  
 ' Sure he is blameless, sure not any thing  
 ' Of wrong within his character is known,  
 ' But we have faults, and we our faults do own.  
 Ye tyrants, who with arbitrary hand  
 Wrest nature's laws, I would of you demand,  
 If you your subjects ever yet did know  
 Thus for to mourn when you experienced woe ?  
 When all unchain'd, Bellona you do send  
 To kill ten thousand, could you not offend ?  
 Was then your bosom gentle and serene ?  
 Did conscience of your conduct ne'er complain ?  
 Nor then complain'd, when, from the harmless hind,  
 Your cruel mandates one and all combin'd,  
 To wrest the hard earn'd little he with care  
 Had saved, which scarce his daily wants could spare ?

I hear all, imperious, answer, ' yes,  
 ' From others mis'ry I desire my bliss,  
 ' From trembling nations owning me their lord,  
 ' From thousands glorious vict'rys on record.  
 ' The subjects humble Princes may rejoice,  
 ' But haughty subjects all our bliss destroys.

Infatuate man ! vain, elevated thing !  
 Thy giddy answer ill becomes a King ;  
 Ne'er flew more wild ideas thro' the brain  
 Of lunatic, excessing on his chain :  
 Yea, thousands mad-men from their chain set free,  
 Thou chain'd instead, I deem were reason's plea.  
 Reason, thou tyrant, spurns thy hell-spun schemes,  
 Terming thy boasted greatness airy dreams,  
 Thou contrast then to all that is humane,  
 Were mine thy subjects minds thou'd clank a chain,

Disgrace of thrones I've staid with thee too long,  
Thou but degrades the grandeur of my song.

Hail, then, my theme, thou all that's good and  
great,

All that is virtue, tho' in regal state,  
Mature in ev'ry godlike virtue thou,  
Tho' China's diadem adorn'd thy brow.

What matters it to me altho' high heav'n  
To thee, great shade, a diff'rent creed had giv'n,  
Their fate the worse who virtuous not like thee  
Boast of a creed than thine from errors free.

But to the point—when heav'n seven years had  
frown'd,

And brazen skies spread famine all around,  
When palid hunger stretch'd the feeble hand  
Around for aid, but aid was at a stand,  
The hunger deaden'd eye, where'er it turn'd,  
Saw but surrounding woes, and mutual mourn'd,  
In kindred groans, half famish'd brutes unclean  
Was counted luxury, and so had been,  
And even these exhausted were at last  
Till China's genius, famish'd, stood aghast.

If this dread trial, worst calamity,  
A nation should befall, I've in my eye  
Its King, himself would pamper and adorn :  
True, but his people's woes he'd treat with scorn :  
Thou continent of Europe, mourn—take heed,  
My native Britain : but I must proceed.

But Ching-tang thou, when heav'n seven years  
in ire  
Had o'er thy country spread a sky of fire

To heav'n thou all humility didst bend :  
 Abandon'd all to luxury did tend.  
 Yes, wond'rous man, the glorious truth thou knew,  
 That subjects Kings will imitating view.

Now, Kings behold the Royal Ching-tang go,  
 Attended by his Mandarines, in slow  
 And grave procession, to the sacred place  
 Great Lao-kun does with his presence grace,  
 Once enter'd, he implor'd the pious aid  
 Of all the sacred order : long he stay'd  
 E'er the grand Lama, hoary reverence,  
 Arose, and, under divine influence,  
 The spirit agitating all his frame,  
 In hollow tone this answer from him came.

‘ Seven years, O Ching-tang, has the flaming sun  
 ‘ Unveil'd with clouds his radiant journey run :  
 ‘ This for our vices—what is this, my soul ?  
 ‘ Seven years across the heav'ns he yet must roll  
 ‘ Without a single cloud to intervene—  
 ‘ But, there—Almighty pow'r what dost thou mean,  
 ‘ A ray of hope ; what now ! what's this I see  
 ‘ A human victim towards calamity !  
 ‘ Victim indeed, ah ! costly sacrifice !  
 ‘ O heavens will nothing short of this suffice ?’

The hoary Lama spoke, unmov'd he stood,  
 His mouth still open in awful attitude  
 He thus,—the Pagod shook, a groan was heard,  
 The suppliant King his cheerful count'nance rear'd  
 Rejoic'd at heart that now to him was giv'n,  
 For China, to regain the smile of heav'n.  
 Some days in pious fasting he did spend,  
 Now Kings and priests and zealots all attend !

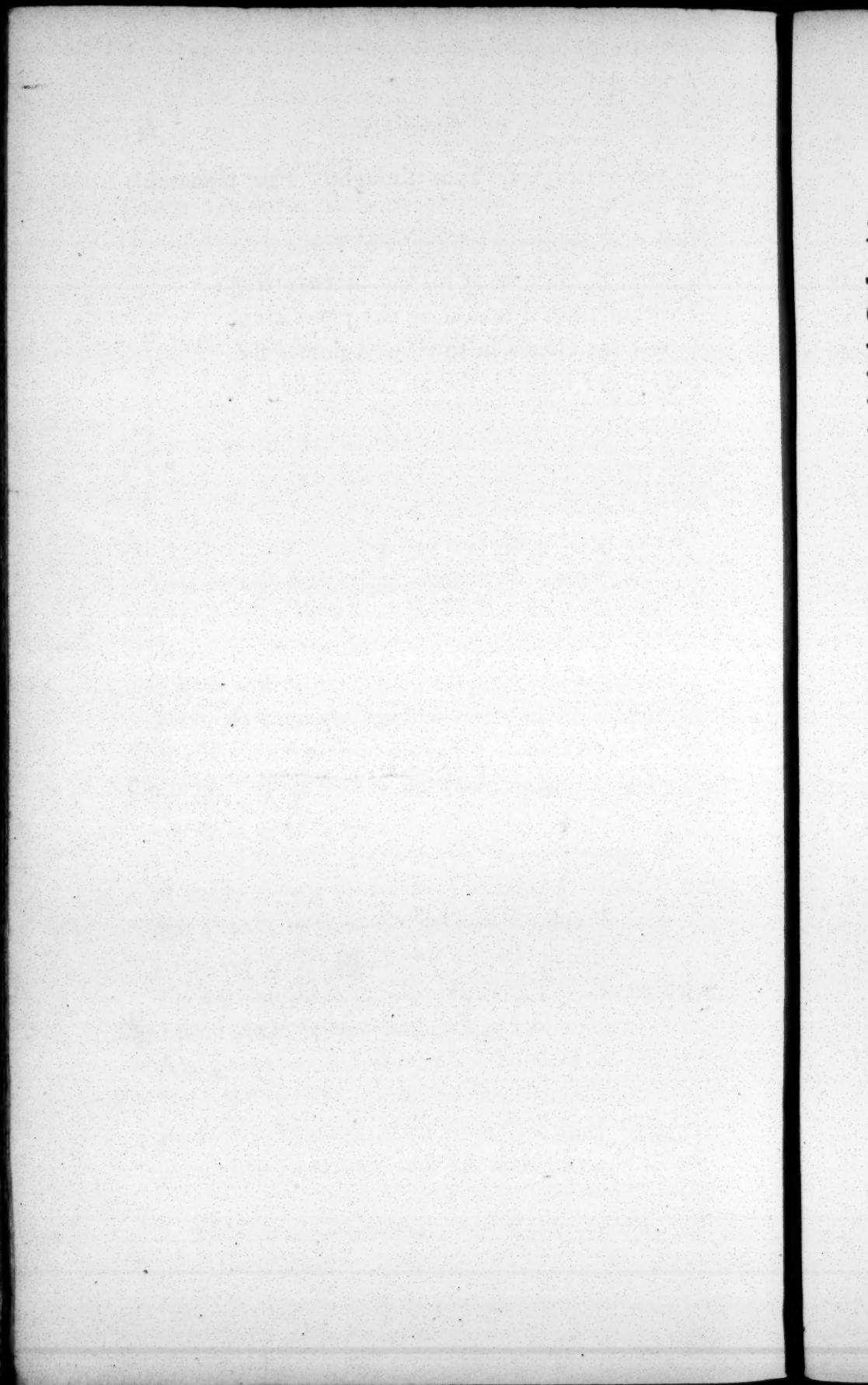
Th' appointed day arrives, the monarch flies,  
 To the appointed place of sacrifice.  
 His subjects in assembled thousands stand  
 Around the altar, and, with lifted hands,  
 Thus did address their King : ' O Sov'reign Lord,  
 ' Persist, no farther, for if heav'n afford  
 ' Relief upon no milder terms than these,  
 ' Too high the price, too dear the sacrifice:  
 ' But if so be that human blood will make  
 ' The heav'ns propitious, here Lao-kun take,  
 ' Take all of us, our blood shall freely flow,  
 ' To shield our country and our King from woe.  
 ' Yes, best of Sov'reigns, here we solemnly  
 ' Declare e'er thou, one half of us shall die :—  
 ' Desist desist, for thou wilt bleed in vain,  
 ' O live, and future Ching-tangs teach to reign.'

Here all unmov'd, the monarch wav'd his hand,  
 Still silence reigned at the mild command :  
 Thus he, ' O universal monarch, hear,  
 ' Unto my pray'r, all gracious, lend an ear :  
 ' I own my faults, I know that justice cries,  
 ' If guilty Ching tang live, his country dies.  
 ' But thanks to thee thy oracles declare  
 ' I can my faults (tho' late indeed) repair :  
 ' Then strengthen, gracious heav'n, thy sacred band,  
 ' To do their duty, which is thy command.  
 ' And grant my blood may not be shed in vain,  
 ' Nor who survive me of my fate complain.  
 ' And may my soul, when from this body free,  
 ' Almighty goodness, ever be with thee.

' Transporting rapt'rous thought'. The monarch's  
voice

Here died amid the clangour of rejoice,  
Rejoice, rejoice, made all the concave ring :  
When all amaz'd look'd up the pious king,  
He saw the clouds in tow'ring volumes fly  
And spread beneath the all surrounding sky.

FINIS.



## C O N T E N T S.

	Page.
<b>EARL WILLIAM AND WILLIE HILL,</b>	
a true tale, in five Canto's, - - - -	1
The preface to Earl William and Willie Hill, - - - -	3
Canto 1st. A landscape, - - - -	7
— 2d. A digression, - - - -	10
— — The ashen tree, - - - -	24
— — 3d. Education and friendship, - - - -	31
— — 4th. Philanthropy and gratitude, - - - -	47
— — 5th. The conclusion, - - - -	57
— — — A loyal song, - - - -	74
<b>JOHN TAMSON'S SONS,</b> a true tale, in two parts, in a letter to a friend, - - - -	79
1st. The felicity of a country life described, - - - -	81
2d. That felicity disturbed, - - - -	91
3d. Virtue in distress, - - - -	103
4th. History of Whay, - - - -	125
5th. Affleck's character, - - - -	130
6th. The sublime of libertinism, - - - -	134
7th. Postscript, - - - -	149
Part 2d. The consequence of the whole, - - - -	151
A prayer suitable to the whole, - - - -	185
<b>THE GALLOVIDIAN BARD,</b> in way of dialogue, - - - -	187
1st. The introduction - - - -	189
2d. Day thoughts by a Lucean Swain, - - - -	191
3d. Gallovidia and her peasants mourning, - - - -	
An elegy on the late Earl of Stair, - - - -	230
4th. To the memory of the Reverend Mr Robert Hunter, late minister of the Gospel Kirkowand, - - - -	234
5th. To the memory of the late Lord Daer, - - - -	236
6th. To the memory of the late Admiral Stewart, - - - -	242
7th. The character and woes of the aged Pol lemon, the author's friend, - - - -	247
8th. Jamie and Willie, a pastoral, by a swain on Cree, - - - -	252

CONTENTS.

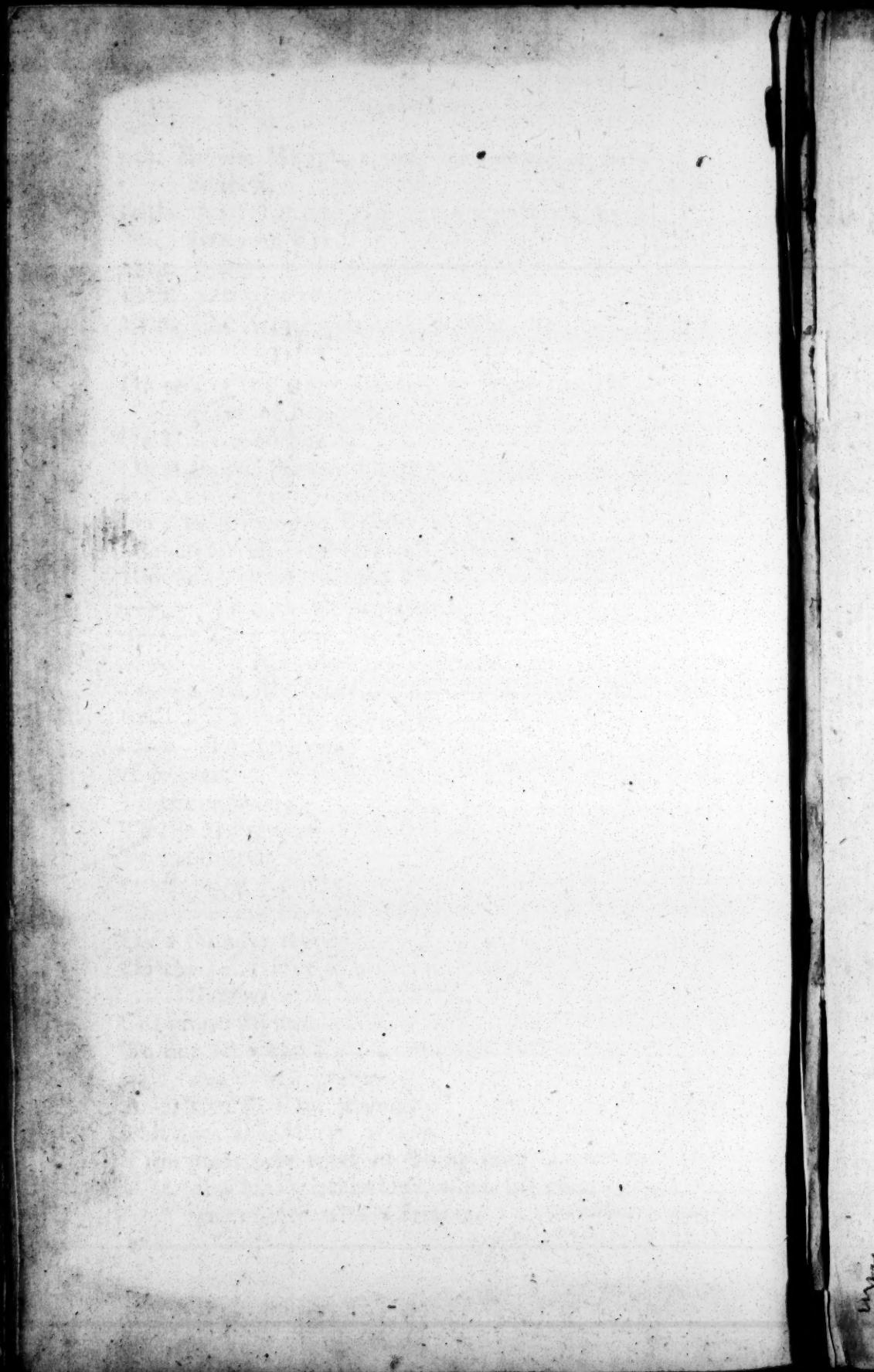
9th. Bonnie Maggy, a song by a swain on Bla-	
denoch,	257
10th. Amyntor and Amaryllis a pastoral, by a	
swain on Cree,	262
11th. Jamie's wish, a swain on Tarf,	268
12th. Jamie to Peggy, a song,	272
13th. The happy shepherd, a song,	274

DETACHED PIECES.

On seeing the stone erected by Burns, on the	
grave of Ferguson,	273
On Holy-rood house,	280
On Admiral Jervis's victory, a song,	282
On a first view of Edinburgh,	286
{ On a look through Edinburgh Castle,	291
Welcome Ale, and farewell Whisky, a song,	292
Epistle to the Reverend Nr — — —	296
— — — To a young gentleman,	298
— — — To a friend on October 1796,	302
— — — To Mr — — — an answer,	304
— — — To Mr J. — — S — — Edinburgh,	306
— — — To the Reverend Dr — — —	309
— — — To the same,	317
A prayer,	321
To the morning,	322
To the rising sun,	324
To the setting sun,	326
On conjugal felicity,	327
The rose and lily, a dialogue,	328
On a thunder storm,	330
On the behaviour of a certain company on	
Sunday 27th April 1785,	331
Corydon's complaint,	333
To one who had fix'd an epitaph, full of lam-	
poon, on a grave,	334
A visit to Bedlam, a song,	335
Polydore and Maria, a song,	338
True piety rewarded, or Ching-tang Emperor	
of China's behaviour, when his country	
was visited with a famine,	339



7  
2  
3  
2  
3  
0  
2  
5  
3  
2  
4  
5  
9  
7  
1  
2  
4  
6  
3  
0  
4  
5  
9



very rare

1911